THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

LORD BYRON.

POETICAL WORKS

LORD BYRON.

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DON JUAN.

CANTO THE FOURTH.



INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THE FOURTH.

THE opinion given by Mr. Murray of the third and fourth cantos was that half was very good. "You are wrong," replied Lord Byron; "for if it were it would be the finest poem in existence. Where is the poetry of which one half is good? is it the Æneud? is it Milton's? is it Dryden's? is it any one's except Pope's and Goldsmith's, of which all is good? But if one half of the two new cantos be good in your opinion, what would you have more ' No-no; no poetry is generally good-only by fits and starts-and you are lucky to get a sparkle here and there You might as well want a midnight all stars as rhyme all perfect." "The third canto," he wrote again on the 19th of January, 1821, "is dull, but you must really put up with it, if the two first and two following are tolerable what do you expect " When the new cantos were at last announced expectation was on tiptoe. "Scarcely any poem of the present day," said Thomas Campbell, "has been more generally read, or its continuation more eagerly and impatiently awaited. Its poet cal merits have been extolled to the skies by its admirers, and the Priest and the Levite, though they have joined to anothematise it, have not, when they came in its way, passed by on the other side." The reception of the second instalment was equally flattering to the powers of the author, and belied his idea that there was a falling off in its spirit, No portion of the poem, either then or since, found greater favour than the third canto, of which Laid Byron thought so meanly. The character of Lambro, whose mild manners and savage disposition were drawn from Ali Pacha, was thought extremely picturesque, as well as the vivid scene of motley revelry which greets his astonished eyes on his sudden return after his reported death. Coloridge considered it the most individual, and therefore the best passage in Loid Byron's works, and said that the festal abandonment put him in mind of Nicholas Poussin's pictures. It does, indeed, resemble a richly coloured painting, crowded with groups of diversified garety, which appear to live and move before the eye. The graver strains were likewise in his happiest manner, and the inspiriting lyric on Greece, and the pensive stanzas on evening at the close, would alone have sufficed to redeem the canto, and fulfil the promise of its predecessors. The fourth canto, which was originally the second half of the third, is much inferior, though there is mirth in the account of the singers,—an episode due to Lord By10n's reminiscences of his Drury Lane management—and melancholy in the insanity and death of Haidée. In announcing the completion of these cantos, the poet expressed his belief that they were "very decent," and it was generally allowed that there was, comparatively, little which could make modesty blush, or piety frown. Though his page cannot be called absolutely spotless, he proved that he had the power, when he had the will, to keep all his pictures of life and nature free from every grosser stain, without the slightest sacrifice of point and entertainment.



DON JUAN.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

Nothing so difficult as a beginning
In poesy, unless perhaps the end;
For oftentimes when Pegasus seems winning
The race, he sprains a wing, and down we tend,
Like Lucifer when hurl'd from heaven for sinning;
Our sin the same, and hard as his to mend,
Being pride,' which leads the mind to soar too far,
Till our own weakness shows us what we are.

But Time, which brings all beings to their level,
And sharp Adversity, will teach at last
Man,—and, as we would hope,—perhaps the devil,
That neither of their intellec's are vast:
While youth's hot wishes in our red veins revel,
We know not this—the blood flows on too fast:
But as the torrent widens towards the ocean,
We ponder deeply on each past emotion.

As boy, I thought myself a clever fellow,
And wish'd that others held the same opinion;
They took it up when my days grew more mellow,
And other minds acknowledged my dominion:
Now my sere fancy "falls into the yellow
Leaf," and Imagination droops her pinion,
And the sad truth which hovers o'er my desk
Turns what was once romantic to burlesque.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,

'The that I may not weep; and if I weep,

'Tis that our nature cannot always bring

Itself to apathy, for we must steep

Our hearts first in the depths of Lethe's spring,

Ere what we least wish to behold will sleep:

Thetis baptised her mortal son in Styx;

A mortal mother would on Lethe fix.

Some have accused me of a strange design Against the creed and morals of the land, And trace it in this poem every line;
I don't pretend that I quite understand My own meaning when I would be very fine;
But the fact is that I have nothing plann'd, Unless it were to be a moment merry,
A novel word in my vocabulary.

VI.

To the kind reader of our sober clime

This way of writing will appear exotic;

Pulci was sire of the half-serious rhyme,

Who sang when chivalry was more Quixotic,

And revell'd in the fancies of the time,

True knights, chaste dames, huge giants, kings despotic

But all these, save the last, being obsolete,

I chose a modern subject as more meet.

VII.

How I have treated it, I do not know;

Perhaps no better than they have treated me,
Who have imputed such designs as show

Not what they saw, but what they wish'd to see;
But if it gives them pleasure, be it so,

This is a liberal age, and thoughts are free:
Meantime Apollo plucks me by the ear,
And tells me to resume my story here.

Young Juan and his lady-love were left
To their own hearts' most sweet society;
Even Time the pitless in sorrow cleft
With his rude scythe such gentle bosoms; he
Sigh'd to behold them of their hours bereft,
Though foe to love; and yet they could not be
Meant to grow old, but die in happy spring,
Before one charm or hope had taken wing.

Their faces were not made for wrinkles, their
Pure blood to stagnate, their great hearts to fail;
The blank grey was not made to blast their hair,
But like the climes that know nor snow nor hail,
They were all summer; lightning might assail
And shiver them to ashes, but to trail
A long and snake-like life of dull decay
Was not for them—they had too little clay.

They were alone once more; for them to be
Thus was another Eden; they were never
Weary, unless when separate: the tree
Cut from its forest root of years—the river
Damm'd from its fountain—the child from the knee
And breast maternal wean'd at once for ever,—
Would wither less than these two torn apart;
Alas! there is no instinct like the heart—

ΧI.

The heart—which may be broken: happy they!
Thrice fortunate! who of that fragile mould,
The precious porcelain of human clay,

Break with the first fall: they can ne'er behold The long year link'd with heavy day on day,

And all which must be borne, and never told; While life's strange principle will often lie Deepest in those who long the most to die.

"Whom the gods love die young" was said of yore,
And many deaths do they escape by this:
The death of friends, and that which slays even more—
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,
Except mere breath; and since the silent shore
Awaits at last even those who longest miss
The old archer's shafts, perhaps the early grave
Which men weep over may be meant to save.

XIII.

Haidée and Juan thought not of the dead.

The heavens, and earth, and air, seem'd made for them They found no fault with Time, save that he fled;
They saw not in themselves aught to condemn;
Each was the other's mirror, and but read
Joy sparkling in their dark eyes like a gem,
And knew such brightness was but the reflection
Of their exchanging glances of affection.

The gentle pressure, and the thrilling touch,

The least glance better understood than words,

Which still said all, and ne'er could say too much;

A language, too, but like to that of birds,

Known but to them, at least appearing such

As but to lovers a true sense affords;

Sweet playful phrases, which would seem absurd

To those who have ceased to hear such, or ne'er heard.

All these were theirs, for they were children still,
And children still they should have ever been;
They were not made in the real world to fill

A busy character in the dull scene, But like two beings born from out a rill,

A nymph and her beloved, all unseen To pass their lives in fountains and on flowers, And never know the weight of human hours.

Moons changing had roll'd on, and changeless found
Those their bright rise had lighted to such joys
As rarely they beheld throughout their round;
And these were not of the vain kind which cloys,
For theirs were buoyant spirits, never bound
By the mere senses; and that which destroys.
Most love, possession, unto them appear'd
A thing which each endearment more endear'd.

Oh beautiful! and rare as beautiful!

But theirs was love in which the mind delights
To lose itself, when the old world grows dull,

And we are sick of its back sounds and sights,
Intrigues, adventures of the common school,

Its petty passions, marriages, and flights,
Where Hymen's torch but brands one strumpet more,
Whose husband only knows her not a wh—re.

XVIII.

Hard words; harsh truth; a truth which many know. Enough.—The faithful and the fairy pair,
Who never found a single hour too slow,
What was it made them thus exempt from care?
Young innate feelings all have felt below,
Which perish in the rest, but in them were
Inherent; what we mortals call romantic,
And always envy, though we deem it frantic.

XIX.

This is in others a factitious state,

An opium dream of too much youth and reading,
But was in them their nature or their fate:

No novels c'er had set their young hearts bleeding,
For Haidée's knowledge was by no means great,
And Juan was a boy of saintly breeding;
So that there was no reason for their loves
More than for those of nightingales or doves.

They gazed upon the sunset; 'tis an hour Dear unto all, but dearest to their eyes,
For it had made them what they were: the power Of love had first o'erwhelm'd them from such skies,
When happiness had been their only dower,
And twilight saw them link'd in passion's ties;
Charm'd with each other, all things charm'd that brought
The past still welcome as the present thought.

I know not why, but in that hour to-night,

Even as they gazed, a sudden tremor came,
And swept, as 'twere, across their hearts' delight,
Like the wind o'er a harp-string, or a flame,
When one is shook in sound, and one in sight:
And thus some boding flash'd through either frame,
And call'd from Juan's breast a faint low sigh,
While one new tear arose in Haidée's eye.

XXII.

That large black prophet eye seem'd to dilate
And follow far the disappearing sun,
As if their last day of a happy date
With his broad, bright, and dropping orb were gone.

Juan gazed on her as to ask his fate—
He felt a grief, but knowing cause for none,
His glance enquired of hers for some excuse
For feelings causeless, or at least abstruse.

She turn'd to him, and smiled, but in that sort
Which makes not others smile; then turn'd aside
Whatever feeling shook her, it seem'd short,
And master'd by her wisdom or her pride;
When Juan spoke, too—it might be in sport—
Of this their mutual feeling, she replied—
"If it should be so,—but—it cannot be—
Or I at least shall not survive to see."

Juan would question further, but she press'd
His lip to hers, and silenced him with this,
And then dismiss'd the omen from her breast,
Defying augury with that fond kiss;
And no doubt of all methods 'tis the best:
Some people prefer wine—'tis not amiss;
I have tried both; so those who would a part take
May choose between the headache and the heartache

One of the two, according to your choice,
Woman or wine, you'll have to undergo;
Both maladies are taxes on our joys:
But which to choose, I really hardly know;
And if I had to give a casting voice,
For both sides I could many reasons show,
And then decide, without great wrong to either,
It were much better to have both than neither.

Juan and Haidée gazed upon each other
With swimming looks of speechless tenderness,
Which mix'd all feelings, friend, child, lover, brother;
All that the best can mingle and express
When two pure hearts are pour'd in one another,
And love too much, and yet can not love less
But almost sanctify the sweet excess
By the immortal wish and power to bless.





Mix'd in each other's arms, and heart in heart,
Why did they not then die?—they had hved too long
Should an hour come to bid them breathe apart;
Years could but bring them cruel things or wrong;
The world was not for them, nor the world's art
For beings passionate as Sappho's song;
Love was born with them, in them, so intense,
It was their very spirit—not a sense.

xxviii.

They should have lived together deep in woods,
Unseen as sings the nightingale; ¹⁰ they were
Unfit to mix in these thick solitudes
Call'd social, haunts of Hate, and Vice, and Care;
How lonely every freeborn creature broods!
The sweetest song-birds nestle in a pair;
The eagle soars alone; the gull and crow
Flock o'er their carrion, just like men below.

Now pillow'd cheek to cheek, in loving sleep,
Haidée and Juan their siesta took,
A gentle slumber, but it was not deep,
For ever and anon a something shook
Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would creep;
And Haidée's sweet lips murmur'd like a brook
A worldless music, and her face so fair
Stirr'd with her dream, as rose-leaves with the air;

Or as the stirring of a deep clear stream
Within an Alpine hollow, when the wind
Walks o'er it, was she shaken by the dream,
The mystical usurper of the mind—
O'erpowering us to be whate'er may seem
Good to the soul which we no more can bind;
Strange state of being! (for 'tis still to be)
Senseless to feel, and with scal'd eyes to see."

XXXI.

She dream'd of being alone on the sea-shore,
Chain'd to a rock; she knew not how, but stir
She could not from the spot, and the loud roar
Grew, and each wave rose roughly, threatening her;
And o'er her upper lip they seem'd to pour,
Until she sobb'd for breath, and soon they were
Foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and high—
Each broke to drown her, yet she could not die.

Anon—she was released, and then she stray'd
O'er the sharp shingles with her bleeding feet,
And stumbled almost every step she made;
And something roll'd before her in a sheet,
Which she must still pursue howe'er afraid:
'Twas white and indistinct, nor stopp'd to meet
Her glance nor grasp, for still she gazed and grasp'd,
And ran, but it escaped her as she clasp'd.

XXXIII.

The dream changed:—in a cave she stood, its walls
Were hung with marble icicles; the work
Of ages on its water-fretted halls,
Where waves might wash, and seals might breed and lurk;
Her hair was dripping, and the very balls
Of her black eyes seem'd turn'd to tears, and mirk
The sharp rocks look'd below each drop they caught,
Which froze to marble as they fell,—she thought.

XXXIV.

And wet, and cold, and lifeless at her feet,
Pale as the foam that froth'd on his dead brow,
Which she essay'd in vain to clear, (how sweet
Were once her cares, how idle seem'd they now!)
Lay Juan, nor could aught renew the beat
Of his quench'd heart; and the sea dirges low
Rang in her sad ears like a mermaid's song,
And that brief dream appear'd a life too long.

XXXV

And gazing on the dead, she thought his face
Faded, or alter'd into something new—
Like to her father's features, till each trace
More like and like to Lambro's aspect grew—
With all his keen worn look and Greenan grace;
And starting, she awoke, and what to view?
Oh! Powers of Heaven! what dark eye meets she there?,
"Tis—'tis her father's—fix'd upon the pair!

Then shricking, she arose, and shricking fell,
With joy and sorrow, hope and fear, to see
Him whom she deem'd a habitant where dwell
The occan-buried, risen from death, to be
Perchance the death of one she loved too well
Dear as her father had been to Haidée,
It was a moment of that awful kind——
I have seen such—but must not call to mind.

Up Juan sprang to Haidée's bitter shriek,
And caught her falling, and from off the wall
Snatch'd down his sabre, in hot haste to wreak
Vengeance on him who was the cause of all:
Then Lambro, who till now forbore to speak,
Smiled scornfully, and said, "Within my call,
A thousand scimitars await the word;
Put up, young man, put up your silly sword."

And Haidée clung around him; "Juan, 'tis—
'Tis Lambro—'tis my father! Kneel with me—
He will forgive us—yes—it must be—yes.
Oh! dearest father, in this agony
Of pleasure and of pain—even while I kiss
Thy garment's hem with transport, can it be
That doubt should mingle with my filial joy?
Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this boy."

XXXIX.

High and inscrutable the old man stood,
Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye—
Not always signs with him of calmest mood:
He look'd upon her, but gave no reply;
Then turn'd to Juan, in whose check the blood
Oft came and went, as there resolved to die;
In arms, at least, he stood, in act to spring
On the first foe whom Lambro's call might bring.

"Young man, your sword;" so Lambro once more said Juan replied, "Not while this arm is free."

The old man's cheek grew pale, but not with dread, And drawing from his belt a pistol, he Replied, "Your blood be then on your own head."

Then look'd close at the flint, as if to see "Twas fresh—for he had lately used the lock—And next proceeded quietly to cock.

It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,

'That cocking of a pistol, when you know

A moment more will bring the sight to bear

Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so;

A gentlemanly distance, not too near,

If you have got a former friend for foe;

But after being fired at once or twice,

The ear becomes more Irish, and less nice.

Lambro presented, and one instant more
Had stopp'd this Canto, and Don Juan's breath,
When Haidée threw herself her boy before;
Stern as her sire: "On me," she cried, "let death
Descend—the fault is mine; this fatal shore
He found—but sought not. I have pledged my faith;
I love him—I will die with him: I knew
Your nature's firmness—know your daughter's too.

A minute past, and she had been all tears,
And tenderness, and infancy; but now
She stood as one who champion'd human fears—
Pale, statue-like, and stern, she woo'd the blow;
And tall beyond her sex, and their compeers,
She drew up to her height, as if to show
A fairer mark; and with a fix'd eye scann'd
Her father's face—but never stopp'd his hand.

XLIV.

He gazed on her, and she on him; 'twas strange
How like they look'd! the expression was the same;
Serenely savage, with a little change
In the large dark eye's mutual-darted flame;
For she, too, was as one who could avenge,
If cause should be—a honess, though tame;
Her father's blood before her father's face
Boil'd up, and proved her truly of his race.

XLV.

I said they were alike, their features and
Their stature, differing but in sex and years:
Even to the delicacy of their hand "
There was resemblance, such as true blood wears;
And now to see them, thus divided, stand
In fix'd ferocity, when joyous tears,
And sweet sensations, should have welcomed both,
Shows what the passions are in their full growth.

The father paused a moment, then withdrew
His weapon, and replaced it; but stood still,
And looking on her, as to look her through,
"Not I," he said, "have sought this stranger's ill;
Not I have made this desolation: few
Would bear such outrage, and forbear to kill;
But I must do my duty—how thou hast
Done thine, the present vouches for the past."

XLVII.

"Let him disarm; or, by my father's head,
His own shall roll before you like a ball!"

He raised his whistle, as the word he said,
And blew; another answer'd to the call,
And rushing in disorderly, though led,
And arm'd from boot to turban, one and all,
Some twenty of his train came, rank on rank;
He gave the word, "Arrest or slay the Frank."

XLVIII.

Then, with a sudden movement, he withdrew
His daughter; while compress'd within his clasp,
'Twixt her and Juan interposed the crew;
In vain she struggled in her father's grasp—
His arms were like a scrpent's coil: then flew
Upon their prey, as darts an angry asp,
The file of pirates; save the foremost, who
Had fallen, with his right shoulder half cut through.

XLIX.

The second had his check laid open; but
The third, a wary, cool old sworder, took
The blows upon his cutlass, and then put
His own well in: so well, ere you could look,
His man was floor'd, and helpless at his foot,
With the blood running like a little brook
From two smart sabre gashes, deep and red—
One on the arm, the other on the head.

And then they bound him where he fell, and bore
Juan from the apartment: with a sign
Old Lambro bade them take him to the shore,
Where lay some ships which were to sail at nine."
They laid him in a boat, and plied the oar
Until they reach'd some galliots, placed in line;
On board of one of these, and under hatches,
They stow'd him, with strict orders to the watches.

The world is full of strange viers studes,
And here was one exceedingly unpleasant:
A gentleman so rich in the world's goods,
Handsome and young, enjoying all the present,
Just at the very time when he least broods
On such a thing, is suddenly to sea sent,
Wounded and chain'd, so that he cannot move,
And all because a lady fell in love.

Here I must leave him, for I grow pathetic,
Moved by the Chinese nymph of tears, green ter
Than whom Cassandra was not more prophetic;
For if my pure libations exceed three,
I feel my heart become so sympathetic
That I must have recourse to black Bohea:
'Tis pity wine should be so deleterious,
For tea and coffee leave us much more serious,

Unless when qualified with thee, Cogmac!
Sweet Naiad of the Phlegethontic rill!
Ah! why the liver wilt thou thus attack, And make, like other nymyls, thy lovers ill?
I would take refuge in weak punch, but rick (In each sense of the word), whene'er I fill My hald and inidnight beakers to the bina, Wakes me next morning with its synonym.

I leave Don Juan for the present, safe—
Not sound, poor fellow, but severely wounded;
Yet could his corporal pangs amount to half
Of those with which his Hadée's bosom bounded!
She was not one to weep, and rave, and chafe,
And then give way, subdued because surrounded;
Her mother was a Moorish maid from Fez,
Where all is Eden, or a wilderness.

LV.

There the large olive rains its amber store
In marble fonts; there grain, and flour, and fruit,
Gush from the earth until the land runs o'er;
But there, too, many a poison-tree has root,
And midnight listens to the hon's roar,
And long, long deserts scorch the camel's foot,
Or heaving whelm the helpless caravan;
And as the soil is, so the heart of man.

Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth
Her human clay is kindled; full of power
For good or evil, burning from its birth,
The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour,
And like the soil beneath it will bring forth:
Beauty and love were Haidée's mother's dower;
But her large dark eye show'd deep Passion's force,
Though sleeping like a hon near a source.¹⁶

Her daughter, temper'd with a milder ray,
Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth, and fair,
Till slowly charged with thunder they display
Terror to earth, and tempest to the air,
Had held till now her soft and milky way;
But overwrought with passion and despair,
The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,
Even as the Simoom "sweeps the blasted plans.

The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,
And he himself o'ermaster'd and cut down;
His blood was running on the very floor
Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own;
Thus much she view'd an instant and no more,—
Her struggles ceased with one convulsive groan;
On her sire's arm, which until now scarce held
Her writhing, fell she like a cedar fell'd.

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LIX.

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes ¹⁸
Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er;
And her head droop'd, as when the lily hes
O'crcharged with ram: her summon'd handmaids bore
Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes,
Of herbs and cordials they produced their store,
But she defied all means they could employ,
Like one life could not hold, nor death destroy.

ıx

Days lay she in that state unchanged, though chill—With nothing livid, still her hips were red;
She had no pulse, but death seem'd absent still;
No hideous sign proclaim'd her sinely dead;
Corruption came not in each mind to kill—All hope; to look upon her sweet face bred
New thoughts of life, for it seem'd full of soul—She had so much, earth could not claim the whole.

The ruling passion, such as marble shows
When exquisitely chisell'd, still lay there,
But fix'd as marble's unchanged aspect throws
O'er the fair Venus, but for ever fair;
O'er the Laocoon's all eternal throes,
And ever-dying Gladiator's air,
Their energy like life forms all their fame,
Yet looks not life, for they are still the same.

She woke at length, but not as sleepers wake,
Rather the dead, for life seem'd something new,
A strange sensation which she must partake
Perforce, since whatsoever met her view
Struck not on memory, though a heavy ache
Lay at her heart, whose carbest beat still true
Brought back the sense of pain without the cause.
For, for a while, the furies made a pause.

Nay, leave the sail still furl'd, and ply
The nearest oat that's scatter'd by,
And midway to those rocks where sleep
The channell'd waters dark and deep.
Rest from your task—so—bravely done,
Our course has been right swiftly run;
Yet 'tis the longest voyage, I trow,
That one of—*

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sar'.

The calm wave rippled to the bar.

I watch'd it as it sank, methous.

Some motion from the current cau at Bestirr'd it more,—'twas but the beam That checker'd o'er the ning stream:

I gazed, till vanishing from view,

Like lessening pebble it withdrew;

Still less and less, a speck of white

That geinm'd the tide, then mock'd the sight;

And all its hidden secrets sleep,

Known but to Gemi of the deep,

Which, trembling in their coral caves,

They dare not whisper to the waves.

As rising on its purple wing
The insect-queen of eastern spring,
O'er emerald meadows of Kashimeer
Invites the young pursuer near,
And leads him on from flower to flower
A weary chase and wasted hour,
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
With panting heart and tearful eye:
So Beauty lures the full-grown child,
With hue as bright, and wing as wild:
A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.

³ The blue-winged butterfly of Kashincer, the most rare and beautiful of the species

If won, to equal alls betrav'd, Woe waits the insect and the maid: A life of pain, the loss of peace, From infant's play, and man's captice: The lovely toy so fiercely sought Hath lost its charm by being caught, For every touch that woo'd its stay Hath brush'd its brightest hues away, Till charm, and line, and beauty gone, "Its left to fly or fall alone, With wounded wing, or bleeding breast, Ah! wheing hall either victim rest Can this will aded 911 50.11 From rose q, talip as before? Or Beauty, blighted in in hour, Find joy within her broken bower? No: gayer insects fluttering by Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die, And lovelier things have mercy shown To every failing but their own, And every woe a tear can claim an errorg sister's shame.

The Mind, that broods o'er guilty wees,
Is like the Scorpion gut by fire;
In circle narrowing as it slows,'
The flames around their captive close,
Till mly search'd by thousand throes,
And maddening in her ire,
One sad and sole relief she knows,
The sting she nourish'd for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives Lut one pang, and cures all pain,
And darts into her desperate brain:
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like Scorpion girt by fire;

["If caught, to fate ahke betray'd "-MS.]
["The gathering flames around her close."-MS.]
Alluding to the dubious suicide of the scorpion, so placed for experiment by

So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven,"
Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death!

Black Hassan from the Haram flies. Nor bends on woman's form his eyes; The unwonted chase each hour employs, Yet shares he not the hunter's joys. Not thus was Hassan wont to fly When Leila dwelf in his Serai. Doth Leila there no longer dwell? That tale can only Hassan tell: Strange rumours in our city say Upon that eye she fled away When Rhamazan's last sun was set. And flashing from each minaret Millions of lamps proclaim'd the feast Of Bairain through the boundless East. 'Twas then she went as to the bath, Which Hassan vainly search'd in wrath: For she was flown her master's rage In likeness of a Georgian page, And far beyond the Moslem's power Had wrong'd him with the faithless Giaour. Somewhat of this had Hassan deem'd: But still so fond, so fair she seem'd, Too well he trusted to the slave Whose treachery deserved a grave: And on that eve had gone to mosque, And thence to feast in his kiosk.

gentle philosophers. Some maintain that the position of the sting, when turned towards the head, is merely a convulsive movement, but others have actually brought in the verdict "Felo de se". The scorpions are surely interested in a speedy decision of the question, as, if once fairly established as insect Citos, they will probably be allowed to live as long as they think proper, without hong martyred for the sake of an hypothesis.

[Lord Byron assured Mr. Dallas that the simile of the scorpion was imagined in his sleep.]

^{[&}quot;So writhes the mind by Conscience riven."—MS.]

⁸ The cannon at sunset close the Rhamazan.

Such is the tale his Nubrans tell,
Who did not watch their charge too well;
But others say, that on that night,
By pale Phingari's trembling light,
The Giaour upon his jet-black steed
Was seen, but seen alone to speed
With bloody spur along the shore,
Nor maid nor page behind him bore.

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vam to tell, But gaze on that of the Gazelle, It will assist thy fancy well; As large, as languishingly dark, But Soul beam'd forth in every spark That darted from beneath the lid. Bright as the lewel of Gramschid. Yea, Soul, and should our prophet say That form was nought but breathing clay, By Alla! I would answer nay; Though on Al-Sirat's arch 1 stood, Which totters o'er the fiery flood, With Paradise within my view, And all his Houris beckoning through. Oh! who young Leila's glance could read And keep that portion of his creed

⁹ Phingari, the moon.

¹ The celebrated fabulous ruby of Sultan Gamschid, the embelhsher of Istakhar; from its splendour, named Schebgerag, "the torch or night," also "the cup of the sun," &c. In the first edition, "Gamschid" was written as a word of three syllables, so D'Herbelot has it, but I am told Richardson reduces it to a desyllable, and writes "Jamshid." I have left in the text the orthography of the one with the pronunciation of the other.

[[]It was to Moore that he owed the correction]

² Al-Sirat, the bridge of breath, narrower than the thread of a famished spider, and sharper than the edge of a sword, over which the Mussulmans must skate into Paradise, to which it is the only entrance, but this is not the worst, the river beneath being hell itself, into which, as may be expected, the unskillful and tender of foot contrive to tumble with a "facilis descensus Averm," not very pleasing in prospect to the next passenger. There is a shorter out downwards for the Jews and Christians.

³ [The virgins of Paradise, called, from their large black eyes, *Hur al cyun*. An intercourse with these, according to the institution of Mahomet, is to constitute the principal felicity of the faithful. Not formed of clay like mortal women, they are adorned with unfading chaims, and possess the privilege of an eternal youth.]

Which saith that woman is but dust. A soulless toy for tyrant's lust " * On her might Multis gaze, and own That through her eye the Inamortal shone: On her fair check's unfading hue The young pomegranate's blossoms strew Their bloom in blushes ever new, Her hair in hyacinthine tlow, When left to roll its folds below. As midst her handmaids in the hall She stood superior to them all, Hath swept the marble where her feet Gleam'd whiter than the mountain sleet Ere from the cloud that gave it buth It fell, and caught one stam of earth. The evenet nobly walks the water; So moved on earth Circassia's daughter. The loveliest bird of Franguestan! As rears her crest the ruffled Swan.

And spurns the wave with wings of pride, When pass the steps of stranger man

Along the banks that bound her tide; Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck:—
Thus arm'd with beauty would she check Intrusion's glance, till Folly's gaze
Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise.
Thus high and graceful was her gait;
Her heart as tender to her mate;
Her mate—stern Hassan, who was he?
Alas! that name was not for thee!

Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en With twenty vassals in his train,

⁴ A volgar error: the Koran allots at least a dof Paradise to well-behaved women, but by far the greater number of Muscul sometypet the text their own way, and exclude their moneties from heaven being enomies to Platonics, they cannot describe the fittings." in the souls of the other sex, conceiving them to be superseded by the Houris.

An oriental smole, which may, perhaps, though fairly stolen, be deemed "plus Arabe qu'en Arabie"

⁶ Hyaointhine, in Arabic "Sunbul," as common a thought in the eastern poets as it was among the Greeks ⁷ "Franguestan," Cheassia.

Each arm'd, as best becomes a man, With arquebuss and ataghan; The chief before, as deck'd for war, Bears in his belt the seimitar Stam'd with the best of Arnaut blood. · When in the pass the rebels stood, And few return'd to tell the tale Of what befell in Parne's vale. The pistols which his girdle bore Were those that once a pasha wore, Which still, though genm'd and boss'd with gold, Even robbers tremble to behold. "Its said he goes to woo a bride More true than her who left his side; The faithless slave that broke her bower, And, worse than faithless, for a Giaour!

The sun's last rays are on the hill, And sparkle in the fountain rill, Whose welcome waters, cool and clear, Draw blessings from the mountaineer: Here may the loitering merchant Greek Find that repose 'twere vain to seek In cities lodged too near his loid, And trembling for his secret hoard—Here may be rest where none can see, In crowds a slave, in deserts free; And with forbidden wine may stain The bowl a Moslem must not drain.

The foremost Tartar's in the gap Conspicuous by his yellow cap; The rest in lengthening line the while Wind slowly through the long defile: Above, the mountain rears a peak, Where vultures whet the thirsty beak, And theirs may be a feast to-night, Shall tempt them down ere morrow's light; Beneath, a river's wintry stream
Has shrunk before the summer beam,
And left a channel bleak and bare,
Save shrubs that spring to perish there:
Each side the midway path there lay
Small broken cragssof granite gray,
By time, or mountain lightning, riven
From summits clad in mists of heaven;
For where is he that hath beheld
The peak of Liakura unveil'd?

They reach the grove of pine at last; "Bismillah!" now the peril's past; For yonder view the opening plain, And there we'll prick our steeds amain:" The Chiaus spake, and as he said, A bullet whistled o'er his head; The foremost Tartar bites the ground! Scarce had they time to check the rem, Swift from their steeds the riders bound; But three shall never mount again: Unseen the foes that gave the wound, The dying ask revenge in vain. With steel unsheath'd, and carbine bent, Some o'er their courser's harness leant, Half shelter'd by the steed, Some fly beneath the nearest rock, And there await the coming shock, Not tamely stand to bleed Beneath the shaft of foes unseen, Who dare not quit their craggy screen. Stern Hassan only from his horse Disdains to light, and keeps his course, Till fiery flashes in the van Proclaim too sure the robuer-clan Have well secured the only way Could now avail the promised prey;

In the name of God," the commencement of all the chapters of the Keran but nd of prayer and thanksgiving.

Then curl'd his very beard " with ire, And glared his eye with fiercer fire; "Though far and near the bullets hiss, I've scaped a bloodier hour than this." And now the foc their covert quit, And call his vassals to submit; But Hassan's frown and furious word Are dreaded more than hostile sword, Nor of his little band a man Resign'd carbine or ataghan. Nor raised the craven c.v., Amaun!1 In fuller sight, more near and near, The lately ambush'd foes appear, And, issumg from the grove, advance Some who on battle-charger prance. Who leads them on with foreign brand Far flashing in his red right hand? "Trs he! 'tis he! I know him now: I know him by his palled brow; I know him by the evil eve² That aids his envious treachery. I know him by his jet-black burb: Though nov array'd in Arnaut garb, Apostate from his own vile faith, It shall not save him from the death: 'Tis he! well met in any hour. Lost Leila's love, accursed Gmour!"

As rolls the river into ocean. In sable torrent wildly streaming: As the sea-tide's opposing motion, In azure column proudly glea

⁹ A phenomenon not uncommon with an angry Mussulman In 1809, the Capitan Pacha's whiskers at a diplomatic audience were no less lively with indignation than a tiger cat's, to the horror of all the diagonians, the portentous mustachios twisted they stood exect of their own accord, and were expected every moment to change their colori, but at last condescended to subside, which, probably, saved more heads than they contained hairs

^{1 &}quot;Amaun," quarter, pardon
2 The "evil eye," a common superstition in the Levant, and of which the imaginary effects are yet very singular on those who conceive themselves affected.

Beats back the current many a rood,
In curling foam and mingling flood,
While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,
Roused by the blast of winter, rave;
Through sparkling spray, in thundering clash,
The lightnings of the waters flash
In awful whiteness o'er the shore,
That shines and shakes beneath the roar;
Thus—as the stream and ocean greet.
With waves that madden as they meet—
Thus join the bands, whom mutual wrong,
And fate, and fury, drive along
The bickering sabres' shivering jar;

And pealing wide or ringing near Its echoes on the throbbing ear, The deathshot hissing from afar; The shock, the shout, the groan of war,

Reverberate along that vale,
More suited to the shepherd's tale:
Though few the numbers—theirs the strife,
That neither spares nor speaks for hife!
Ah! fondly youthful hearts can press,
To seize and share the dear caress;
But Love itself could never pant
For all that Beauty sighs to grant
With half the fervour Hate bestows
Upon the last embrace of foes,
When grappling in the fight they fold
Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold:
Friends meet to part; Love laughs at faith;
True foes, once met, are join'd till death!

With sabre shiver'd to the hilt, Yet dripping with the blood he spilt; Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand Which quivers round that faithless brand; His turban far behind him roll'd, And cleft in twain its firmest fold;

^{3 [&}quot;That neither gives not asks for life"-MS.]

His flowing robe by falchion torn,
And crimson as those clouds of morn
That, streak'd with dusky red, portend
The day shall have a stormy end;
A stain on every bush that bore
A fragment of his palampore,
His breast with wounds unnumber'd riven,
His back to earth, his face to heaven,
Fall'n Hassan hes—his unclosed eye
Yet lowering on his enemy,
As if the hour that seal'd his fate
Surviving left his quenchless hate;
And o'er him bends that foe with brow
As dark as his that bled below—

"Yes, Lerby sleeps beneath the wave, But his shall be a redder grave; Her spirit pointed well the steel. Which taught that felon beart to feel. He call'd the Prophet, but his power. Was vain against the vengeful Giaour: He call'd on Alla, but the word. Arose unheeded or unheard. Thou Paynum foo!! could Lerla's prayer. Be pass'd, and thine accorded there? I watch'd my time, I leagued with these, The traitor in his turn to seize; My wrath is wreak'd, the deed is done, And now I go—but go alone."

The browsing camels' bells are tunkling: His mother look'd from her lattice high—

The flowered shawls generall worn by persons of rank

⁵ ["The mother of Siscia looked out at a window, and cited through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming ' why tarry the wheels of his chariot "—Judges, ch. v. vei. 28]

She saw the dews of eve besprinkling The pasture green beneath her eye. She saw the planets faintly twinkling: ""Its twilight—sure his train is nigh "" She could not rest in the garden-bow a But gazed through the grate of his stoopest tower. "Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet, Nor shrink they from the summer heat. Why sends not the Bridegroom his promised ant? Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift " Oh, false reproach! von Taitar now Has gain'd our nearest mountain's brow, And warrly the steep descends, And now within the valley bends; And he bears the gift at his saddle bow— How could I deem his courser slow? Right well my largess shall repay His welcome speed, and weary way."

The Tartar lighted at the gate,
But scarce upheld his fainting weight:
His swarthy visage spake distress,
But this might be from wearness;
His garb with sanguine spots was dyed,
But these night be from his courser's side;

6 [This beautiful passage of thirty-four lines, which first appeared in the fifth edition, opined thus in the original draught—

"His mother book'd from the lattice he di, With throbbing heart and eager eve, The browsing cannel belts are takking. And the last beam of twil cht twinking. Tis eve, his train should now be nigh. She could not test in hei guiden hower, And gazed through the bop of her steepest tower. 'Why comes he not?' his steeds are fleet. And well are they train'd so the summer's heat.'"

Another copy began-

"The browsing cancel bells are tinkling, And the first beam of evening twinkling; His mother looked from her little high, With throbbing breast and eager eve— "The twilight—sure his train is migh."

["And flung to earth his fainting weight "- MS.]



He drew the token from his vest—
Angel of Death! 'its Hassan's cloven crest!
His calpac' rent—his caftan red—
"Lady, a fearful bride thy son bath wed:
Me, not from mercy, did they spare,
But this empurpled pledge to bear.
Peace to the brave! whose blood is spilt:
Woe to the Giaour! for his the guilt."

A turban a carved in coarsest stone. A pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown. Whereon can now be scarcely read The Koran verse that mourns the dead, Point out the spot where Hassan fell A victim in that lonely dell. There sleeps as true an Osmanlic As e'er at Mecca bent the knee: As ever scorn'd forbidden wine. Or pray'd with face towards the shrine. In orisons resumed anew At solemn sound of "Alla Hu!" Yet died he by a stranger's hand, And stranger in his native land, Yet died he as in arms he stood, And unavenged, at least in blood. But him the maids of Paradise Impatient to their halls invite. And the dark heaven of Houris' eves On him shall glance for ever bright;

 8 The calpac is the solid cap or centre part of the head-dress , the shawl is wound round it, and forms the turban

⁹ The turban, pillar, and inscriptive verse, decorate the tombs of the Osmanlies, whether in the cemetery or the wilderness. In the mountains you frequently pass similar mementos, and on inquiry you are informed that they record some victim of tebellion, plunder, or revenge.

^{1 &}quot;Alla Hu!" the concluding words of the Muczzin's call to prayer from the highest gallery on the exterior of the Minarct. On a still evening, when the Muczzin has a fine voice, which is frequently the ease, the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom—[Valid, the son of Abdalmalek, was the first who exected a minarct or turiet, and this he placed on the grand mosque at Damascus, for the muczzin or erior to announce from it the hom of prayer.

ACT II.

Scene I - The Abuss of Space.7

Carn. I tread on air, and sink not, yet I fear To sink.

Lucifer. Have faith in me, and thou shalt be

Borne on the air, of which I am the prince. Cain. Can I do so without impiety? Lucifer. Believe—and sink not! doubt—and perish! thus Would run the edict of the other God. Who names me demon to his angels; they Echo the sound to miserable things, Which, knowing nought beyond our shallow senses, Worst up the word which strikes their ear, and deem Evil or good what is proclaim'd to them In their abasement—I will have none such: Worship or worship not, thou shalf behold The worlds beyond thy little world, nor be Amerced for doubts beyond thy little life, With torture of my dooming There will come An hour, when, toss'd upon some water-drops," A man shall say to a man, "Believe in me, And walk the waters;" and the man shall walk The billows and be safe. I will not say, Believe in me, as a conditional creed To save thee; but fly with me o'er the gulf Of space an equal flight, and I will show What thou dar'st not deny,—the history Of past, and present, and of luture worlds.

^{7 [}The flight across the abyss of space, and aind the unnumbered suns and systems iith it comprises, as very fine. Bismor Heber.]

^{[&}quot;Ar hom, when walking on a petty lake" MS]

Cain. Oh, god, or demon, or whate'er thou art, ls you our earth?

Lucifer. Dost thou not recognise The dust which form'd your father?

Cain. Can it be?

You small blue circle, swinging in far ether, With an inferior circlet near it still, Which looks like that which lit our earthly night? Is this our paradise? Where are its walls, And they who guard them?

Incifer. Point me out the site

Of Paradise.

Cam. How should 1? As we move take sunbeams onward, it grows small and smaller, And as it waxes little, and then less, Gathers a halo round it, like the light Which shone the roundest of the stars, when I Beheld them from the skirts of Paradise: Methinks they both, as we recede from them, Appear to join the mnumerable stars Which are around us; and, as we move on, Increase their myriads.

Lucifer. And if there should be Worlds greater than thine own, inhabited By greater things, and they themselves far more In number than the dust of thy dall earth, Though multiplied to animated atoms, All living, and all doom'd to death, and wretched, What wouldst thou mink?

Carr. I should be proud of thought Which knew such things.

Line fer.

But if that high thought were Link'd to a servile mass of matter, and, Knowing such things, aspiring to such things, And science still beyond them, were chain'd down To the most gross and petty paltry wants, All foul and fulsome, and the very best Of thine enjoyments a sweet degradation, A most enervating and filthy cheat To lure thee on to the renewal of

Fresh souls and bodies, all foredoom'd to be As frail, and few so happy----

Cain. Spirit! I

Know nought of death, save as a dreadful thing Of which I have heard my parents speak, as of A hideous heritage I owe to them No less than life; a heritage not happy, If I may judge, till now. But, spirit! if It be as thou has said (and I within Feel the prophetic torture of its truth), Here let me die for to give birth to those Who can but suffer many years, and die, Methinks is merely propagating death, And multiplying murder.

Lucifer. Thou canst not all die—there is what must survive.

Cain. The Other

Spake not of this unto my father, when He shut him forth from Paradise, with death Written upon his forchead—But at least Let what is mortal of me perish, that I may be in the rest as angels are.

Lucyfer. I am angelic, wouldst thou be as I am? Cain. I know not what thou art. I see thy power, And see thou show'st me things beyond my power, Beyond all power of my born faculties, Although inferior still to my desires And my conceptions.

Lucifer. What are they which dwell so numbly in their pride, as to sojourn With worms in clay?

Cain. And what art thou who dwellest So haughtly in spirit, and canst range Nature and namortality—and yet Secur'st sorrowful?

Lucifer. I seem that which I am;
And therefore do I ask of thee, if thou
Wouldst be immortal?

Coin Thou hast said I may

Cain. Thou hast said, I must be Immortal in despite of me. I knew not

This until lately—but since it must be, Let me, or happy or unhappy, learn To anticipate my immortality. Lucifer. Thou didst before I came upon thee. How? Cain. Lucifer. By suffering. And must torture be immortal! Cain. Lucifer. We and thy sons will try. But now, behold! Is it not glorious? Carn. Oh, thou beautiful And unmagmable other! and Ye multiplying masses of increased And still increasing lights! what are ye? what Is this blue wilderness of interminable Air, where ye roll along, as I have seen The leaves along the Impid streams of Eden? Is your course measured for ye? Or do ye Sweep on in your unbounded revelry Through an aerial universe of endless Expansion—at which my soul aches to think— Intoxicated with eternity? Oh God! Oh Gods! or whatsoe'er ve are! How beautiful ye are! how beautiful Your works, or accidents, or whatsoe'er They may be! Let me die, as atoms die, (If that they die) or know ye in your might And knowledge! My thoughts are not in this hour Unworthy what I see, though my dust is: Spirit! let me expire, or see them nearer. Lucifer. Art thou not nearer? look back to thme earth! Cain. Where is it? I see nothing save a mass Of most innumerable lights. Lucifer. Look there! Carn. I cannot see it. Lucifer. Yet it sparkles still. Cam. That!—yonder! Yea. Lucifer. Cam. And wilt thou tell me so? Why, I have seen the fire-flies and fire-worms

Sprinkle the dusky groves and the green banks

In the dim twilight, brighter than you world Which bears them.

Lucifer. Thou hast seen both worms and worlds,

Each bright and sparkling—what dost think of them?

Cain. That they are beautiful to their own sphere,

And that the might, which makes both beautiful,

The little shiring fire-fly in its flight,

And the immortal star in its great course,

Must both be guided.

Lucyfer. But by whom or what?

Can. Show me.

Luciter. Dar'st thou behold?

Car How know I what

I dare behold? As yet, thou hast shown nought

I dare not gaze on further.

Lucifer. On, then, with me.

Wouldst thou behold things mortal or immortal?

Cam. Why, what are things?

Lucyfer. Both partly: but what doth

Sit next thy heart?

Cam. The things I sec.

Lucifer. But what

Sale nearest it?

Cain. The things I have not seen,

Nor ever shall—the mysteries of death.

Lucifer. What, if I show to thee things which have died,

As I have shown thee much which cannot die?

Cam. Do so.

Lucifer. Away, then! on our mighty wings.

Cain. Oh! how we cleave the blue! The stars fade from us!

The earth! where is my earth? Let me look on it,

For I was made of it.

Lucifer. Tes now beyond thee,

Less, in the universe, than thou in i';

Yet deem not that then canst escape it; thou

Shalt soon return to earth, and all its dust:

"Tis part of thy eternity, and mine.

Cain. Where dost thou lead me?

Lucifer.

To what was before thee!

The phantasm of the world; of which thy world Is but the wreck. What! is it not then new? Cain. Lucifer. No more than life is; and that was ere thou Or I were, or the things which seem to us Greater than either: many things will have No end; and some, which would pretend to have Had no beginning, have had one as mean 1 As thou; and mightier things have been extinct To make way for much meaner than we can Surmise; for moments only and the space Have been and must be all unchangeable. But changes make not death, except to clay; But thou art clay—and canst but comprehend That which was clay, and such thou shalt behold. Cain. Clay, spirit! what thou wilt, I can survey. Lucifer. Away, then ! Cain. But the lights fade from me fast, And some till now grew larger as we approach'd, And wore the look of worlds. Lucifer. And such they are. Cain. And Edens in them? Lucifer. It may be. Cain. And mea : Lucifer. Yea, or things higher. Ay! and serpents too? Lucifer. Wouldst thou have men without them? mus reptiles Breathe, save the erect ones? How the lights recede! Cain. Where fly we? Lucifer. To the world of phantoms, which Are beings past, and shadows still to come. Cuir. But it grows dark, and dark—the stars are gone! Lucifer. And yet thou seest. Cain. Tis a fearful light!

No sun, no moon, no lights innumerable. The very blue of the empurpled night Fades to a dreary twilight, yet I see

Hage dusky masses; but unlike the worlds

We were approaching, which, begirt with light, Seem'd full of life even when their atmosphere Of light gave way, and show'd them taking shapes Unequal, of deep valleys and vast mountains; And some emitting sparks, and some displaying Enormous liquid plains, and seane begirt With luminous belts, and floating moons, which tesk, Lake them, the features of fair earth:—instead, All here seems dark and dreadful.

Lucifer. But distinct.

Thou seekest to behold death, and dead things? Cain. I seek it not; but as I know there we Sach, and that my site's sin makes him and me, And all that we inherit, hable.

To such, I would behold at once, what I

Must one day see perforce.

Lucifer. Behold!

Cain. Tis darkness.

Lucifer. And so it shall be ever; but we will Unfold its gates!

Cain. Enormous vapours roll

Apart—what's this?

Lucifer. Enter!

Can I return?

Lucifer. Return! be sure: how else should death be peopled? Its present realm is than to what it will be,

Through thee and thme.

Cum. The clouds still open wide

And wider, and make widening circles round us.

Lucifer. Advance!

Cain. And thou!

Locifer. Fear not—without me thou Couldst not have gone beyond thy world. On! on!

[They disappear through the clouds.

SCENE II.

Hades.9

Enter LUCIFER and CAIN

Cain. How silent and how vast are these dun worlds! For they seem more than one, and yet more peopled Than the huge brilliant luminous orbs which swung So thickly in the upper an, that I Had deem'd them rather the bright populace Of some all ummagmable Heaven, Than things to be inhabited themselves, But that on drawing near them I beheld Their swelling into palpable immensity Of matter, which seem'd made for life to dwell on Rather than life itself. But here, all is So shadowy, and so full of twilight, that It speaks of a day past. Lucifer. It is the realm Of death.—Wouldst have it present Cain. Till I know

That which it really is, I cannot inswer. But if it be as I have heard my father Deal out in his long homilies, its a thing— Oh God! I dare not think on't! Cursed be

When Lucifer himself had premised that sufferings were the lot of those spirits who had sided with him against Jehovah, is it likely that a more accurate knowledge of them would increase Cain's cagerness for the allience, or that he would not rather have inquired whether a better fortune did not await the adherents of the triumphant side? The specticle of many runned worlds was more likely to awe a mortal into submission, than to rouse him to hopeless resistance.—Bishop Habba.

^{9 [}Lord Byron, in one of his letters, states his object in carrying Cum into hinds which is peopled with the inhabitants of our pre-Adamite world. "Cam is a prove man if Lucifer promised him kingdom, act, it would date him the object of the demon is to depress him still further in his own estimation than he was before, by showing him infinite things and his own absence, till be falls into the frame of mind that leads to the catastrophe, from nece internal irritation, not premeditation, or envy of Abel (which would have made him contemptible), but from raze and finy against the madequacy of his state to his conceptions, and which discharges itself rather against ife, and the Author of life, than the mere living. His subsequent remorse is the natural effect of looking on his sudden deed. Had the deed be a premeditated, his repentance would have been tarder."

He who invented life that leads to death! Or the dull mass of life, that, being life, Could not retain, but needs must forfeit it—Even for the innocent!

Lucifer. Dost thou curse thy father?

Cursed he not me in giving me my birth? Cursed he not me before my birth, in daring

To pluck the fruit forbidden?

Lucifer. Thou say'st well:

The curse is mutual 'twixt thy sire and thee — But for thy sons and brother?

Cain. Let them share it

With me, their sire and brother! What else is Bequeath'd to me? I leave them my inheritance

Oh, ye interminable gloomy realms

Of swimming shadows and enormous shapes,

Some fully shown, some indistinct, and all

Mighty and melancholy—what are ye?

Live ye, or have ye lived?

Lucifer. Somewhat of both.

Cain. Then what is death?

Lucifer. What? Hath not be who made ye

Said 'tis another life?

Cain. Till now he hath

Said nothing, save that all shall die.

Lucifer. Perhaps

He one day will unfold that further secret.

Cain. Happy the day!

Lucifer. Yes; happy! when unfolded,

Through agomes unspeakable, and clogg'd

With agomes eternal, to innumerable

Yet unborn invitads of unconscious atoms,

All to be animated for this only!

Cain. What are these mighty phantoms which I see

Floating around me?—They wear not the form

Of the intelligences I have seen

Round our regretted and unenter'd Eden,

Nor wear the form of man as I have view'd it

In Adam's and in Abel's, and in minc,

Nor in my sister-bride's, nor in my children's:

And yet they have an aspect, which, though not Of men nor angels, looks like something, which, If not the last, rose higher than the first, Haughty, and high, and beautiful, and full Of seeming strength, but of mexplicable Shape; for I never saw such. They bear not The wing of scraph, nor the face of man, Nor form of mightiest brute, nor aught that is Now breathing; mighty yet and beautiful As the most beautiful and mighty which Live, and yet so unlike them, that I scarce Can call them living.'

Lucifer.

Yet they hved.

Cain.

Where

Where?

Lucifer.
Thou livest.

Cain. When ?

Lucifer. On what thou callest earth

They did inhabit.

Cain. Adam is the first.

Lucifer. Of thme, I grant thee—but too mean to be The last of these.

Cain. And what are they?

Incifer. That which

Thou shalt be.

Cain But what were they?

Lucifer. Living, high,

Intelligent, good, great, and glorious timigs,

As much superior unto all thy sire,

Adam, could e'er have been in Eden, as

The sixty-thousandth generation shall be,

In its dull damp degeneracy, to

Thee and thy son;—and how weak they are, judge By thy own flesh.

Cain. Ah me! and did they perish?

Lucifer. Yes, from their earth, as thou wilt fade from thine.

Cain. But was mine theirs?

¹ ["I have supposed Cain to be shown in the rational pre-Adamites, beings endowed with a higher intelligence than man, but totally unlike him in form, and with much greater strength of mind and person "—Lord E.'s Letters]

Lucifer.

It was.

Cain.

But not as now.

It is too little and too lowly to

Sustain such creatures.

Lucifer.

True, it was more glorious.

Cain. And wherefore did it fall?

Lucifer.

Ask him who fells.

Cain. But how?

Lucifer.

By a most crushing and mexorable

Destruction and disorder of the elements, Which struck a world to chaos, as a chaos Subsiding has struck out a world: such things,

Though rare in time, are frequent in eternity.—Pass on, and gaze upon the past.

Cain.

'Tis awful!

Lucifer. And true. Behold these phantoms! they were once Material as thou art.

Carn.

And must I be

Lake them?

Lucifer. Let He who made thee answer that.

I show thee what thy predecessors are,

And what they were thou feelest, in degree

Inferior as thy petty feelings and

Thy pettier portion of the immortal part

Of high intelligence and carthly strength.

What ye in common have with what they had

Is life, and what ye shall have--death: the rest

Of your poor attributes is such as suits

Reptiles engender'd out of the subsiding

Shime of a nighty universe, crush'd into A scarcely-yet shaped planet, peopled with

Things whose enjoyment was to be in blindness—

A Paradise of Ignorance, from which

Knowledge was barred as poison. But behold

What these superior beings are or were;

Or, if it isk thee, turn thee back and till

The earth, thy task—I'll waft thee there in safety.

Cain. No: I'll stay here.

Lucifer. Cain. How long ?

For ever! Since

I must one day return here from the carth,
I rather would remain; I am sick of all
That dust has shown me—let me dwell in shadows.

Lucifer. It cannot be: thou now beholdest as

A vision that which is reality.

To make thyself fit for this dwelling, thou Must pass through what the things thou see'st have pass'd— The gates of death.

Cain. By what gate have we enter'd

Even now?

Lucifer. By mme! But, plighted to return, My spirit buoys thee up to breathe in regions. Where all is breathless save thyself. Gaze on; But do not think to dwell here till thine hour. Is come.

Cain. And these, too; can they ne'er repass To earth again?

Lucyfer. Then earth is gone for ever—So changed by its convulsion, they would not Be conscious to a single present spot. Of its new scarcely harden'd surface—'twas—Oh, what a beautiful world it ras!'

Cain. And is.

It is not with the earth, though I must till it, I feel at war, but that I may not profit By what it bears of beautiful, untoding, Nor gratify my thousand swelling thoughts With knowledge, nor allay my thousand fears Of death and life.

Lucyfer. What the world is, thou see'st,

² [Mr. Gifford having, through Mr. Murray, suggested the propriety of omitting a portion of the dialogue, Lord Byron replied. ⁴ The two passages cannot be altered without making Lucrier talk like the Bishop of London, which would not be in the character of the former. The botion is from clavier (that of the old worlds). The other passage is also in character, if non-clave, so much the better, because their it can do no haim, and the silter Satan is made, the siter for every body. As to 'alaims,' &c, do you really think such things ever led any bedy astray? Are these people more improus than Milton's Satan? or the Frometheus of Æschylus? or even than 'the Sadducees,' the 'Fall of Jerusalem' of Milman, &c. 'Are not Adam, Eve, Adah, and Abel, as prous as the Catechart?' Gifford is two wise a man to think that such things can have any serious effect: who was ever altered by a poem? I beg leave to observe, that there is no creed or personal hypothesis of mine in all this, but I was obliged to make Cam and Lucrier talk consistently, and surely this has always, been permitted to poesy."]

But canst not comprehend the shadow of That which it was.

Cain. And those enormous creatures.

Phantoms inferior in intelligence
(At least so seeming) to the things we have pass'd,
Resembling somewhat the wild habitants
Of the deep woods of earth, the hugest which
Roar nightly in the forest, but ten-fold
In magnitude and terror; taller than
The cherub-guarded walls of Eden, with
Eyes flashing like the fiery swords which fence them
And tasks projecting like the trees stripp'd of
Their bark and branches—what were they?

Luciter.

That which

Lucifer.

The Mammoth is in thy world;—but these he By myriads underneath its surface.

Cain. But

None on it?

Lucyfer. No: for thy frail race to war With them would render the curse on it useless—"Twould be destroy'd so early.

Cain. But why war?

Lucifer. You have forgotten the denunciation

Which drove your race from Eden—war with all things,

And death to all things, and disease to most things.

And death to an tinings, and disease to most tining And pangs, and bitterness; these were the fruits Of the forbidden tree.

Cain. But animals—

Did they, too, eat of it, that they must die?

Lucifer. Your Maker told ye, they were made for you, As you for him.—You would not have their doom Superior to your own? Had Adam not Failen, all had stood.

Cain. Alas! the hopeless wretches! They too must share my sire's fate, like his sons; Lake them, too, without having shared the apple; Like them, too, without the so dear-bought knowledge! It was a lying tree—for we know nothing. At least it promised knowledge at the price Of death—but knowledge still: but what knows man?

Lucifer. It may be death leads to the highest knowledge; And being of all things the sole thing certain,

At least leads to the surest science: therefore

The tree was true, though deadly.

Cain. These dim realms!

I see them, but I know them not.

Lucifer. Because

Thy hour is yet afar, and matter cannot Comprehend spirit wholly—but 'tis something

To know there are such realms.

Cain. We knew already

That there was death.

Lucifer. But not what was beyond it.

Cain. Nor know I now.

Lucifer. Thou knowest that there is

A state, and many states beyond thme own-

And this thou knewest not this morn.

Cain. But all

Seems dim and shadowy.

Lucifer. Be content; it will

Seem clearer to thme immortality.

Cain. And you immeasurable liquid space Of glorious azure which floats on beyond us, Which looks like water, and which I should deem The river which flows out of Paradise Past my own dwelling, but that it is bankless And boundless, and of an ethereal hue—

What is it?

Lucyfer. There is still some such on earth,
Although inferior, and thy children shall

Dwell near it—'tis the phantasm of an ocean.

Cam. 'Tis like another world; a liquid sun—

And those mordinate creatures sporting o'er

Its shining surface?

Lucifer. Are its inhabitants,

The past leviathans.

Cain. And you immense Supert, which rears his dripping mane and vasty Head ten times higher than the haughtiest cedar Forth from the abyss, looking as he could coil Himself around the orbs we lately look'd on— Is he not of the kind which bask'd beneath The tree in Eden?

Lucifer. Eve, thy mother, best Can tell what shape of serpent tempted her.

Cain. This seems too terrible. No doubt the other Had more of beauty.

Imeifer. Hast thou ne'er beheld him?

Cain. Many of the same kind (at least so called),

But never that precisely which persuaded

The fatal fruit, nor even of the same aspect.

Lucifer. Your father saw him not?

Cam. No: 'twas my mother

Who tempted him—she tempted by the scrpent.

Lucifer. Good man! whene'er thy wife, or thy sons' wives, Tempt thee or them to aught that's new or strange, Be sure thou see'st first who hath tempted them.

Cain. Thy precept comes too late: there is no more For serpents to tempt woman to.

Lucifer. But there

Are some things still which woman may tempt man to. And man tempt woman:—let thy sons look to it!

N'y counsel is a kind one; for 'tis even

Given chiefly at my own expense; 'tis true,

"Twill not be follow'd, so there's little lost.

Cain. 1 understand not this.

Lucifer. The happier thou !—
Thy world and thou are still too young! Thou thinkest
Thyself most wicked and unhappy: is it
Not so?

Cain. For crime, I know not; but for pain, I have felt much.

Lucyfer. First-born of the first man to Thy present state of sin, and thou art evil—
Of sorrow, and thou sufferest—are both Eden In all its innocence compared to what Thou shortly may'st be; and that state again, In its redoubled wretchedness, a Paradise To what thy sons' sons' sons, accumulating In generations like to dust (which they

In fact but add too), shall endure and do.— Now let us back to earth!

Cain. And wherefore didst thou

Lead me here only to inform me this?

Lucifer. Was not thy quest for knowledge?

Cain. Yes; as being

The road to happiness.

Lucifer. If truth be so,

Thou hast it.

Cain. Then my father's God did well

When he prohibited the fatal tree.

Lucifer. But had done better in not planting it.

But ignorance of evil doth not save

From evil; it must still roll on the same.

A part of all things.

Cain. Not of all things. No:

I'll not believe it—for I thurst for good.

Lucifer. And who and what doth not Who covets evil

For its own bitter sake?—None-nothing! 'tis

The leaven of all life, and lifelessness.

Cain. Within those glorious orbs which we behold,

Distant, and dazzling, and innumerable,

Tre we came down into this phantom realm,

Ill cannot come: they are too beautiful.

Lucifer. Thou hast seen them from afar.

Cum. And what of that ?

Distance can but diminish glory—they,

When nearer, must be more ineffable.

Lucifer. Approach the things of earth most beautiful,

And judge their beauty near.

Cain. 1 have done this—

The lovelest thing I know is loveliest nearest.

Lucifer. Then there must be delusion.—What is that

Which being nearest to thine eyes is still

More beautiful than beauteous things remote?

Cain. My sister Adah.—All the stars of heaven,

The deep blue noon of night, ht by an orb

Which looks a spirit, or a spirit's world—

The hues of twilight—the sun's gorgeous coming— His setting indescribable, which fills My eyes with pleasant tears as I behold
Him sink, and feel my heart float softly with him
Along that western paradise of clouds,
The forest shade, the green bough, the bird's voice—
The vesper bird's, which seems to sing of love,
And mingles with the song of cherubin,
As the day closes over Eden's walls;—
All these are nothing, to my eyes and heart,
Like Adah's face: I turn from earth and heaven
To gaze on it.

Lucifer. 'Tis fair as frail mortality,
In the first dawn and bloom of young creation,
And earliest embraces of earth's parents,
Can make its offspring; still it is delusion.

Corn. You think so, being not her brother.

Lucifer. Mortal

My brotherhood's with those who have no children. Cara. Then thou canst have no fellowship with us.

Lucifer. It may be that thine own shall be for me. But if thou dost possess a beautiful Being beyond all beauty in thine eyes, Why art thou wretched?

Cain. Why do I exist?

Why art thou wretched? why are all things so?

Ev'n he who made us must be, as the maker

Of things unhappy! To produce destruction

Can surely never be the task of joy,

And yet my sire says he's ommpotent:

Then why is evil—he being good? I ask'd

This question of my father; and he said,

Because this evil only was the path

To good. Strange good, that must arise from out

Its deadly opposite. I lately saw

A lamb stung by a reptile: the poor suckling

Lay foaming on the earth, beneath the vain

God Almighty !
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly district out;
For our bad neighbours make us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry,
Besides, they are our outward consciences,

Nothing: for

And piteous bleating of its restless dam; My father pluck'd some herbs, and laid them to The wound; and by degrees the helpless wretch Resumed its careless life, and rose to drain The mother's milk, who o'er it tremulous Stood licking its reviving limbs with joy. Behold, my son! said Adam, how from evil

Springs good!

What didst thou answer? Lucifer.

Carn. He is my father: but I thought, that 'twere

A better portion for the animal

Never to have been stung at all, than to

Purchase renewal of its little life

With agomes unutterable, though

Dispell'd by antidotes.

Lucifer. But as thou saidst

Of all beloved things thou lovest her

Who shared thy mother's milk, and giveth hers

Unto the children——

Cain. Most assuredly:

What should I be without her?

What am 12 Lucifer.

Cain. Dost thou love nothing?

What does thy God love? Lucifer.

Cain. All things, my father says; but I confess

I see it not in their allotment here.

Lucifer. And, therefore, thou can't not see if I love

Or no, except some vast and general purpose,

To which particular things must melt like snows.

Cain. Snows! what are they?

Be happier in not knowing Lucifer.

What thy remoter offspring must encounter;

But bask beneath the clime which knows no winter.

Cain. But dost thou not love something like thyself?

Lucifer. And dost thou love thyself?

And preachers to us all; admonishing, That we should dress us fairly for our end. Thus may we gather honey from the week, And make a moral of the devil himself. - SHARSPEARE.] Cain. Yes, but love more

What makes my feelings more endurable,

And is more than myself, because I love it.

Incifer. Thou lovest it, because 'tis beautiful,

As was the apple in thy mother's eye;

And when it ceases to be so, thy love

Will cease, like any other appetite.

Cain. Cease to be beautiful! how can that be?

Lucifer. With time.

Cain. But time has past, and hitherto

Even Adam and my mother both are fair:

Not fair like Adah and the scraphim-

But very fair.

Lucifer.

Lucifer.

Lucifer.

Lucifer. All that must pass away In them and her.

Cuin. I'm sorry for it; but

Cannot conceive my love for her the less:

And when her beauty disappears, methinks

He who creates all beauty will lose more Than me in seeing perish such a work.

Lucifer. I pity thee who lovest what must perish.

Lucifer. I pity thee who lovest what a Care. And I thee who lov'st nothing.

And thy brother-

Sits he not near thy heart?

Cain. Why should he not?

Lucifer. Thy father loves him well—so does thy God.

Cain. And so do I.

'Tis well and meekly done.

Cain. Meckly!

He is the second born of flesh,

And is his mother's favourite.

Cain. Let him keep

Her favour, since the serpent was the first To win it.

Lucifer. And his father's?

Cain. What is that

To me? should I not love that which all love?

Lucifer. And the Jehovah—the indulgent Lord,

And bounteous planter of barr'd Paradise-

He, too, looks smilingly on Abel.

Cain.

Ţ

Ne'er saw him, and I know not if he smiles.

Lucifer. But you have seen his angels.

Cain. Rarely.

Lucifer.

But

Sufficiently to see they love your brother:

His sacrifices are acceptable.

Cain. So be they! wherefore speak to me of this?

Lucifer. Because thou hast thought of this ere now.

Cain. And if

I have thought, why recall a thought that —— (he pauses as agitated)—Spirit!

Here we are in thy world; speak not of mine.

Thou hast shown me wonders: thou hast shown me those

Mighty pre-Adamites who walk'd the earth

Of which ours is the wieck: thou hast pointed out

Myriads of starry worlds, of which our own

Is the dim and remote companion, in

Infinity of life: thou hast shown me shadows

Of that existence with the dreaded name

Which my sire brought us—Death; 'thou hast shown me much

But not all . show me where Jehovah dwells,

In his especial Paradise—or thine:

Where is it?

Lucifer. Here, and o'er all space.

Cuin. But ye

Have some allotted dwelling—as all things;

Clay has its earth, and other worlds their tenants;

All temporary breathing creatures their

Peculiar element; and things which have

Long ceased to breathe our breath, have theirs, thou say'st;

And the Jehovah and thyself have thine-

Ye do not dwell together?

Lucifer. No, we reign

Together; but our dwellings are asunder.

Cain. Would there were only one of ye! perchance

An unity of purpose might make union

In elements which seem now jarr'd in storms.

^{&#}x27; ["Which my sire shrinks from - Death."-- MS.]

How came ye, being spirits wise and infinite. To separate? Are ye not as brethren in Your essence, and your nature, and your glory? Lucifer. Art not thou Abel's brother? We are brethren. Cain. And so we shall remain; but were it not so, Is spirit like to flesh? can it fall out? Infinity with Immortality? Jarring and turning space to misery— For what? Lucifer. To reign. Did ve not tell me that Cain. Ye are both eternal? Yea! Lucifer. Cain. And what I have seen, You blue immensity, is boundless? Lucifer. Cair. And cannot we both reign, then?—is there not Enough?---why should ve differ? We both reign. Lucifer. Cain. But one of you makes evil. Which 5 Lucifer. Thou! for Cain. If thou canst do man good, why dost thou not? *Lucifer.* And why not be who made? I made ve not; Ye are his creatures, and not mme. Carn. Then leave us His creatures, as thou say'st we are, or show me Thy dwelling, or his dwelling. Lucifer. I could show thee Both; but the time will come thou shalt see one Of them for evermore. Cain. And why not now 2 *Lucifer.* Thy human mind hath scarcely grasp to gather The little I have shown thee into calm • [In Lord Byron's Diary for January 28, 1821, we find the following entry:-"Thought for a speech of Lucifer, in the Tragedy of Cain.

""Were Death an cril, would I let thee live?
Fool! hive as I live - as thy father lives,
And thy sons' sons shall live for evermore!""?

And clear thought; and thou wouldst go on aspiring To the great double Mysteries! the two Principles! And gaze upon them on their secret thrones!

Dust! limit thy ambition; for to see

Enther of these would be for thee to perish!

Cain. And let me perish, so I see them!

Lucifer.

There

The son of her who snatch'd the apple spake! But thou wouldst only perish, and not see them; That sight is for the other state.

Cain. Of death?

Lucifer. That is the prelude.

Then I dread it less,

Now that I know it leads to something definite.

Lucifer. And now I will convey thee to thy world, Where thou shalt multiply the race of Adam,

Eat, drink, toil, tremble, laugh, weep, sleep, and die.

Cain. And to what end have I beheld these things Which thou hast shown me?

Lucifer. Didst thou not require

Knowledge? And have I not, in what I show'd, Taught thee to know thyself?

Cam. Alas! 1 seem

Nothing.

Lucifer. And this should be the human sum Of knowledge, to know mortal nature's nothingness; Bequeath that science to thy children, and 'Twill spare them many tortures.

Cain. Haughty spait! Thou speak'st it proudly; but thyself, though proud, Hast a superior.

Locifer. No! By heaven, which He Holds, and the abyss, and the immensity Of worlds and hie, which I hold with him—No! I have a victor—true; but no superior.

for that a being infinitely muschievous were infinitely cunning, and infinitely powerful, yet it could do no evil, because the opposite principle of infinite goodness, being also infinitely wise and powerful, they would the up one another's hands—so that, upon this supposition, the notion of a deity would signify just nothing - Tillotson.]

Homage he has from all—but none from me: I battle it against him, as I battled In highest heaven. Through all eternity. And the unfathomable gulfs of Hades, And the interminable realms of space, And the infinity of endless ages, All, all, will I dispute! And world by world, And star by star, and universe by universe, Shall tremble in the balance, till the great Conflict shall cease, if ever it shall cease, Which it ne'er shall, till he or I be quench'd! And what can quench our immortality, Or mutual and irrevocable hate? He as a conqueror will call the conquer'd Er/I; but what will be the good he gives? Were I the victor, his works would be deem'd The only evil ones. And you, we new And scarce born mortals, what have been his gifts To you already, in your little world? Cain. But few; and some of those but bitter. Lucifer.

Back

With me, then, to thine earth, and try the rest Of his celestral boons to you and yours. Evil and good are things in their own essence, And not made good or evil by the giver; But if he gives you good-so call him; if Evil springs from him, do not name it mine, Till ye know better its true fount; and judge Not by words, though of spirits, but the fruits Of your existence, such as it must be. One good gift has the fatal apple given-Your reason.—let it not be over-sway'd By tyrannous threats to force you into faith 'Gainst all external sense and inward feeling: Think and endure,—and form an inner world In your own bosom—where the outward fails; So shall you nearer be the spiritual Nature, and war triumphant with your own.

ACT III.

Soune I -The Earth, near Eden, as in Act I.

Enter CAIN and ADAH.

Adah. Hush, tread softly, Cam.

Cain. I will; but wherefore?

Adah. Our little Enoch sleeps upon von bed

Of leaves, beneath the typress.

Cain. Cypress! 'tis

A gloomy tree, which looks as if it mourn'd

O'er what it shadows, wherefore didst thou choose it

For our child's canopy?

Adah. Because its branches

Shut out the sun like night, and therefore seem'd

Fitting to shadow slumber.

Cain. Ay, the last—

And longest; but no matter-lead me to him.

They go up to the child

How lovely he appears! his little checks,

In their pure incarnation, vying with

The rose leaves strewn beneath them.

Adah. And his hps, too.

How beautifully parted! No; you shall not

Kiss him, at least not now: he will awake soon-

His hour of mid-day rest is nearly over,

But it were pity to disturb him till

'Tis closed.

Cain. You have said well; I will contain My heart till then. He simles, and sleeps!—sleep on, And smile, thou little, young inheritor

Of a world scarce less young · sleep on, and smile! Thine are the hours and days when both are cheering

And innocent! thou hast not pluck'd the fruit-

Thou know'st not thou art naked! Must the time

Come thou shalt be amerced for sins unknown,
Which were not thine nor mine? But now sleep on!
His cheeks are reddening into deeper simles,
And shiming lids are trembling o'er his long
Lashes, dark as the cypress which waves o'er them;
Half open, from beneath them the clear blue
Laughs out, although in slumber. He must dream—
Of what? Of Paradise!—Av! dream of it,
My disinherited boy! "Tis but a dream;
For never more thyself, thy sons, nor fathers,
Shall walk in that forbidden place of joy!"

Adah. Dear Cam! Nay, do not whisper o'er our son Such melancholy yearnings o'er the past:
Why wilt thou always mourn for Paradise?
Can we not make another?

Cain.

Where 5

Adth

Here, or

Where'er thou wilt: where'er thou art, I feel not The want of this so much regretted Eden. Have I not thee, our boy, our sire, and brother, And Zillah—our sweet sister, and our Eve, To whom we owe so much besides our birth?

Cain. Yes—death, too, is amongst the debts we owe her.

Adah. Cain! that proud spirit, who withdrew thee hence,

Flath sadden'd thine still deeper. I had hoped

The promised wonders which thou hast beheld,

Visions, thou say'st, of past and present worlds,

Would have composed thy mind into the calm

Of a contented knowledge; but I see

Thy guide hath done thee evil: still I thank him,

And can forgive him all, that he so soon

Hath given thee back to us.

Cain.

So soon?

Adah.

'Tis scarcely

Two hours since ye departed: two long hours To me, but only hours upon the sun.

Cain. And yet I have approach'd that sun, and seen

^{7 [}The censorious may say what they will, but there are speeches in the mouth of Cain and Adah, especially regarding their child, whi h nothing in English poetry but the "wood-notes wild" of Shakspeare ever equalled.—Sir Egerton Brydges]

Worlds which he once shone on, and never more Shall light; and worlds he never lit: methought Years had roll'd o'er my absence.

Adah.

Hardly hours.

Cain. The mind then hath capacity of time, And measures it by that which it beholds, Pleasing or painful; little or almighty. I had beheld the immemorial works Of endless beings; skirr'd extinguish'd worlds; And, gazing on eternity, methought I had borrow'd more by a few drops of ages From its immensity: but now I feel My littleness again. Well said the spirit, That I was nothing! Wherefore said he so? Adah.

Jehovah said not that.

No: he contents him

With making us the *nothing* which we are; And after flattering dust with glimpses of Eden and Immortality, resolves

It back to dust again—for what a

Aduh.

Thou know'st --

Even for our parents' error.

What is that Cum.

To us? they sum'd, then let them die!

Adah. Thou hast not spoken well, nor is that thought Thy own, but of the spirit who was with thee.

Would I could do for them, so they might live!

Cain. Wly, so say I provided that one victim

Might satiate the insatiable of life.

And that our little rosy sleeper there

Might never taste of death nor human sorrow,

Nor hand it down to those who spring from him.

Adah. How know we that some such atonement one day May not redeem our race?

Cain. By sacrificing The harmless for the guilty? what atonement Were there? why, we are innocent: what have we Done, that we must be victims for a deed Before our birth, or need have victims to

Atone for this mysterious, nameless sin— If it be such a sin to seek for knowledge?

Adah. Alas! thou sinnest now, my Cain: thy words Sound impious in mine ears.

Cain. Then leave me!

Adah. Never,

Though thy God left thee.

Cain. Say, what have we here?

Adah. Two altars, which our brother Abel made During thine absence, whereupon to offer

A sacrifice to God on thy return.

Cain. And how knew he, that I would be so ready With the burnt offerings, which he daily brings With a meek brow, whose base humility Shows more of fear than worship, as a bribe To the Creator?

A lah. Surely, 'tis well done.

Cain. One altar may suffice; I have no offering.

Adah. The fruits of the earth, the early, beautiful Blossom and bud, and bloom of flowers and fruits,

These are a goodly offering to the Loid,

Given with a gentle and a contrite spirit.

Cain. I have toil'd, and till'd, and sweaten in the sun,

According to the curse:—must I do more? For what should I be gentle? for a war With all the elements ere they will yield

The bread we cat? For what must I be grateful?

For being dust, and grovelling in the dust,

Till I return to dust? If I am nothing-

For nothing shall I be an hypocrite,

And seem well-pleased with pain? For what should ${f I}$

Be contrite? for my father's sin, already

Explate with what we all have undergone,

And to be more than expiated by

The ages prophesied, upon our seed.

Little deems our young blooming sleeper, there,

The germs of an eternal misery

To myriads is within him! better 'twere

I snatch'd him in his sleep, and dash'd him 'gainst

The rocks, than let him live to ---

Adah. Oh, my God!

Touch not the child—my child! thy child! Oh, Cain!

Cain. Fear not! for all the stars, and all the power

Which sways them, I would not accost you infant

With ruder greeting than a father's kiss.

Adah. Then, why so awful in thy speech? Cain.

Cain. 1 said, 'Twere better that he ceased to live, than give

Life to so much of sorrow as he must
Endure, and, harder still, bequeath, but since
That saying jars you, let us only say—
Twere better that he never had been born.

Adah. Oh, do not say so! Where were then the joys, The mother's joys of watching, nourishing, And loving him? Soft! he awakes Sweet Enoch!

[She goes to the child.

Oh, Cam! look on him; see how full of life, Of strength, of bloom, of beauty, and of joy, How like to me—how like to thee, when gentle, For then we are all alike; 1s't not so, Cam's Mother, and sire, and son, our features are Reflected in each other; as they are In the clear waters, when they are gentle, and When thou art aentle. Love us, then, my Cam! And love thiself for our sakes, for we love thee. Look! how he laughs and stretches out his arms, And opens wide his blue eves upon time, To hail his father, while his little form Flutters as wing'd with joy. Talk not of pain! The childless cherubs well might envy thee The pleasures of a parent! Bless him, Cam! As yet he hath no words to thank thee, but His heart will, and thine own too.

Cain. Bless thee, boy!

If that a mortal blessing may avail thee, To save thee from the serpent's curse!

Adah.

It shall.

Surely a father's blessing may avert A reptile's subticty.

Cain. Of that I doubt;

But bless him ne'er the less.

Adah. Our brother comes.

Cain. Thy brother Abel.

Enter ABEL.

Abel. Welcome, Cam! My brother,

The peace of God be on thee!

Cain. Abel, hail!

thel. Our sister tells me that thou hast been wandering, In high communion with a spirit, far

Beyond our wonted range. Was he of those

We have seen and spoken with, like to our father?

Cain. No.

Abel. Why then commune with him? he may be A fee to the Most High.

Cain. And friend to man.

Has the Most High been so-if so you term him?

Abel. Term him! your words are strange to-day, my brother.

My sister Adah, leave us for awhile—

We mean to sacrifice.

Adah. Farewell, my Can;

But first embrace thy son. May his soft spirit,

And Abel's pious ministry, recall thee

To peace and holiness!

[Exit Adan, with her child.

Abel. Where hast thou been?

Cain. I know not.

Abel. Nor what thou hast seen?

Cain.

The dead,

The immortal, the unbounded, the omnipotent,

The overpowering mysteries of space—

The innumerable worlds that were and are—

A whirlwind of such overwhelming things,

Suns, moons, and earths, upon their loud-voiced spheres

Singing in thunder round me, as have made me

Unfit for mortal converse: leave me, Abel.

Abel. Thine eyes are flashing with unnatural light—
Thy check is flush'd with an unnatural hue—

. Cain.

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Thy words are fraught with an unnatural sound—
 What may this mean?
                          It means—I pray thee, leave me.
    Cain.
    Abel. Not till we have pray'd and sacrificed together.
    Cain. Abel, 1 pray thee, sacrifice alone—
 Jehovah loves thee well.
                          Both well, I hope.
    Aliel.
    Cain. But thee the better: 1 care not for that;
 Thou art fitter for his worship than I am;
 Revere him, then—but let it be alone—
 At least, without me.
                        Brother, I should ill
   Aliel.
 Deserve the name of our great father's son,
 If, as my elder, I revered thee not,
 And in the worship of our God, call'd not
 On thee to join me, and precede me in
 Our priesthood—'tis thy place.
   Cain.
                                 But I have ne'er
 Asserted it.
   Abel.
              The more my grief; I pray thee
 To do so now: thy soul seems labouring in
 Some strong delusion; it will calm thee.
   Cain.
                                            No:
Nothing can calm me more. Calm! say I? Never
Knew I what calm was in the soul, although
I have seen the elements still'd. My Abel, leave me!
Or let me leave thee to thy pious purpose.
   Abel. Neither; we must perform our task together.
Spurn me not.
   Cain.
                  If it must be so—well, then,
What shall I do?
  Abel.
                    Choose one of those two altars.
  Cain. Choose for me: they to me are so much turf
And stone.
  Allel.
             Choose thon!
  Cain.
                             I have chosen.
  Abel.
                                             'Tis the highest,
And suits thee, as the elder. Now prepare
Thine offerings.
```

Where are thine?

Abel. Behold them here—

The firstlings of the flock, and fat thereof—

A shepherd's humble offering.

Cain. I have no flocks;

I am a tiller of the ground, and must Yield what it yieldeth to my toil—its fruit:

[He gathers finits.

Behold them in their various bloom and upeness.

They dress their altars, and kindle a flame upon them.

Abel. My brother, as the elder, offer first Thy prayer and thanksgiving with sacrifice.

Cain. No-1 am new to this; lead thou the way,

And I will follow - as I may.

Abel (kneeling).

Oh, God!

Who made us, and who breathed the breath of life

Within our nostrils, who hath blessed us,

And spared, despite our father's sin, to make

His children all lost, as they might have been,

Had not thy justice been so temper'd with

The mercy which is thy delight, as to

Accord a pardon like a Paradise,

Compared with our great crimes :- Sole Lord of light,

Of good, and glory, and eternity!

Without whom all were evil, and with whom

Nothing can err, except to some good end

Of thme omnipotent benevolence—

Inscrutable, but still to be fulfill'd-

Accept from out thy humble first of shepherd's

First of the first-born flocks—an offering,

In itself nothing—as what offering can be

Aught unto thee?—but yet accept it for

The thanksgiving of him who spreads it in

The face of thy high heaven, bowing his own

Even to the dust, of which he is, in honour

Of thee, and of thy name, for evermore!

Cain (standing erect during this speech). Spirit whate er or whosoe'er thou art.

Omnipotent, it may be-and, if good,

Shown in the exemption of thy deeds from evil;

Jehovah upon earth! and God in heaven!

And it may be with other names, because Thine attributes seem many, as thy works:-If thou must be propitiated with prayers, Take them! If thou must be induced with altars. And soften'd with a sacrifice, receive them: Two beings here erect them unto thee. If thou lov'st blood, the shepherd's shrine, which smokes On my right hand, hath shed it for thy service In the first of his flock, whose limbs now reek In sangumary incense to the skies: Or if the sweet and blooming fruits of earth. And milder seasons, which the unstain'd turf I spread them on now offers in the face Of the broad sun which ripen'd them, may seem Good to thee, masmuch as they have not Suffer'd in limb or life, and rather form A sample of thy works, than supplication To look on ours! If a shrine without victim, And altar without gore, may win thy favour, Look on it! and for him who dresseth it, He is—such as thou mad'st him; and seeks nothing Which must be won by kneeling: if he's evil. Strike him! thou art ommpotent, and may'st -For what can be oppose? If he be good. Strike him, or spare him, as thou wilt ' since ail Re-t- upon thee; and good and evil seem To have no power themselves, save in thy will; And whether that be good or ill I know not. Not being omnipotent, nor fit to judge Ommpotence, but merely to endure Its mandate; which thus far I have endured.

> [The fire upon the alter of Anst kindls into a column of the breaktest flame and a conds to heaven; while a whichwind the one down the alter of Cain, and servers the frads abroad upon the earth.

Abel (kneeling). Oh, brother, pray! Jehovah's wroth with thee.

Cain. Why so?

Abel.

Thy fruits are scattered on the earth.

Abel. Thy fruits are scatter'd on the earth.

Cain. From arth they came, to earth let them return;

Their seed will bear fresh fruit there ere the summer:

VOL. V.

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CAIN: A MYSTERY.
Thy burnt flesh-off'ring prospers better; see
How heaven licks up the flames, when thick with blood!
  Abel. Think not upon my offering's acceptance,
But make another of thine own before
It is too late.
               I will build no more altars,
  Cain.
Nor suffer any—
                         Cain! what meanest thou?
  Abel (rising).
  Cain. To cast down you vile flatt'rer of the clouds.
The smoky harbinger of thy dull pray'rs—
Thine altar, with its blood of lambs and kids,
Which fed on milk, to be destroy'd in blood.
  Abel (opposing him). Thou shalt not :--add not impious works
       to impious
Words! let that altar stand—'tis hallow'd now
By the immortal pleasure of Jehovah.
In his acceptance of the victims.
                                  1128!
  Carn.
His picasure! what was his high pleasure in
The formes of scorching flesh and smoking blood,
To the pain of the bleating mothers, which
Still yearn for their dead offspring? or the pangs
Of the sad ignorant victums underneath
Thy pious kmfe? Give way! this bloody record
Shall not stand in the sun, to shame creation!
  Abel. Brother, give back! thou shalt not touch my alter
With violence: if that thou wilt adopt it,
To try another sacrifice, 'tis thme.
  Cain. Another sacrifice! Give way, or else
That sacrifice may be-
  Abel.
                        What mean'st thou?
  Cain.
                                              Give-
Give way !—thy God loves blood !—then look to it:—
Give way, ere he hath more!
  Abel.
                              In his great name,
I stand between thee and the shrine which hath
Had his acceptance.
  Cain.
                     If thou lov'st thyself,
Stand back till I have strew'd this turf along
Its native soil:—elsc—
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Abel (opposing him). I love God far more Than life.

Corn (striking him with a brand, on the temples, which he snatches from the altar). Then take thy life unto thy God,

Since he loves lives.

Abel (falls). What hast thou done, my brother?

Cain. Brother!

Abel. Oh, God! receive thy servant, and

Forgive his slaver, for he knew not what

He did—Cain, give me—give me thy hand; and tell

Poor Zillah-

Can (after a moment's stopet atten). My hand! 'tis all red, and with—

What?

[A long pause.—Looking slowly round.

Where am 1° alone! Where's Abel ° where

Cain ⁵ Can it be that I am he ⁵ My brother,

Awake !- why hest thou so long on the green earth?

'Its not the Lour of slumber :-- why so pale?

What hast thou!——thou wert full of life this morn!

Abel! I pray thee, mock me not! I smote

Too fiercely, but not fatally. Ah, why

Wouldst thou oppose me 5 This is mockery;

And only done to dount me :-- 'twas a blow --

And but a blow. Sur stn-nay, only stn !

Why, so--that's well!- thou breath'st! breathe upon me! Oh, God! Oh, Go!!

Abel (rery faculty). What's he who speaks of God? Cun. Thy murderer.

Abel. Then may God forgive him! Cain, Comfort poor Zillah:—she has but one brother

Now.

[AblL dies.

Cain. And I none!—Who makes me brotherless? His eyes are open! then he is not dead!

Death is like sleep; and sleep shuts down our lids. His lips, too, are apart; why then he breathes; And yet I feel it not.—His heart!—his heart!—Let me see, doth it beat? methinks—No!—no!

This is a vision, else I am become

The native of another and worse world.

The earth swims round me:—what is this?—'tis wet;

[Put, his hand to his brow, and then looks at it.

And yet there are no dews! "Tis blood—my blood—My brother's and my own! and shed by me! Then what have I further to do with life, Since I have taken life from my own flesh? But he can not be dead!—Is silence death? No, he will wake; then let me watch by him. Lafe cannot be so slight, is to be quench'd Thus quickly!—he hath spoken to me since—What shall I say to him?—My brother!—No: He will not answer to that name; for brethren Sinte not each other. Yet—yet—speak to me. Oh! for a word more of that gentle voice, That I may bear to hear my own again!

Enter Zillan

Ziliah. I heard a heavy sound; what can it be? The Cam; and watching by my husband. What Dost thou there, brother? Doth he sleep? Oh, heav'n! What means this paleness, and you stream?—No, no! It is not blood; for who would shed his blood? Abel! what's this?—who hath done this? He moves not; He breathes not: and his hands drop down from mine With stony helessness! Ah! cruel Cain! Why cam'st thou not in time to save him from This violence? Whatever hath assail'd him, Thou work the stronger, and shouldst have stepp'd in Between him and aggression! Father!—Eve!—Adah!—come hither! Death is in the world!

[East Zillah, calling on her Parents, &c.

Cain (solus). And who hath brought him there?—1—who abhor

The name of Death so deeply, that the thought Empoison'd all my life, before I knew His aspect—I have led him here, and giv'n My brother to his cold and still embrace, As if he would not have asserted his Inexorable claim without my aid. I am awake at last—a dreary dream Had madden'd me;—but he shall ne'er awake!

Enter ADAM, EVE, ADAH, and ZILLAH.

Adam. A voice of woe from Zillah brings me here—What do I see?—'Tis true!—My son!—my son!
Woman, behold the serpent's work, and thine!

[To Evr.

Eve. Oh! speak not of it now: the serpent's fangs Are in my heart. My best beloved, Abel! Jehovah! this is punishment beyond A mother's sin, to take him from me!

Adam. Who.

Or what hath done this deed?—speak, Cain, since thou Wert present; was it some more hostile angel, Who walks not with Jehovah? or some wild Brute of the forest?

Eve. Ah! a livid light
Breaks through, as from a thunder-cloud! yon brand
Massy and bloody! snatch'd from off the altar,
And black with smoke, and red with——

Adam. Speak, my son!

Speak, and assure us, wretched as we are, That we are not more miserable still.

Adah. Speak, Cain! and say it was not thou!

It was.

I see it now—he hangs his guilty head, And covers his ferocious eye with hands Incarnadine.

Adah. Mother, thou dost him wrong—Cain! clear thee from this horrible accusal, Which grief wrings from our parent.

Eve. Hear, Jehovah!
May the eternal serpent's curse be on him!
For he was fitter for his seed than ours.
May all his days be desolate! May——

Adah. Hold!

Curse him not, mother, for he is thy son— Curse him not, mother, for he is my brother, And my betroth'd.

Eve. He hath left thee no brother—Zillah no husband—me no son! for thus I curse him from my sight for evermore! All bonds I break between us, as he broke That of his nature, in you—Oh death! death! Why didst thou not take me, who first incurred thee? Why dost thou not so now?

Adam. Eve! let not this,

Thy natural grief, lead to implety!

A heavy doom was long forespoken to us;

And now that it begins, let it be borne
In such sort as may show our God, that we

Are faithful servants to his holy will.

Ere (pointing to Cain). His will! the will of you incarnate spirit

Of death, whom I have brought upon the earth To strew it with the dead. May all the curses Of life be on him! and his agonies Drive him forth o'er the wilderness, like us From Eden, till his children do by him As he did by his brother! May the swords And wings of fiery cherubin pursue him By day and night—snakes spring up in his path— Earth's fruits be ashes in his mouth—the leaves On which he lays his head to sleep be strew'd With scorpions! May his dreams be of his victim! His waking a continual dread of death! May the clear rivers turn to blood as he Stoops down to stain them with his raging lip! May every element shun or change to him! May be live in the pangs which others die with! And death itself wax something worse than death To him who first acquainted him with man! Hence, fratricide! henceforth that word is Coin, Through all the coming myriads of mankind, Who shall abhor thee, though thou wert their sire!

May the grass wither from thy feet! the woods Deny thee shelter! earth a home! the dust A grave! the sun his light! and heaven her God!*

Exit EVE.

.'dam. Cain! get thee forth: we dwell no more together.

Depart! and leave the dead to me—I am

Henceforth alone—we never must meet more.

Adah. Oh, part not with him thus, my father: do not

Add thy deep curse to Eve's upon his head!

Adam. I curse him not: his spirit be his curse.

Come, Zıllah!

Zillah. I must watch my husband's corse.

Adam. We will return again, when he is gone Who hath provided for us this dread office.

Come, Zıllah!

Zillah. Yet one kiss on you pale clay,

And those lips once so warm—my heart! my heart!

[Excunt Adam and Zillah weeping.

Adah. Cam! thou hast heard, we must go forth. I am ready,

So shall our children be. I will bear Enoch,

And you his sister. Ere the sun dechnes

Let us depart, nor walk the wilderness

Under the cloud of night.—Nay, speak to me.

To me-thine own.

Cain.

Leave me!

Adah.

Why, all have left thee.

Cain. And wherefore lingerest thou? Dost thou not fear

To dwell with one who hath done this?

Adah.

I fear

Nothing except to leave thee, much as I

Shrink from the deed which leaves thee brotherless.

I must not speak of this-it is between thee

And the great God.

A Voice from within exclaims, Cain! Cain!

Adah. Hear'st thou that voice?

⁸ [The last three lines of this terrible denunciation were not in the original MS. In forwarding them to Mr. Murray, to be added to Eve's speech, Lord Byron says—
'"There's as pretty a piece of imprecation for you, when joined to the lines already sent, as you may wish to meet with in the course of your business. But don't lorger the addition of these three lines, which are elinchers to Eve's speech "]

The Voice within. Cain! Cain!

Adah. It soundeth like an angel's tone.

Enter the ANGEL of the Lord.9

Angel. Where is thy brother Abel?

Cain. Am I then

My brother's keeper?

Angel. Cam! what hast thou done? The voice of thy slain brother's blood cries out, Even from the ground, unto the Lord!—Now art thou Cursed from the earth, which opened late her mouth To drink thy brother's blood from thy rash hand. Henceforth, when thou shalt till the ground, it shall not Yield thee her strength; a fugitive shalt thou Be from this day, and vagabond on earth!

Adah. This punishment is more than he can bear. Behold thou drivest him from the face of earth, And from the face of God shall he be hid. A fugitive and vagabond on earth, "Twill come to pass, that whose findeth him

Shall slay him.

Cain. Would they could! but who are they

Shall slay mc? Where are these on the lone earth

As yet unpeopled o

Angel. Thou hast slain thy brother, And who shall warrant thee against thy son?

Adah. Angel of Light! be merciful, nor say That this poor aching breast now nourishes

A murderer m my boy, and of his father.

Angel. Then he would but be what his father is. Did not the milk of Eve give nutriment To him thou now seest so be mear'd with blood? The fratricide might well engender parricides.—But it shall not be so—the Lord thy God And mine commandeth me to set his scal

⁹ ["I have avoided introducing the Deity, as in Scripture (though Milton does, and not very wisely either); but have adopted his angel as sent to Cam instead, on purpose to avoid shocking any feelings on the subject, by falling short of what all uninspired men must fall short in, viz., giving an adequate notion of the effect of the presence of Jehovah."--Lord B.'s Letters.]

On Cain, so that he may go forth in safety. Who slayeth Cain, a sevenfold vengeance shall Be taken on his head. Come hither! What Cain.

Wouldst thou with me?

To mark upon thy brow Angel.

Exemption from such deeds as thou hast done.

Cain. No, let me die!

Angel.

It must not be.

[The Angel sets the mark on Cain's brow.

Cain.

It burns

My brow, but nought to that which is within it.

Is there more? let me meet it as I may.

Angel. Stern hast thou been and stubborn from the womb,

As the ground thou must henceforth till; but he Thou slew'st was gentle as the flocks he tended.

Cain. After the fall too soon was I begotten; Ere vet my mother's mind subsided from The serpent, and my sire still mourn'd for Eden. That which I am, I am; 1 did not seek For life, nor did I make myself; but could I With my own death redeem him from the dust— And why not so? let him return to day, And I he ghastly! so shall be restored By God the life to him he loved, and taken From me a being I ne'er loved to bear.

Angel. Who shall heal murder? what is done, is done; Go forth! fulfil thy days! and be thy deeds Unlike the last!

[The Angel disappears

He's gone, let us go forth; I hear our little Enoch cry within Our bover.

Cain. Ah! little knows he what he weeps for ! And I who have shed blood cannot shed tears! But the four rivers' would not cleanse my soul. Think'st thou my boy will bear to look on me?

¹ [The "four rivers" which flowed round Eden, and consequently the only waters with which Cam was acquainted upon earth.

Adah. If I thought that he would not, I would——Cain (interrupting her). No,

No more of threats: we have had too many of them:

Go to our children; 1 will follow thee.

Adah. I will not leave thee lonely with the dead; Let us depart together.

Cain. Oh! thou dead

And everlasting witness! whose un inking

Blood darkens earth and heaven! what thou now art

I know not! but if thou seest what I am,

I think thou wilt forgive him, whom his God

Can ne'er forgive, nor his own soul.—Farewell!

I must not, dare not touch what I have made thee.

I, who sprung from the same womb with thee, drain'd

The same breast, clasp'd thee often to my own,

In fondness brotherly and boyish, I

Can never meet thee more, nor even dare

To do that for thee, which thou shouldst have done

For me—compose thy limbs into their grave—

The first grave yet dug for mortality.

But who hath dug that grave? Oh, earth! Oh, earth!

For all the fruits thou hast render'd to me, I

Give thee back this.—Now for the wilderness.

[ADAH stoops down and Lisses the body of Abeta

Adah. A dreary, and an early doom, my brother, Has been thy lot! Of all who mourn for thee, I alone must not weep. My office is Henceforth to dry up tears, and not to shed them; But yet of all who mourn, none mourn like me, Not only for thyself, but him who slew thee. Now, Cain! I will divide thy burden with thee.

Cain. Eastward from Eden will we take our way;

'Tis the most desolate, and suits my steps.

Adah. Lead! thou shalt be my guide, and may our God

Be thine! New let us carry forth our children.

Cain. And he who lieth there was childless. I

² [The catastrophe is brought about with great drawate skill and effect. The murderer is somewful and confounded,—his parents reproduce and renounce him, his wife clings to him with eager and unhesitating affection, and they wander forth together into the vast solitude of the universe.—Jeffree.]

Have dried the fountain of a gentle race, Which might have graced his recent marriage couch, And might have temper'd this stern blood of mine, Uniting with our children Abel's offspring! O Abel!

Adah. Peace be with him!

But with me!

L'Exeunt,

THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED

A DRAMA.

ADVERTISEMENT

This production is founded partly on the story of a novel called "The Three Brothers," * published many years ago, from which M. G. Lewis's "Wood Demon" was also taken; and partly on the "Faust" of the great Goëthe. The present publication contains the two first Parts only, and the opening chorus of the third. The rest may perhaps appear hereafter.

^{* [&}quot;The Three Brothers" is a romance, published in 1803, the work of a Joshua Picker-gill, junior,1

INTRODUCTION TO THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED

"THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED" was composed at Pisa, in 1821, but was not published till January, 1824 Lord Byron sent it to Mrs Shellev in portions, as it was written, that his "Deformed' hand-writing might itself be "Transformed" into the legible characters of his gifted copyist. From her we learn that the subject had for many years been a favourite with the poet. His mother used to reproach him, in her tempests of rage, with his distorted foot, till he rushed into solitude to mourn his misfortune and question the justice of Providence. It was thus, he said, that she cankered a heart which was naturally affectionate, and ruined a temper which was always disposed to be violent. His school fellows took up the taunt, and confirmed him in the idea that nature had set upon him a brand of contempt Blessington that it was the recollection of these early feelings which suggested to him to write "The Deformed Transformed." A brutal paragraph in a new-paper on his lameness, and which he was induced, it his sensitiveness, to repeat to Mrs. Shelley lest she should hear it from others, was the present insult which determined him to give shape to his conception. His hero, Count Arnold suffers the same mortification from his hunched back which Lord Byron deduced so needlessly from his club-foot In exchange for the shape of Achilles, Arnold enters into a compact with the devil, who assumes the cast-off hump of his disciple, and they set out together to join the army of the Emperor Charles V., which is advancing, under Bourbon, to the siege of Rome. There the Count captures a beautiful lely, and, as it is vaguely intimated, at the beginning of the drama, that the price of the compact is to be blood, so, at the end, it is darkly implied in a remark of the accomm dating field,-

"But, "you rue it after, blame not me,"

that the fair Ohmpia is to be the source of the catastrophe. Though Lord Byron said that the whole conduct of the story was ready formed in his mind, the poem was never completed, which may have arisen from the unfavourable opinion of Shelliev When Lord Byron asked him, according to Captain Medwin, how he liked it, he replied, "Least of any thing I ever saw of your's. It is a bad imitation of 'Faust,' and, besides, there are two entire lines of Southey in it." Lord Byron changed colour, and hastily inquired, "What lines "They are in 'The Curse of Kehama," said Shelley:—

"And water shall see thee, And fear thee, and flee thee "

Lord Byron directly threw the MS, into the fire, and without any signs of vexation, continued conversing in his gayest tones. As a copy was in existence, the secretice

was nothing. Notwithstanding the decision of Shelley there are here and there flashes of genuine poetry; and the fiend, whose part is to utter succeing comments upon all the proceedings of life, speaks some forcible sarcasms, with a piquant mixture of goodhunour and callous contempt. The scene at the siege, where men on both sides die exulting in the cause for which they perish, contains a just and striking sature on the folly of sanguinary zealots. Both cannot be right; but whether they fight for the white lose or the red, each spills his blood in the undoubting conviction that his own is the only worthy flower. The lyine pieces are, without expection, proc

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

STRANGER, afterwards Cæsar.

ARNOLD.

BOURBON.

PHILIBERT.

CELLINI.

BERTHA.

OLIMPIA.

Spirits, Soldiers, Citizens of Rome, Priesta, Peasants, &c

THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.

PART I.

Sceni. I -A Forest.

Enter ARNOLD and his mother Bertha.

Bert. Out, hunchback!

Arn. I was born so, mother!

Bert. Out,

Thou incubus! Thou nightmare! Of seven sons, The sole aborton!

Arn. Would that I had been so,

And never seen the light!

Bert. I would so, too!

But as thou hast-hence, hence-and do thy best!

That back of thine may bear its burthen; 'tis

More high, if not so broad as that of others.

Arn. It bears its burthen; —but, my heart! Will it

Sustain that which you lay upon it, mother?

I love, or, at the least, I loved you: nothing

Save you, in nature, can love aught like me.

You nursed me-do not kill me!

¹ [One of the most striking passages in the few pages of Lord Byron's "Memoranda" which related to his early days was where, in speaking of his own sensitiveness on the subject of his deformed foot, he described the feeling of horror and humiliation that came over him, when his mother, in one of her fits of passion, called him "a lame brat!" It may be questioned, whether this drama was not inde! ted for its origin to this single recollection.—Moors.

Rert. Yes—I nursed thee,

Because thou wert my first-born, and 1 knew not If there would be another unlike thee,

That monstrous sport of nature. But get hence,

And gather wood!

Arn. I will: but when I bring it, Speak to me kindly. Though my brothers are So beautiful and lusty, and as free As the free chase they follow, do not spurn me:

Our milk has been the same.

Bert. As is the hedgehog's, Which sucks at midnight from the wholesome dam Of the young bull, until the unlking finds. The nipple next day sore and udder dry. Call not thy brothers brethren! Call me not Mother; for if I brought thee forth, it was As foolish hens at times hatch vipers, by Sitting upon strange eggs. Out, urelin, out!

[Exil BERTHA.

Arn. (solus). Oh, mother !——She is gone, and I must do Her bidding;—wearily but willingly I would fulfil it, could I only hope A kind word in return. What shall I do?

[Arnold begins to cut wood: in doing this he wounds one of his hands.

My labour for the day is over now.

Accursed be this blood that flows so fast;

For double curses will be my meed now

At home—What home? I have no home, no kin,

No kind—not made like other creatures, or

To share their sports or pleasures. Must I bleed, too,

Like them? Oh, that each drop which falls to earth

Would rise a snake to sting them, as they have stung me!

Or that the devil, to whom they liken me,

Would aid his likeness! If I must partake

His form, why not his power? Is it because

I have not his will too? For one kind word

From her who bore me would still reconcile me

² [This is now believed to be a vulgar error; the smallness of the animal's mouth rendering it incapable of the muschief laid to its charge.]

Even to this hateful aspect. Let me wash The wound.

[Arnold goes to a spring, and stoops to wash his hand: he starts back.

They are right; and Nature's mirror shows me, What she hath made me. I will not look on it Again, and scarce dare think on't. Hideous wretch That I am! The very waters mock me with My horrid shadow—like a demon placed Deep in the fountain to scarc back the cattle From drinking therein.

'Пе pauscs.

And shall I live on,
A burden to the earth, myself, and shame
Unto what brought me into life! Thou blood,
Which flowest so freely from a scratch, let me
Try if thou wilt not in a fuller stream
Pour forth my woes for ever with thyself
On earth, to which I will restore at once
This hateful compound of her atoms, and
Resolve back to her elements, and take
The shape of any reptile save myself,
And make a world for myriads of new worms!
This knife! now let me prove if it will sever
This wither'd slip of nature's nightshade—my
Vile form—from the creation, as it hath
The green bough from the forest.

[Arnold places the knife in the ground, with the point upwards.

Now 'tis set,

And I can fall upon it. Yet one glance
On the fair day, which sees no foul thing like
Myself, and the sweet sun which warm'd me, but
In vain. The birds—how joyously they sing!
So let them, for I would not be lamented:
But let their merriest notes be Arnold's knell;
The fallen leaves my monument; the murmur
Of the near fountain my sole elegy.
Now, knife, stand firmly, as I fain would fall!

[As he rushes to throw himself upon the knife, his eye is suddenly caught by the fountain, which seems in motion.

G 2

The fountain moves without a wind: but shall The ripple of a spring change my resolve? No. Yet it moves again! The waters stir, Not as with air, but by some subterrane And rocking power of the internal world. What's here? A mist! No more?—

[A cloud comes from the fountain. He stands gazing upon it · it is dispelled, and a tall black man comes towards him.

Arn.

What would you? Speak!

Spirit or man?

Stran. As man is both, why not

Say both in one?

Arn. Your form is man's, and yet

You may be devil.

Stran. So many men are that Which is so call'd or thought, that you may add me To which you please, without much wrong to either. But come: you wish to kill yourself;—pursue Your purpose.

Arn. You have interrupted me.

Stran. What is that resolution which can e'er
Be interrupted? If I be the devil
You deem, a single moment would have made you
Mine, and for ever, by your suicide;
And yet my coming saves you.

Arn. I said not You were the demon, but that your approach Was like one.

Stran. Unless you keep company
With him (and you seem scarce used to such high
Society) you can't tell how he approaches;
And for his aspect, look upon the fountain,
And then on me, and judge which of us twain
Looks likest what the boors believe to be
Their cloven-footed terror.

Arn. Do you—dare you

To taunt me with my born deformity?

Stran. Were I to taunt a buffalo with this

Cloven foot of thine, or the swift dromedary

With thy sublime of humps, the animals
Would revel in the compliment. And yet
Both beings are more swift, more strong, more mighty,
In action and endurance than thyself,
And all the fierce and fair of the same kind
With thee. Thy form is natural: 'twas only
Nature's mistaken largess to bestow
The gifts which are of others upon man.

Arn. Give me the strength then of the autilia's foot, When he spurs high the dust, beholdin has Near enemy; or let me have the long And patient swiftness of the desert-ship, The helmless dromedary!—and I'll bear Thy fiendish sarcasm with a saintly patience.

Stran. I will.

Arn. (with surprise). Thou canst?

Stran. Perhaps. Wo d you aught else?

Arn. Thou mockest me.

Stran. Not I. Why should I mock

What all are mocking? That's poor sport, methinks. To talk to thee in human language (for Thou canst not yet speak mine), the forester

Hunts not the wretched coney, but the boar,

Or wolf, or hon, leaving paltry game

To petty burghers, who leave once a year Their walls, to fill their household caldrons with

Such scullion prey. The meanest gibe at thee,—

Now I can mock the mightiest.

Arn. Then waste not

Thy time on me: I seek thee not.

Stran. Your thoughts

Are not far from me. Do not send me back:

I'm not so easily recall'd to do

Good service.

Arn. What wilt thou do for me?

Stran. Change

Shapes with you, if you will, since yours so irks you; Or form you to your wish in any shape.

Arn. Oh! then you are indeed the demon, for Nought else would wittingly wear mine.

Stran. I'll show thee

The brightest which the world e'er bore, and give thee Thy choice.

Arn. On what condition?

Stran. There's a question!

An hour ago you would have given your soul To look like other men, and now you pause

To wear the form of heroes.

Arn. No; I will not.

I must not compromise my soul.

Stran. What soul,

Worth naming so, would dwell in such a carcase?

Arn. 'Tis an aspiring one, whate'er the tenement In which it is mislodged. But name your compact:

Must it be sign'd in blood?

Stran. Not in your own.

Arn. Whose blood then?

Stran. We will talk of that hereafter.

But I'll be moderate with you, for I see

Great things within you. You shall have no bond But your own will, no contract save your deeds.

Are you content?

Arn. I ta

I take thee at thy word.

Stran. Now then !-

[The Stranger approaches the fountain, and turns to Arnold.

A little of your blood.

Arn.

For what?

Stran. To mingle with the magic of the waters, And make the charm effective.

Arn. (holding out his wounded arm). Take it all.

Stran. Not now. A few drops will suffice for this.

[The Stranger takes some of Arnold's blood in his hand, and casts it into the fountain.

Shadows of beauty! Shadows of power!

Rise to your duty—

This is the hour!

Walk lovely and pliant

From the depth of this fountain,

Pointing to ARNOLD.

As the cloud-shapen giant Bestrides the Hartz Mountain.

Come as ye were,

That our eyes may behold

The model in air

Of the form I will mould,

Bright as the Iris

When ether is spann'd;-

Such his desire is,

Such my command!

Demons heroic-

Demons who wore

The form of the store

Or sophist of you-

Or the shape of each victor,

From Macedon's boy,

To each high Roman's picture, Who breathed to destroy—

Shadows of beauty!

Shadows of power!

Up to your duty—
This is the hour!

[Various phantoms arise from the waters, and pass in succession before the Stranger and Annold.

Arn. What do I see?

Stran.

The black-eyed Roman, with

The eagle's beak between those eyes which ne'er

Beheld a conqueror, or look'd along

The land he made not Rome's, while Rome became

His, and all theirs who heir'd his very name.

Arn. The phantom's bald; my quest is beauty. Could I Inherit but his fame with his defects!

Stran. His brow was girt with laurels more than hairs.

You see his aspect—choose it, or reject.

I can but promise you his form; his fame

Must be long sought and fought for.

This is a well-known German superstition—a gigantic shadow produced by reflection on the Brocken. [The Brocken is the name of the lotticst of the Hutz mountains, in the kingdom of Hanover. The spectres are merely shadows of the observer projected on dense vapour or thin fleecy clouds, which have the power of reflecting much light.—Brewster.]

Arn.

I will fight, too,

But not as a mock Cæsar. Let him pass:

His aspect may be fair, but suits me not.

Stran. Then you are far more difficult to please

Than Cato's sister, or than Brutus's mother,

Or Cleopatra at sixteen—an age

When love is not less in the eye than heart.

But be it so! Shadow, pass on!

[The phantom of Julius Casar disappears.

And can it

Be, that the man who shook the earth is gone,

And left no footstep?

Strau.

There you err. His substance

Left graves enough, and woes enough, and fame

More than enough to track his memory;

But for his shadow, 'tis no more than yours,

Except a little longer and less crook'd

I' the sun. Behold another!

[A second phantom passes.

Arn.

Who is he?

Stran. He was the fairest and the bravest of

Athenians. Look upon him well.

Arn.

He is

More lovely than the last. How beautiful!

Stran. Such was the curled son of Clinias;—wouldst thou

Invest thee with his form?

Arn.

Would that I had

Been born with it! But since I may choose further,

I will look further.

The shade of Alcibiodes disappears.

Stran.

Lo! behold again!

Arn. What! that low, swarthy, short-nosed, round-eyed satyr,

With the wide nostrils and Silenus' aspect,

The splay feet and low stature!' I had better

Remain that which I am.

virtue, and from within him came such divine and pathetic things, as pierced the

heart, and drew tears from the hearers -Plato]

^{4 [&}quot;Upon the whole, it may be doubted whether there be a name of antiquity which comes down with such a general charm as that of Alcıbiades. Why? I cannot answer. Who can?"—Lord B.'s Dury]

⁵ [The outside of Sociates was that of a satyr and buffoon, but his soul was all

1

Stran.

And yet he was

The earth's perfection of all mental beauty, And personification of all virtue.

But you reject him?

Arn.

If his form could bring me

That which redeem'd it—no.

Stran.

I have no power

To promise that; but you may try, and find it Lasier in such a form, or in your own.

Arn. No. I was not born for philosophy, Though I have that about me which has need on 't. Let him fleet on.

Stran.

Be air, thou hemlock-drinker!

[The shadow of Socrates disappears: another rises.

Arn. What's here? whose broad brow and whose curly beard

And manly aspect look like Hercules,
Save that his jocuid eye hath more of Bacchus
Than the sad purger of the infernal world,
Leaning dejected on his club of conquest,
As if he knew the worthlessness of those
For whom he had fought.

Stran.

It was the man who lost

The ancient world for love.

Arn.

I cannot blame him,

Since I have risk'd my soul because I find not That which he exchanged the earth for.

Stran.

Since so far

You seem congenial, will you wear his features?

Arn. No. As you leave me choice, I am difficult,

If but to see the heroes I should ne'er

Have seen else on this side of the dim shore

Whence they float back before us.

Stran.

Hence, triumvir,

Thy Cleopatra's waiting.

[The shade of Antony disappears : another rises.

Arn. Who is this?

Who truly looketh like a demigod,

Blooming and bright, with golden hair, and stature,

If not more high than mortal, yet immortal In all that nameless bearing of his hmbs, Which he wears as the sun his rays—a something Which shines from him, and yet is but the flashing Emanation of a thing more glorious still.

Was he e'er human only?

Stran. Let the earth speak,

If there be atoms of him left, or even

Of the more solid gold that form'd his urn.

Arn. Who was this glory of mankind?

Strau. The shame

Of Greece in peace, her thunderbolt in war— Demetrius the Macedoman, and

Taker of cities.

Arn.

Yet one shadow more.

Stran. (addressing the shadow). Get thee to Lama's lap!

[The shade of Demetrius Poliorcetes ranishes . another rises.

I'll fit you still,

Fear not, my hunchback: if the shadows of That which existed please not your nice taste, I'll animate the ideal marble, till Your soul be reconciled to her new garment.

Arn. Content! 1 will fix here.

Stran. I must commend

Your choice. The godlike son of the sea-goddess, The unshorn boy of Pelcus, with his locks

As beautiful and clear as the amber waves

Of rich Pactolus, roll'd o'er sands of gold.

Soften'd by intervening crystal, and

Rippled like flowing waters by the wind,

All vow'd to Sperchus as they were-behold them!

And him—as he stood by Polixena,

With sanction'd and with soften'd love, before

The altar, gazing on his Trojan bride,

With some remorse within for Hector slain

And Priam weeping, mingled with deep passion

or painter could hit off a likeness. His countenance had a mixture of grace and dignity, and was at once amiable and awful, and the unsubdued and cager air of youth was blended with the majesty of the hero and the king.—Plutarell.

For the sweet downcast virgin, whose young hand Trembled in his who slew her brother. So He stood i' the temple! Look upon him as Greece look'd her last upon her best, the instant Ere Paris' arrow flew.

Arn. I gaze upon hm
As if I were his soul, whose form shall soon
Envelope mine.

Stran. You have done well. The greatest Deformity should only barter with The extremest beauty, if the proverb's true Of mortals, that extremes meet.

Arn. Come! Be quick!

I am impatient.

Stran. As a youthful beauty
Before her glass. You both see what is not,
But dream it is what must be.

Arn. Must I wait?

Stran. No; that were a pity. But a word or two: His stature is twelve cubits; would you so far Outstep these times, and be a Titan? Or (To talk canonically) wax a son Of Anak?

Arn. Why not?

Glorious ambition! Stran. I love thee most in dwarfs! A mortal of Philistine stature would have gladly pared His own Goliath down to a slight David: But thou, my manikin, wouldst soar a show Rather than hero. Thou shalt be indulged, If such be thy desire; and yet, by being A little less removed from present men In figure, thou canst sway them more; for all Would rise against thee now, as if to hunt A new-found mammoth: and their cursed engines, Their culverins, and so forth, would find way Through our friend's armour there, with greater case Than the adulterer's arrow through his heel Which Thetis had forgotten to baptise In Styx.

Without it.

Arn. Then let it be as thou deem'st best.

Stran. Thou shalt be beauteous as the thing thou eest,
And strong as what it was, and——

Arn. I ask not

For valour, since deformity is daring.?
It is its essence to o'ertake mankind
By heart and soul, and make itself the equal—
Ay, the superior of the rest. There is
A spur in its halt movements, to become
All that the others cannot, in such things
As still are free to both, to compensate
For stepdame Nature's avarice at first.
They woo with fearless deeds the smiles of fortune,
And oft, like Timour the lame Tartar, win them.

Stran. Well spoken! And thou doubtless wilt remain Form'd as thou art. I may dismiss the mould Of shadow, which must turn to flesh, to incase This daring soul, which could achieve no less

Had no power presented me Arn The possibility of change, I would Have done the best which spirit may to make Its way with all deformity's dull, deadly, Discouraging weight upon me, like a mountain, In feeling, on my heart as on my shoulders— A hateful and unsightly molehill, to The eyes of happier men. I would have look'd On beauty in that sex which is the type Of all we know or dream of beautiful Beyond the world they brighten, with a sigh— Not of love, but despair; nor sought to win, Though to a heart all love, what could not love me In turn, because of this vile crooked clog, Which makes me lonely. Nay, I could have borne

^{7 [&}quot;Whosoever," says Lord Bacon, "hath anything fixed in his person that doth induce contempt, hath also a perpetual sput in himself to rescue and deliver himself from scorn; therefore, all deformed persons are extreme bold; first, as in their own defence, as being exposed to scorn, but in process of time by a general habit; also it stirreth in them industry, and especially of this kind, to watch and observe the weakness of others, that they may have somewhat to repay." Lord Byron's chief incentive, when a boy, to distinction was that mark of deformity, by an acute sense of which he was first stung into the ambition of being great.—Moore.]

It all, had not my mother spurn'd me from her. The she-bear licks her cubs into a sort Of shape;—my dam beheld my shape was hopeless. Had she exposed me, like the Spartan, ere I knew the passionate part of life, I had Been a clod of the valley,—happier nothing Than what I am. But even thus, the lowest, Ughest, and meanest of mankind, what courage And perseverance could have done, perchance Had made me something—as it has made heroes Of the same mould as mine. You lately saw me Master of my own life, and quick to quit it; And he who is so is the master of Whatever dreads to die.

Stran. Decide between What you have been, or will be.

Arn. I have done so.

You have open'd brighter prospects to my eyes, And sweeter to my heart. As I am now, I might be fear'd, admired, respected, loved Of all save those next to me, of whom I Would be beloved. As thou showest me A choice of forms, I take the one I view. Haste! haste!

Stran. And what shall I wear?

Arn. Surely, he Who can command all forms will choose the highest,

Something superior even to that which was Pelides now before us. Perhaps his Who slew him, that of Paris: or—still higher—The poet's god, clothed in such limbs as are

Themselves a poetry.

Stran.

Less will content me;

For I, too, love a change.

Arn.

Your aspect is

Dusky, but not uncomely.

Stran. If I chose,

I might be whiter; but I have a penchant For black—it is so honest, and besides Can neither blush with shame nor pale with fear; But I have worn it long enough of late, And now I'll take your figure.

Arn.

Mine!

Stran.

Yes. You

Shall change with Thetis' son, and I with Bertha, Your mother's offspring. People have their tastes;

You have yours—I mine.

Arn. Stran. Despatch! despatch!

Even so.

[The Stranger takes some earth and moulds it along the turf, and then addresses the phantom of Achilles.

Beautiful shadow Of Thetis's boy! Who sleeps in the meadow Whose grass grows o'er Troy: From the red earth, like Adam, Thy likeness I shape, As the being who made hun, Whose actions I apc. Thou clay, be all glowing, Till the rose in his check Be as fair, as when blowing, It wears its first streak! Ye violets, 1 scatter, Now turn into eyes! And thou, sunshing water. Of blood take the guise! Let these hyacinth boughs Be his long flowing hair, And wave o'er his brows. As thou wavest in air! Let his heart be this marble I tear from the rock! But his voice as the warble Of birds on you oak! Let his flesh be the purest Of mould, in which grew

^{*} Adam means "red earth," from which the first man was formed.

The lily-root surest,
And drank the best dew!
Let his limbs be the lightest
Which clay can compound,
And his aspect the brightest
On earth to be found!
Elements, near me,
Be mingled and starr'd,
Know me, and hear me,
And leap to my word!
Sunbeams, awaken
Thus earth's ammation!
'Tis done! He hath taken
His stand in creation!

[Arrold fulls senseless; his soul passes into the shape of Achilles, which rises from the ground, while the phantom has disappeared, part by part, as the figure was formed from the earth.

Arn. (in his new form). I love, and I shall be beloved! Oh, hife!

At last I feel thee! Glorious spirit!

Stran. Stop!

What shall become of your abandon'd garment,

You hump, and lump, and clod of ugliness,

Which late you wore, or were?

Arn. Who cares? Let wolves

And vultures take it, if they will.

Stran. And if

They do, and are not scared by it, you'll say It must be peace-time, and no better fare

Abroad i' the fields.

Arn. Let us but leave it there;

No matter what becomes on 't.

Stran. That's ungracious;

If not ungrateful. Whatsoe'er it be,

It hath sustain'd your soul full many a day.

Arn. Ay, as the dunghill may conceal a gem

Which is now set in gold, as jewels should be.

Stran. But if I give another form, it must be By fair exchange, not robbery. For they

Who make men without women's aid have long Had patents for the same, and do not love Your interlopers. The devil may take men, Not make them,—though he reap the benefit Of the original workmanship:—and therefore Some one must be found to assume the shape You have quitted.

Arn. Who would do so?

Stran. That I know not,

And therefore I must.

Arn. You!

Stran. I said it ere

You inhabited your present dome of beauty.

Arn. True. I forget all things in the new joy

Of this immortal change.

Stran. In a few moments

I will be as you were, and you shall see

Yourself for ever by you, as your shadow.

Arn. I would be spared this.

Stran. But it cannot be.

What! shrink already, being what you are,

From seeing what you were?

Arn.

Do as thou wilt.

Stran. (to the late form of Annold, extended on the carth).

Clay! not dead, but soul-less!

Though no man would choose thee,

An immortal no less

Deigns not to refuse thee.

Clay thou art; and unto spirit

All clay is of equal merit.

Fire! without which nought can live;

Fire! but in which nought can live,

Save the fabled salamander,

Or immortal souls which wander,

Praying what doth not forgive,

Howling for a drop of water,

Burning in a quenchless lot:

Fire! the only element

Where nor fish, beast, bird, nor worm, Save the worm which dieth not. Can preserve a moment's form, But must with thyself be blent:

Fire! man's safeguard and his slaughter:

Fire! Creation's first-born daughter,

And Destruction's threaten'd son,
When heaven with the world hath done:

Fire! assist me to renew

Life in what lies in my view

Stiff and cold!

His resurrection rests with me and you!

One little, marshy spark of flame—

And he again shall seem the same;

But I his spirit's place shall hold!

[An ignis-fatuus flits through the wood and rests on the brow of the body The Stranger disappears: the body rises.

Arn. (in his new form). Oh! horrible!

Stran. (in Arnold's late shape). What! tremblest thou?

Arn. Not so—

I merely shudder. Where is fled the shape Thou lately worest?

Stran. To the world of shadows.

But let us thread the present. Whither wilt thou?

Arn. Must thou be my companion? Stran.

Wherefore not?

Your betters keep worse company.

Arn. M_{ψ} betters!

Stran. Oh! you wax proud, I see, of your new form:

I'm glad of that. Ungrateful too! That's well;

You improve apace; -two changes in an instant,

And you are old in the world's ways already.

But bear with me · indeed you'll find me useful

Upon your pilgrimage. But come, pronounce

Where shall we now be errant?

Arn. Where the world

Is thickest, that I may behold it in Its workings.

Stran. That's to say, where there is war

And woman in activity. Let's see!

Spain—Italy—the new Atlantic world—

Afric with all its Moors. In very truth,

There is small choice: the whole race are just now Tugging as usual at each other's hearts.

Arn. I have heard great things of Rome. Stran.

A goodly choice-

And scarce a better to be found on earth. Since Sodom was put out. The field is wide too: For now the Frank, and Hun, and Spanish scion Of the old Vandals, are at play along The sunny shores of the world's garden.

Arn.

How

Shall we proceed?

Like gallants, on good coursers. Stran. What, ho! my chargers! Never yet were better, Since Phaeton was upset into the Po. Our pages too!

Enter two Pages, with four coal-black horses.

Arn. A noble sight!

Stran. And of

A nobler breed. Match me in Barbary, Or your Kochlini race of Araby,

With these!

The mighty steam, which volumes high From their proud nostrils, burns the very air: And sparks of flame, like dancing fire-flies wheel Around their manes, as common insects swarm Round common steeds towards sunset.

Mount, my lord:

They and I are your servitors.

Arn. And these

Our dark-eyed pages—what may be their names?

Stran. You shall baptize them.

Arn. What! in holy water?

Stran. Why not? The deeper sinner, better saint.

Arn. They are beautiful, and cannot, sure, be demons.

Stran. True; the devil's always ugly; and your beauty Is never diabolical.

Arn.

I'll call him

Who bears the golden horn, and wears such bright

And blooming aspect, Huon; for he looks
Like to the lovely boy lost in the forest,
And never found till now. And for the other
And darker, and more thoughtful, who smiles not,
But looks as serious though serene as night,
He shall be Memnon, from the Ethiop king
Whose statue turns a harper once a day.
And you?

And you?

Stran. I have ten thousand names, and twice As many attributes; but as I wear

A human shape, will take a human name.

Arn. More human than the shape (though it was mine once)

I trust.

Stran. Then call me Cæsar.

Arn. Why, that name

Belongs to empires, and has been but borne By the world's lords.

Stran. And therefore fittest for The devil in disguise—since so you deem me, Unless you call me pope instead.

Arn. Well, then,

Cæsar thou shalt be. For myself, my name Shall be plain Arnold still.

Ces. We'll add a title—

"Count Arnold:" it hath no ungracious sound, And will look well upon a billet-doux.

Arn. Or in an order for a battle-field.

Cies. (sings). To horse! to horse! my coal-black steed

Paws the ground and snuffs the air!

There's not a foal of Arab's breed
More knows whom he must bear;
On the hill he will not tire,
Swifter as it waxes higher;
In the marsh he will not slacken,
On the plain be overtaken;
In the wave he will not sink,
Nor pause at the brook's side to drink;

In the race he will not pant, In the combat he'll not faint; On the stones he will not stumble,
Time nor toil shall make him humble;
In the stall he will not stiffen,
But be winged as a griffin,
Only flying with his feet:
And will not such a voyage be sweet?
Merrily! merrily! never unsound,
Shall our bonny black horses skim over the ground!
From the Alps to the Caucasus, ride we, or fly!
For we'll leave them behind in the glance of an eye.

[They mount their horses, and disappear

SCENE II.

A Camp before the walls of Rome.

ARNOLD and CESAR

Cass. You are well entered now.

Arn. Ay; but my path Has been o'er carcasses: mine eyes are full Of blood.

Cies. Then wipe them, and see clearly. Why I Thou art a conqueror; the chosen knight And free companion of the gallant Bourbon, Late constable of France; and now to be Lord of the city which hath been earth's lord Under its emperors, and—changing sex, Not sceptre, an hermaphrodite of empire—Lady of the old world.

Arn. How old? What! are there New worlds?

Cos. To you. You'll find there are such shortly, By its rich harvests, new disease, and gold; From one half of the world named a whole new one, Because you know no better than the dull And dubious notice of your eyes and ears.

Arn. I'll trust them.

Cas. Do! They will deceive you sweetly, And that is better than the bitter truth.

Dog!

Cas. Man!

Arn. Devil!

Cas. Your obedient humble servant.

Arn. Say master rather. Thou hast lured me on, Through scenes of blood and lust, till I am here.

Cas. And where wouldst thou be?

Arn. Oh, at peace—in peace.

Cas. And where is that which is so? From the star

To the winding worm, all life is motion; and

In life *commotion* is the extremest point

Of life. The planet wheels till it becomes

A comet, and destroying as it sweeps

The stars, goes out. The poor worm winds its way,

Living upon the death of other things,

But still, like them, must live and die, the subject

Of something which has made it live and die.

You must obey what all obey, the rule

Of fix'd necessity: against her edict

Rebellion prospers not.

Arn. And when it prospers—

Cas. 'Tis no rebellion.

Arn. Will it prosper now?

Cas. The Bourbon hath given orders for the assault, And by the dawn there will be work.

Arn. Alas!

And shall the city yield? I see the giant Abode of the true God, and his true saint,

Saint Peter, rear its dome and cross into

That sky whence Christ ascended from the cross,

Which his blood made a badge of glory and

Of joy (as once of torture unto him,

God and God's Son, man's sole and only refuge).

· Cas. 'Tis there and shall be.

Arn. What?

Cas. The crucifis

Above, and many altar shrines below. Also some culverins upon the walls, And harquebusses, and what not; besides The men who are to kindle them to death Of other men. Arn. And those scarce mortal arches, Pile above pile of everlasting wall,
The theatre where emperors and their subjects (Those subjects Romans) stood at gaze upon
The battles of the monarchs of the wild
And wood, the lion and his tusky rebels
Of the then untamed desert, brought to joust
In the arena (as right well they might,
When they had left no human foe unconquer'd);
Made even the forest pay its tribute of
Life to their amphitheatre, as well
As Dacia men to die the eternal death
For a sole instant's pastime, and "Pass on
To a new gladiator!"—Must it fall?

Cas. The city, or the amphitheatre?

Cas. The city, or the amphitheatre? The church, or one, or all? for you confound Both them and me.

Arn. To-morrow sounds the assault With the first cock-crow.

Cas. Which, if it end with The evening's first nightingale, will be Something new in the annals of great sieges; For men must have their prey after long toil.

Arn. The sun goes down as calmly, and perhaps More beautifully, than he did on Rome On the day Remus leapt her wall.

Cas. I saw him.

Arn. You!

Cas. Yes, sir. You forget I am or was Spirit, till I took up with your cast shape, And a worse name. I'm Cæsar and a hunch-back Now. Well! the first of Cæsars was a bald-head, And loved his laurels better as a wig (So history says) than as a glory. Thus The world runs on, but we'll be merry still. I saw your Romulus (simple as I am)

⁹ [Suetonius relates of Julius Cæsar, that his baldness gave him much uneasiness, having often found himself, upon that account, exposed to the ridicule of his enemies; and that, therefore, of all the honours conferred upon him by the senate and people, there was none which he either accepted or used with so much pleasure as the right of wearing constantly a laurel crown.]

Slay his own twin, quick-born of the same womb, Because he leapt a ditch ('twas then no wall, Whate'er it now be); and Rome's earliest cement Was brother's blood; and if its native blood Be spilt till the choked Tiber be as red As e'er 'twas yellow, it will never wear The deep hue of the ocean and the earth, Which the great robber sons of fratricide Have made their never-ceasing scene of slaughter For ages.

Arn. But what have these done, their far Remote descendants, who have lived in peace, The peace of heaven, and in her sunshine of Piety?

Cas. And what had they done, whom the old Romans o'erswept?—Hark!

Arn. They are soldiers singing

A reckless roundelay, upon the eve Of many deaths, it may be of their own.

Cas. And why should they not sing as well as swans? They are black ones, to be sure.

Arn. So, you are learn'd,

I see, too?

Cas. In my grammar, certes. I Was educated for a monk of all times, And once I was well versed in the forgotten Etruscan letters, and—were I so minded—Could make their hieroglyphics plainer than Your alphabet.

Arn. And wherefore do you not?

Cas. It answers better to resolve the alphabet
Back into hieroglyphics. Like your statesman,
And prophet, pontiff, doctor, alchymist,
Philosopher, and what not, they have built
More Babels, without new dispersion, than
The stammering young ones of the flood's dull ooze,
Who fail'd and fled each other. Why? why, marry,
Because no man could understand his neighbour.
They are wiser now, and will not separate
For nonsense. Nay, it is their brotherhood,

Their Shibboleth, their Koran, Talmud, their Cabala; their best brick-work, wherewithal They build more——

Arn. (interrupting him). Oh, thou everlasting sneerer!

Be silent! How the soldier's rough strain seems

Soften'd by distance to a hymn-like cadence!

Listen!

Cas. Yes. I have heard the angels sing. Arn. And demons howl.

Cas. And man, too. Let us listen:

Song of the Soldiers within.

The black bands came over The Alps and their snow; With Bourbon, the rover, They pass'd the broad Po. We have beaten all formen. We have captured a king, We have turn'd back on no men, And so let us sing! Here's the Bourbon for ever! Though penniless all, We'll have one more endeavour At yonder old wall. With the Bourbon we'll gather At day-dawn before The gates, and together Or break or climb o'er The wall: on the ladder As mounts each firm foot. Our shout shall grow gladder, And death only be mute. With the Bourbon we'll mount o'cr The walls of old Rome, And who then shall count o'er The spoils of each dome? Up! up with the lily! And down with the keys!

In old Rome, the seven-hilly, We'll revel at ease. Her streets shall be gory, Her Tiber all red. And her temples so hoary Shall clang with our tread. Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon! The Bourbon for ave! Of our song bear the burden! And fire, fire away! With Spain for the vanguard. Our varied host comes; And next to the Spaniard Beat Germany's drums; And Italy's lances Are couch'd at their mother: But our leader from France is. Who warr'd with his brother. Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon! Sans country or home, We'll follow the Bourbon, To plunder old Rome.

Cas. An indifferent song

For those within the walls, methinks, to hear.

Arn. Yes, if they keep to their chorus. But here comes

The general with his chiefs and men of trust.

A goodly rebel.

Enter the Constable Bourbon 1 "cum suis," &c. &c.

Phil. How now, noble prince,

You are not cheerful?

Bourb.

Why should I be so?

Phil. Upon the eve of conquest, such as ours,

Most men would be so.

Bourb.

If I were secure!

¹ [Charles of Bourbon was cousin to Francis I., and Constable of France. Being bitterly persecuted by the queen-mother for having declined the honour of her hand, and through her instigation by the king, he transferred his services to the Emperor Charles V.]

Phil. Doubt not our soldiers. Were the walls of adamant, They'd crack them. Hunger is a sharp artillery.

Bourb. That they will falter is my least of fears. That they will be repulsed, with Bourbon for Their chief, and all their kindled appetites To marshal them on—were those hoary walls Mountains, and those who guard them like the gods Of the old fables, I would trust my Titans;—But now——

Phil. They are but men who war with mortals.

Bourb. True: but those walls have girded in great ages, And sent forth mighty spirits. The past earth And present phantom of imperious Rome Is peopled with those warriors; and methinks They flit along the eternal city's rampart, And stretch their glorious, gory, shadowy hands, And beckon me away!

Phil. So let them! Wilt thou Turn back from shadowy menaces of shadows?

Bourb. They do not menace me. 1 could have faced, Methinks, a Sylla's menace; but they clasp, And raise, and wring their dim and deathlike hands, And with their thin aspen faces and fix'd eyes Fascinate mine. Look there!

Phil. I look upon

A lofty battlement.

Bourb. And there!

Phil. Not even

A guard in sight; they wisely keep below, Shelter'd by the grey parapet from some Stray bullet of our lansquenets, who might Practise in the cool twilight.

Bourb. You are blind.

Phil. If seeing nothing more than may be seen Be so.

Bourb. A thousand years have mann'd the walls With all their heroes,—the last Cato stands And tears his bowels, rather than survive The liberty of that I would enslave.

And the first Cæsar with his triumphs flits From battlement to battlement.

Phil. Then conquer

The walls for which he conquer'd and be greater!

Bourb. True: so I will, or perish.

In such an enterprise to due is rather The dawn of an eternal day, than death.

[Count ARNOLD and C.ESAR advance.

Ah l

Cas. And the mere men—do they too sweat beneath

The noon of this same ever-scorching glory?

Bourb.

Welcome the bitter hunchback! and his master, The beauty of our host, and brave as beauteous, And generous as lovely. We shall find Work for you both ere morning.

Ces. You will find,

So please your highness, no less for yourself.

Bourb. And if I do, there will not be a labourer More forward, hunchback!

Ces. You may well say so,

For you have seen that back—as general, Placed in the rear in action—but your foes Have never seen it.

Bourb. That's a fair retort,
For I provoked it:—but the Bourbon's breast
Has been, and ever shall be, far advanced
In danger's face as yours, were you the devil.

Cas. And if I were, I might have saved myself The toil of coming here.

Phil.

Why so?

Cas. One half

Of your brave bands of their own bold accord Will go to him, the other half be sent,

More swiftly, not less surely.

Bourb. Arnold, your Slight crooked friend's as snake-like in his words As his deeds.

Cas. Your highness much mistakes me.
The first snake was a flatterer—I am none;
And for my deeds, I only sting when stung.

Bourb. You are brave, and that's enough for me; and quick

In speech as sharp in action—and that's more. I am not alone the soldier, but the soldiers' Comrade.

Cas. They are but bad company, your highness; And worse even for their friends than foes, as being More permanent acquaintance.

Phil. How now, fellow!

Thou waxest insolent, beyond the privilege Of a buffoon.

Cas. You mean I speak the truth. I'll he—it is as easy: then you'll praise me For calling you a hero.

Bourb. Philibert!

Let him alone; he's brave, and ever has
Been first, with that swart face and mountain shoulder,
In field or storm, and patient in starvation;
And for his tongue, the camp is full of licence,
And the sharp stinging of a lively rogue
Is, to my mind, far preferable to
The gross, dull, heavy, gloomy execration
Of a mere famish'd sullen grumbling slave,
Whom nothing can convince save a full meal,
And wine, and sleep, and a few maravedis,

Cas. It would be well

If the earth's princes ask'd no more.

With which he deems him rich.

Bourb. Be silent!

Cas. Ay, but not idle. Work yourself with words. You have few to speak.

Phil. What means the audacious prater?

Cas. To prate, like other prophets.

Bourb. Philibert!

Why will you vex him? Have we not enough To think on? Arnold! I will lead the attack To-morrow.

Arn. I have heard as much, my lord.

Bourb. And you will follow?

Arn. Since I must not lead.

Bourb. 'Tis necessary for the further daring Of our too needy army, that their chief

Plant the first foot upon the foremost ladder's First step.

Cas. Upon its topmost, let us hope: So shall he have his full deserts.

Bourb. The world's Great capital perchance is ours to-morrow.

Through every change the seven-hill'd city hath Retain'd her sway o'er nations, and the Cæsars But yielded to the Alarics, the Alarics Unto the pontiffs. Roman, Goth, or priest, Still the world's masters! Civilised, barbarian, Or saintly, still the walls of Romulus Have been the circus of an empire. Well!

'Twas their turn—now 'tis ours; and let us hope That we will fight as well, and rule much better.

Cas. No doubt, the camp's the school of civic rights.

What would you make of Rome?

Bourb. That which it was.

Cas. In Alaric's time?

Bourb. No, slave! in the first Casar's,

And kings!

'Tis a great name for blood-hounds.

Bourb. There's a demon

In that ficrce rattlesnake thy tongue. Wilt never Be serious?

Cas. On the eve of battle, no;—
That were not soldier-like. "Its for the general
To be more pensive: we adventurers
Must be more cheerful. Wherefore should we think?
Our tutelar deity, in a leader's shape,
Takes care of us. Keep thought aloof from hosts!
If the knaves take to thinking, you will have
To crack those walls alone.

Bourb. You may sneer, since 'Tis lucky for you that you fight no worse for 't.

Cas. I thank you for the freedom; 'tis the only Pay I have taken in your highness' service.

Bourb. Well, sir, to-morrow you shall pay yourself. Look on those towers; they hold my treasury:

But, Philibert, we'll in to council. Arnold,

We would request your presence.

Arn.

Prince! my service

Is yours, as in the field.

Bourb. In both we prize it,

And yours will be a post of trust at daybreak.

Cas. And mine?

Bourb.

To follow glory with the Bourbon.

Good night!

Arn. (to CÆSAR). Prepare our armour for the assault, And wait within my tent.

[Excunt Bourbon, Arnold, Philibert, &c.

Cas. (solus). Within thy tent! Think'st thou that I pass from thee with my presence? Or that this crooked coffer, which contain'd Thy principle of life, is aught to me Except a mask? And these are men, for sooth! Heroes and chiefs, the flower of Adam's bastards! This is the consequence of giving matter The power of thought. It is a stubborn substance, And thinks chaotically, as it acts, Ever relapsing into its first elements. Well! I must play with these poor puppets: 'tis The spirit's pastime in his idler hours. When I grow weary of it, I have business Amongst the stars, which these poor creatures deem Were made for them to look at. 'Twere a jest now To bring one down amongst them, and set fire Unto their anthill: how the pismires then Would scamper o'er the scalding soil, and, ceasing From tearing down each other's nests, pipe forth One universal orison! ha! ha!

PART II.

Scene I.—Before the walls of Rome.—The Assault: the Army in motion, with ladders to scale the walls; Bourbon with a white scarf over his armour, foremost.

Chorus of Spirits in the air.

'Tis the morn, but dim and dark. Whither flies the silent lark? Whither shrinks the clouded sun? Is the day indeed begun? Nature's eye is melancholy O'er the city high and holy: But without there is a din Should arouse the saints within, And revive the heroic ashes Round which yellow Tiber dashes. Oh, ye seven hills! awaken, Ere your very base be shaken!

Hearken to the steady stamp!

Mars is in their every tramp!

Not a step is out of tune,
As the tides obey the moon!

On they march, though to self-slaughter,
Regular as rolling water,

Whose high-waves o'ersweep the border

Of huge moles, but keep their order,

Breaking only rank by rank.

Hearken to the armour's clank?

Look down o'er each frowning warrior,

How he glares upon the barrier:

Look on each step of each ladder,

As the stripes that streak an adder.

Look upon the bristling wall,
Mann'd without an interval!
Round and round, and tier on tier,
Cannon's black mouth, shining spear,
Lit match, bell-mouth'd musquetoon,
Gaping to be murderous soon;
All the warlike gear of old,
Mix'd with what we now behold,
In this strife 'twixt old and new,
Gather like a locusts' crew.
Shade of Remus! 'tis a time
Awful as thy brother's crime!
Christians war against Christ's shrine:

Must its lot be like to thine?

IV.

Near—and near—and nearer still. As the earthquake saps the hill, First with trembling, hollow motion, Like a scarce awaken'd ocean, Then with stronger shock and louder, Till the rocks are crush'd to powder,— Onward sweeps the rolling host! Heroes of the immortal boast! Mighty chiefs! eternal shadows! First flowers of the bloody meadows Which encompass Rome, the mother Of a people without brother! Will you sleep when nations' quarrels Plough the root up of your laurels? Ye who weep o'er Carthage burning, Weep not—strike! for Rome is mourning!

Onward sweep the varied nations! Famine long hath dealt their rations.

² Scipio, the second Africanus, is said to have repeated a verse of Homer, and wept over the burning of Carthage. He had better have granted it a capitulation.

To the wall, with hate and hunger, Numerous as wolves, and stronger, On they sweep. Oh, glorious city! Must thou be a theme for pity? Fight, like your first sire, each Roman! Alaric was a gentle foeman, Match'd with Bourbon's black banditti! Rouse thee, thou eternal city; Rouse thee! Rather give the torch With thine own hand to thy porch, Than behold such hosts pollute Your worst dwelling with their foot.

Ah! behold yon bleeding spectre! Ilion's children find no Hector; Priam's offspring loved their brother; Rome's great sire forgot his mother, When he slew his gallant twin, With inexpiable sin. See the giant shadow stride O'er the ramparts high and wide! When the first o'erleapt thy wall, Its foundation mourn'd thy fall. Now, though towering like a Babel, Who to stop his steps are able? Stalking o'er thy highest dome, Remus claims his vengeance, Rome!

Now they reach thee in their anger: Fire and smoke and hellish clangour Are around thee, thou world's wonder Death is in the walls and under. Now the meeting steel first clashes, Downward then the ladder crashes, With its iron load all gleaning, Lving at its foot blaspheming!

Up again! for every warrior Slain, another climbs the barrier. Thicker grows the strife: thy ditches Europe's mingling gore enriches. Rome! although thy wall may perish, Such manure thy fields will cherish, Making gay the harvest-home; But thy hearths, alas! oh, Rome!—Yet be Rome amidst thine anguish, Fight as thou wast wont to vanquish!

VIII.

Yet once more, ye old Penates! Let not your quench'd hearths be Atés! Yet again, ye shadowy heroes, Yield not to these stranger Neros! Though the son who slew his mother Shed Rome's blood, he was your brother: 'Twas the Roman curb'd the Roman;— Brennus was a baffled forman. Yet again, ye saints and martyrs, Rise! for yours are holier charters! Mighty gods of temples falling, Yet in rum still appalling! Mightier founders of those altars, True and Christian,—strike the assaulters! Tiber! Tiber! let thy torrent Show even nature's self abhorrent. Let each breathing heart dilated Turn, as doth the lion baited! Rome be crush'd to one wide tomb. But be still the Roman's Rome!

[Bourbon, Abnold, Cæsar, and others, arrive at the foot of the wall. Arnold is about to plant his ladder.

Bourb. Hold, Arnold! I am first.

Arn. Not so, my lord.

Bourb. Hold, sir, I charge you! Follow! I am proud Of such a follower, but will brook no leader.

[Bourbon plants his ladder, and begins to mount,

Now, boys! On! on!

[A shot strikes him, and Bourbon falls.

Cæs.

And off!

Arn.

Eternal powers!

The host will be appall'd,—but vengeance! vengeance! Bourb. 'Tis nothing—lend me your hand.

[Bourbon takes Arnold by the hand, and rises, but as he puts his foot on the step, falls again.

Arnold! I am sped.

Conceal my fall—all will go well—conceal it!

Fling my cloak o'er what will be dust anon;

Let not the soldiers see it.

Arn.

You must be

Removed; the aid of-

Bourb.

No, my gallant boy:

Death is upon me. But what is one life?

The Bourbon's spirit shall command them still.

Keep them yet ignorant that I am but clay,

Till they are conquerors—then do as you may.

Cas. Would not your highness choose to kiss the cross?

We have no priest here, but the hilt of sword

May serve instead :--it did the same for Bayard.

Bourb. Thou bitter slave! to name him at this time! But I deserve it.

Arn. (to CASAR). Villain, hold your peace!

Cas. What, when a Christian dies? Shall I not offer

A Christian "Vade in pace?"

Arn.

Silence! Oh!

Those eyes are glazing which o'erlook'd the world,

And saw no equal.

Bourb. Arnold, shouldst thou see

France—But hark! hark! the assault grows warmer—Oh!

For but an hour, a minute more of life,

To die within the wall! Hence, Arnold, hence!

You lose time—they will conquer Rome without thee.

³ [Bayard, when dying, used the guard of his sword for a cross. It was as he sat mortally wounded at the foot of a tree that Bourbon, passing by with the victorious Imperialists, expressed his compassion. "Pity not me," said Bayard, "for I die like an honest man; but I pity you who are serving against your king, your country, and your oath." Hence the dying Bourbon exclaims against Cæsar for bringing to his mind the rebuke of the dying Bayard]

Arn. And without thee.

Rourb.

Not so; I'll lead them still

In spirit. Cover up my dust, and breathe not That I have ceased to breathe. Away! and be Victorious.

Arn. But I must not leave thee thus.

Bourb. You must—farewell—Up! up! the world is winning.

[Bourbon dies.4

Cars. (to Arnold). Come, count, to business.

dru. True. I'll weep hereafter.

[Arnold covers Bourbon's body with a mantle, mounts the ladder, cr_ying

The Bourbon! Bourbon! On, boys! Rome is ours! Cas. Good night, lord constable! thou wert a man.

[Carsar follows Arnold, they reach the battlement; Arnold and Carsar are struck down.

Cees. A precious somerset! Is your countship injured?

Remounts the ladder.

Ces. A rare blood-hound, when his own is heated! And 'tis no boy's play. Now he strikes them down! Itis hand is on the battlement—he grasps it As though it were an altar; now his foot Is on it, and—What have we here?—a Roman?

[A man fulls.

The first bird of the covey! he has fallen
On the outside of the nest. Why, how now, fellow?

Wounded Man. A drop of water!

Cars. Blood's the only liquid

Nearer than Tiber.

Wounded Man. I have died for Rome.

Dics.

Cas. And so did Bourbon, in another sense. Oh, these immortal men! and their great motives!

⁴ [On the first of May, 1527, the Constable and his army came in sight of Rome, and the next morning commenced the attack. Beurbon wore a white vest over his armour, in order, he said, to be more conspicuous both to his friends and foes. He led on to the walls, and commenced a furious assault, which was repelled with equal violence. Seeing that his army began to waver, he seized a scaling-ladder from soldier standing, and was in the act of ascending, when he was pierced by a musketball, and fell. Feeling that his wound was mortal, he desired that his body might be concealed from his soldiers, and instantly expired.—ROBERTSON.]

But I must after my young charge. He is By this time i' the forum. Charge! charge!

[CASAR mounts the ladder: the scene closes.

SCENE IL

The City.—Combats between the Besiegers and Besieged in the streets. Inhabitants flying in confusion.

Enter CASAR.

Cas. I cannot find my hero: he is mix'd With the heroic crowd that now pursue The fugitives, or battle with the desperate. What have we here? A cardinal or two That do not seem in love with martyrdom. How the old red-shanks scamper! Could they doff Their hose as they have doff'd their hats, 'twould be A blessing, as a mark the less for plunder. But let them fly; the crimson kennels now Will not much stain their stockings, since the mire Is of the self-same purple hue.

Enter a Party fighting-Arnold at the head of the Besiegers.

He comes,

Hand in hand with the mild twins—Gore and Glorv. Holla! hold, count!

Arn. Away! they must not rally.

Cas. I tell thee, be not rash; a golden bridge I gave thee

Is for a flying enemy.

A form of beauty, and an

Exemption from some maladies of body,

But not of mind, which is not mine to give. But though I gave the form of Thetis' son,

I dipt thee not in Styx; and 'gainst a foe

I would not warrant thy chivalric heart

More than Pelides' heel; why, then, be cautious,

And know thyself a mortal still.

Arn. And who

With aught of soul would combat if he were

Invulnerable? That were pretty sport.

Think'st thou I beat for hares when lions roar?

[ARNOLD rushes into the cumbat.

Cas. A precious sample of humanity!
Well, his blood's up; and if a httle's shed,
'Twill serve to curb his fever.

[Arnold engages with a Roman, who retires towards a portico.

Arn.

Yield thee, slave!

I promise quarter.

Rom.

That's soon said

Arn.

And done-

My word is known,

Rom.

So shall be my deeds.

[They re-engage CESAR comes for ward.

Ces. Why, Arnold! hold thme own: thou hast in hand

A famous artisan, a cunning sculptor;

Also a dealer in the sword and dagger.

Not so, my musqueteer; 'twas he who slew

The Bourbon from the wall.

Ay, did he so?

Then he hath carved his monument.

Rom.

I yet

May live to carve your better's.

Cas. Well said, my man of marble! Benvenuto, Thou hast some practice in both ways; and he Who slavs Cellini will have work'd as hard

As e'er thou didst upon Carrara's blocks.

[Arnold disarms and wounds Cellini, but slightly: the latter draws a pistol, and fires; then retires, and disappears through the portico.

Cas. How farest thou? Thou hast a taste, methinks, Of red Bellona's banquet.

Arn. (staggers).

'Tis a scratch.

Lend me thy scarf. He shall not 'scape me thus.

b ["Levelling my arquebuse," says Benvenuto Cellini, "I discharged it with a deliberate aim at a person who seemed to be lifted above the rest. I cautiously approached the walls, and perceived that there was an extraordinary confusion among the assailants, occasioned by our having shot the Duke of Bourbon: he was, as I understood afterwards, that chief personage whom I saw raised above the rest."—Vol i. p. 120. This, however, is one of the many stories in Cellini's amusing autobiography which nobody credits.]

Ces. Where is it?

Arn. In the shoulder, not the sword arm-

And that's enough. I am thirsty: would I had

A helm of water!

Cas. That's a liquid now

In requisition, but by no means easiest

To come at.

Arn. And my thirst increases;—but

I'll find a way to quench it.

Cas. Or be quench'd

Thyself.

Arn The chance is even; we will throw The dice thereon. But I lose time in prating;

Prithee be quick.

[CESAR binds on the scurf.

And what dost thou so idly?

Why dost not strike?

Cæs. Your old philosophers

Beheld mankind, as mere spectators of

The Olympic games. When I behold a prize Worth wrestling for, I may be found a Milo.

Arn. Ay, 'gainst an oak.

Cæs. A forest, when it suits me:

I combat with a mass, or not at all.

Meantime, pursue thy sport as I do mine;

Which is just now to gaze, since all these labourers

Will reap my harvest gratis.

Arn. Thou art still

A fiend!

Cas. And thou—a man.

Arn. Why, such I fain would show me.

Cas. True—as men are.

Arn. And what is that?

Cas. Thou feelest and thou see'st.

[Exit Arnold, joining in the combat which still continues between detached parties. The scene closes.

SCENE III.

St. Peter's—The interior of the Church—The Pope at the Alar—Priests, &c., crowding in confusion, and Citizens flying for refuge, pursued by Soldiery.

Enter CESAR.

A Spanish Soldier. Down with them, comrades, seize upon those lamps!

Cleave yon bald-pated shaveling to the chine!

His rosary's of gold!

Lutheran Soldier. Revenge! revenge!

Plunder hereafter, but for vengeance now—

Yonder stands Anti-Christ!

Cas. (interposing). How now, schismatic?

What wouldst thou?

In the holy name of Christ,

Destroy proud Anti-Christ. I am a Christian.

Cas. Yea, a disciple that would make the founder

Of your belief renounce it, could he see

Such proselytes. Best stint thyself to plunder.

Luth. Sold. I say he is the devil.

Cas. Ilush! keep that secret,

Lest he should recognise you for his own.

Luth. Sold. Why would you save him? I repeat he is

The devil, or the devil's vicar upon earth.

Cas. And that's the reason: would you make a quarrel With your best friends? You had far best be quiet; His hour is not yet come.

Lath. Sold.

That shall be seen!

[The Lutheran Soldier rushes forward: a shot strikes him from one of the Pope's Guards, and he falls at the foot of the Altar.

Cas. (to the Lutheran). I told you so.

Luth. Sold. And will you not avenge me?

Cas. Not I! You know that "Vengeance is the Lord's:" You see he loves no interlopers.

Inth. Sold. (dying).

Oh!

Had I but slain him, I had gone on high, Crown'd with eternal glory! Heaven, forgive My feebleness of arm that reach'd him not. And take thy servant to thy mercy. A glorious triumph still: proud Babylon's No more: the Harlot of the Seven Hills Hath changed her scarlet raiment for sackcloth And ashes!

[The Lutheran dies.

Ces. Yes, thine own amidst the rest. Well done, old Babel!

> [The Guards defend themselves desperately, while the Pontiff escapes, by a private passage, to the Vatican and the Castle of St. Angelo.

Cæs. Ha! right nobly battled! Now, priest! now, soldier! the two great professions, Together by the ears and hearts! I have not Seen a more comic pantomime since Titus Took Jewry. But the Romans had the best then; Now they must take their turn.

Soldiers.

He hath escaped!

Follow!

Another Sold. They have barr'd the narrow passage up, And it is clogg'd with dead even to the door.

Cas. I am glad he hath escaped: he may thank me for't I would not have his bulls abolish'd— 'Twere worth one half our empire: his indulgences Demand some in return;—no, no, he must not Fall;—and besides, his now escape may furnish A future miracle, in future proof Of his infallibility.

[To the Spanish Soldiery.

Well, cut-throats!

What do you pause for? If you make not haste, There will not be a link of pious gold left. And you, too, catholics! Would ye return From such a pilgrimage without a relic? The very Lutherans have more true devotion: See how they strip the shrines! Soldiers. By holy Peter!

He speaks the truth; the heretics will bear

The best away.

Cas. And that were shame! Go to!

Assist in their conversion.

[The Soldiers disperse; many quit the Church, others enter.

Cæs.

They are gone,

And others come: so flows the wave on wave

Of what these creatures call eternity,

Deeming themselves the breakers of the ocean,

While they are but its bubbles, ignorant

That foam is their foundation. So another!

Enter Olimpia, flying from the pursuit—She springs upon the Altar.

Sold. She's mine!

Another Sold. (opposing the former). You he, I track'd her first: and were she

The Pope's niece, I'll not yield her.

They fight.

3d. Sold. (advancing towards OLIMPIA). You may settle Your claims; I'll make mine good.

Olimp.

Infernal slave!

You touch me not alive.

3d. Sold.

Alive or dead!

Olimp. (embracing a massive crucifix). Respect your God!

3d. Sold.

Yes, when he shines in gold.

Girl, you but grasp your dowry.

[As he advances, Olimpia, with a strong and sudden effort, casts down the crurifix, it strikes the Soldier, who falls.

3d. Sold.

Oh, great God!

Olimp. Ah! now you recognise him.

3d. Sold.

My brain's crush'd!

Comrades, help, ho! All's darkness!

He dies.

Other Soldiers (coming up). Slay her, although she had a thousand lives:

She hath kill'd our comrade.

Olimp.

Welcome such a death!

You have no life to give, which the worst slave

Would take. Great, God! through thy redeeming Son, And thy Son's Mother, now receive me as I would approach thee, worthy her, and him, and thee!

Enter ARNOLD.

Arn. What do I see? Accursed jackals! Forbear!

Cas. (aside and langhing). Ha! ha! here's equity! The dogs

Have as much right as he. But to the issue!

Soldiers. Count, she hath slam our comrade.

Arn. With what weapon?

Sold. The cross, beneath which he is crush'd; behold him Lie there, more like a worm than man; she cast it Upon his head.

Arn. Even so; there is a woman Worthy a brave man's liking. Were ye such, Ye would have honour'd her. But get ye hence, And thank your meanness, other God you have none, For your existence. Had you touch'd a hair Of those dishevell'd locks, I would have thinn'd Your ranks more than the enemy. Away! Ye jackals! gnaw the bones the lion leaves, But not even these till he permits.

 Δ Sold. (murmuring). The lion Might conquer for himself then.

Arn. (cuts him down). Mutineer!
Rebel in hell—you shall obey on earth!

[The Soldiers assault Arnold

Arn. Come on! I'm glad on't! I will show you, slaves, How you should be commanded, and who led you First o'er the wall you were so shy to scale, Until I waved my banners from its height, As you are bold within it.

[Arnold mows down the foremost; the rest throw down their arms.

Soldiers. Mercy ! mercy!

Arn. Then learn to grant it. Have I taught you who Led you o'er Rome's eternal battlements?

Soldiers. We saw it, and we know it; yet forgive A moment's error in the heat of conquest.—

The conquest which you led to.

Arn.

Get you hence!

Hence to your quarters! you will find them fix'd In the Colonna palace.

Olimp. (aside). In my father's

House!

Olimn.

Arn. (to the Soldiers). Leave your arms; ye have no further need

Of such: the city's render'd. And mark well You keep your hands clean, or I'll find out a stream

As red as Tiber now runs, for your baptism.

Soldiers (deposing their arms and departing). We obey!

Arn. (to OLIMPIA). Lady, you are safe.

I should be so,

Had I a knife even; but it matters not— Death hath a thousand gates; and on the marble, Even at the altar foot, whence I look down

Upon destruction, shall my head be dash'd,

Ere thou ascend it. God forgive thee, man!

Arn. I wish to merit his forgiveness, and

Thine own, although I have not injured thee.

Olimp. No! Thou hast only sack'd my native land,—

No injury !-- and made my father's house

A den of thieves! No injury!—this temple—

Slippery with Roman and with holy gore!

No mjury! And now thou wouldst preserve me,

To be —— but that shall never be!

[She raises her eyes to Heaven, folds her robe round her, and prepares to dash herself down on the side of the Allar opposite to that where Arnold stands.

Arn.

Hold! hold!

I swear.

Olimp. Spare thine already forfeit soul

A perjury for which even hell would loathe thee.

I know thee.

Arn. No, thou know'st me not; I am not Of these men, though——

I judge thee by thy mates;

It is for God to judge thee as thou art.

I see thee purple with the blood of Rome;
Take mine, 'tis all thou e'er shalt have of me,
And here, upon the marble of this temple,
Where the baptismal font baptized me God's,
I offer him a blood less holy
But not less pure (pure as it left me then,
A redeem'd unfant) than the holy water
The saints have sanctified!

[OLIMPIA waves her hand to Arnold with disdain, and dashes herself on the pavement from the Altar.

Arn.

Eternal God!

I feel thee now! Help! help! she's gone.

Cas. (approaches).

I am here.

Arn. Thou! but oh, save her!

Cas. (assisting him to raise OLIMPIA). She hath done it well! The leap was serious.

Arn.

Oh! she is lifeless!

Cæs.

If

She be so, I have nought to do with that: The resurrection is beyond me.

Arn.

Slave!

Cas. Ay, slave or master, 'tis all one: methinks

Good words, however, are as well at times.

Arn. Words !- Canst thou aid her?

Cas. I will try. A sprinkling

Of that same holy water may be useful.

[He brings some in his helmet from the font,

Arn. 'Tis mix'd with blood.

Cæs.

There is no cleaner now

In Bome.

Arn. How pale! how beautiful! how lifeless! Alive or dead, thou essence of all beauty,

I love but thee!

Cas. Even so Achilles loved

Penthesilea: with his form it seems

You have his heart, and yet it was no soft one.

Arn. She breathes! But no, 'twas nothing, or the last Faint flutter life disputes with death.

Cas. She breathes.

Arn. Thou say'st it? Then 'tis truth.

Cas. You do me right—

The devil speaks truth much oftener than he's deem'd:

He hath an ignorant audience.

Arn. (without attending to him). Yes! her heart beats.

Alas! that the first beat of the only heart

I ever wish'd to beat with mine should vibrate

To an assassin's pulse.

Cas. A sage reflection,

But somewhat late i' the day. Where shall we bear her?

I say she lives.

Arn. And will she live?

Ces. As much

As dust can.

Arn. Then she is dead!

Cas. Bah! bah! You are so,

And do not know it. She will come to life-

Such as you think so, such as you now are;

But we must work by human means.

Arn. We will

Convey her unto the Colonna palace, Where I have pitch'd my banner.

Cas. Come then! raise her up!

Arn. Softly!

Cas. As softly as they bear the dead,

Perhaps because they cannot feel the jolting.

Arn. But doth she live indeed?

Cas. Nay, never fear!

But, if you rue it after, blame not me.

Arn. Let her but live!

Cas. The spirit of her life

ls yet within her breast, and may revive.

Count! count! I am your servant in all things,

And this is a new office :- 'tis not oft

I am employ'd in such; but you perceive

How stanch a friend is what you call a fiend.

On earth you have often only fiends for friends;

Now I desert not mine. Soft! bear her hence, The beautiful half-clay, and nearly spirit!

I am almost enamour'd of her, as Of old the angels of her earliest sex.

Arn. Thou!

Cas. I! But fear not. I'll not be your rival.

Arn. Rival!

Cæs. I could be one right formidable;

But since I slew the seven husbands of

Tobias' future bride (and after all

Was smoked out by some incense), I have laid

Aside intrigue: 'tis rarely worth the trouble

Of gaining, or-what is more difficult-

Getting rid of your prize again; for there's

The rub! at least to mortals.

Arn.

Prithee, peace!

Softly! methinks her lips move, her eyes open!

Cæs. Like stars, no doubt; for that's a metaphor

For Lucifer and Venus.

Arn.

To the palace

Colonna, as I told you!

Cas.

Oh! I know

My way through Rome.

Arn.

Now onward, onward! Gently!

[Excunt, bearing Olimpia. The scene closes.

⁶ [It is related in the book of Tobit that Asmodeus, being in love with the daughter of Raguel, slew her seven successive husbands on the day of their marriage. Her eighth husband, Tobias, at the suggestion of the angel Raphael, made a smoke by burning the heart and liver of a fish, the smell of which drove the evil spirit to the utmost parts of Egypt.]

PART III.

Scene I.—A Castle in the Apennines, surrounded by a wild but smiling Country.

Chorus of Peasants singing before the Gates.

Chorus

The wars are over,

The spring is come;

The bride and her lover

Have sought their home:

They are happy, we rejoice;

Let their hearts have an echo in every voice

H

The spring is come; the violet's gone, The first-born child of the early sun: With us she is but a winter's flower, The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower, And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

111.

And when the spring comes with her host Of flowers, that flower beloved the most Shrinks from the crowd that may confuse Her heavenly odour and virgin hues.

17.

Pluck the others, but still remember
'Their herald out of dim December—
The morning star of all the flowers,
The pledge of daylight's lengthen'd hours;
Nor, midst the roses, e'er forget
The virgin, virgin violet.

Enter CASAR.

Cas. (singing). The wars are all over,
Our swords are all idle,
The steed bites the bridle.
The casque's on the wall.
There's rest for the rover;
But his armour is rusty,
And the veteran grows crusty,
As he yawns in the hall.
He drinks—but what's drinking?
A mere pause from thinking!
No bugle awakes him with life-and-death call.

Chorus.

But the hound bayeth loudly,
The boar's in the wood,
And the falcon longs proudly
To spring from her hood:
On the wrist of the noble
She sits like a crest,
And the air is in trouble
With birds from their nest.

Cas. Oh! shadow of glory! Dim image of war! But the chase hath no story, Her hero no star, Since Nimrod, the founder Of empire and chase, Who made the woods wonder And quake for their race. When the lion was young, In the pride of his might, Then 'twas sport for the strong To embrace him in fight; To go forth, with a pine For a spear, 'gainst the mammoth, Or strike through the ravine At the foaming behemoth;

While man was in stature
As towers in our time,
The first born of Nature,
And, like her, sublime!

Chorus.

But the wars are over,
The spring is come;
The bride and her lover
Have sought their home:
They are happy, and we rejoice;
Let their hearts have an echo from every voice!

[Excunt the Peasantry, singing.

WERNER;

or,

THE INHERITANCE:

A TRAGEDY

THE ILLUSTRIOUS GOETHE,

BY ONE OF HIS HUMBLEST ADMIRERS,

THIS TRAGEDY

Es Drbirateb.

PREFACE.

THE following drama is taken entirely from the "German's Tale, Kruitzner," published many years ago in "Lee's Canterbury Tales," written (I believe) by two sisters, of whom one furnished only this story and another, both of which are considered superior to the remainder of the collection.* I have adopted the characters, plan, and even the language of many parts of this story. Some of the characters are modified or altered, a few of the names changed, and one character (Ida of Stralenheim) added by myself: but in the rest the original is chiefly followed. When I was young (about fourteen, I think,) I first read this tale, which made a deep impression upon me; and may, indeed, be said to contain the germ of much that I have since written. I am not sure that it ever was very popular; or, at any rate, its popularity has since been eclipsed by that of other great writers in the same department. But I have generally found that those who had read it, agreed with me in their estimate of the singular power of mind and conception which it developes. I should also add conception, rather than execution; for the story might, perhaps, have been developed with greater advantage. Amongst those whose opinions agreed with mine upon this story, I could mention some very high names: but it is not necessary, nor indeed of any use; for every one must judge according to his own feelings. I merely refer the reader to the original story, that he may see to what extent I have borrowed from it; and am not

^{* [}This is not correct. "The Young Lady's Tale, or the Two Emilys," and "The Clergyman's Tale, or Pembroke," were contributed by Sophia Lee. The "German's Tale," and all the others in the Canterbury Collection, were written by Harriet, the younger of the sisters.]

unwilling that he should find much greater pleasure in perusing it than the drama which is founded upon its contents.

I had begun a drama upon this tale so far back as 1815, (the first I ever attempted, except one at thirteen years old, called "Ulric and Ilvina," which I had sense enough to burn,) and had nearly completed an act, when I was interrupted by circumstances. This is somewhere amongst my papers in England; but as it has not been found, I have re-written the first, and added the subsequent acts.

The whole is neither intended, nor in any shape adapted, for the stage.

Pisa, February, 1822.

INTRODUCTION TO WERNER.

"WERNER" was begun at Pisa, December the 18th, 1821, completed January the 20th, 1822, and published the November after. At the period when Lord By1on was engaged upon "The Deformed Transformed," he is described by Mrs. Shelley as having a great horror of its being said that he plagiarised, or wrote with difficulty. This dread of the imputation of plagiarism could only apply to unavowed obligations, for it was in the same year that "Werner" was commenced, which is little more than Miss Lec's tale-"Kruitzner"-done into blank verse. "There is not one incident in his play," said an able critic in Blackwood's Magazine, "not even the most trivial, that is not to be found in Miss Lee's novel, occurring exactly in the same manner, brought about by exactly the same agents, and producing exactly the same effects on the plot. And then as to the characters, -not only is every one of them to be found in 'Kruitzner,' but every one is to be found there more fully and powerfully developed." The fine thought of Miss Lee, of making the arguments by which a father defends a theft conduct a son to murder, has not been worked out skilfully in the The money is abstracted by Werner under circumstances which really palliate the crime, and Ulric comes to him a ready-made villain, and owes none of his iniquity to his father's sophistries. The noble bearing, too, of the son at the outset is inconsistent with the character of a blood-thirsty brigand; and Gabor, who has the stamp at starting of being gallant and generous, degenerates into a pitiful spy, who seeks to make a gain of guilty secrets. Idenstein is a caricature of unprincipled beguiousness; and Ida, who has no counterpart in Miss Lee's "Kruitzner," is an insipid, love-sick girl of fifteen. There is some smart dialogue in the drama; but, as Campbell said. "there is absolutely no noetry." It is not, therefore, supposing that the reviewers, without exception, should have spoken of it unfavourably. Werner himself is the redeeming feature of the play, for his pride in poverty, and his sensitiveness in guilt, are vigorously sustained. Lord Byion's own opinion was that the tragedy was "good," though he said he had "no exorbitant expectation of either fame or profit," from it. He was sorry when Moore thought "it even approaching to fitness for the stage," which was always his abhorrence. It has, however, been represented with fair success since his death—with more, at least, than was sufficient to prove how easily he might have added this additional feather to his plume. If "Werner" contributed nothing to the reputation of Lord Byron, it was immensely serviceable to the fame of Miss Lee, who had been previously little known, and it shows the unequal fate which occasionally attends upon literary efforts, that the original should owe the larger part of its celebrity to an inferior copy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

WERNER.

ULRIC.

STRALENHEIM.

IDENSTEIN.

GABOR.

FRITZ.

HENRICK

ERIC.

ARNHEIM.

MEISTER.

Rodolph

LUDWIG.

WOMEN.

JOSEPHINE.

IDA STRALENHFIM.

Sour-Partly on the Frontier of Silesia, and partly in Siegendorf Castle, near Prague.

Time -The Close of the Thirty Years' War.

WERNER.

ACT I.

Scene I —The Hall of a decayed Palace near a small Town in the Northern Frontier of Silena—the Night temperatures

WERNER and JOSIPHINE, his Wife.

Jos. My love, be calmer Wer. I am calm. Jos. To me-Yes, but not to thyself: thy pace is hurried, And no one walks a chamber like to ours With steps like thinc when his heart is at rest. Were it a garden, I should deem thee happy, And stepping with the bee from flower to flower; But here! 'Tis chill; the tapestry lets through The wind to which it waves: my blood is frozen. Jos. Ah, no! Wer. (smiling). Why! wouldst thou have it so? 1 would Jos. Have it a healthful current. Let it flow Until 'tis spilt or check'd-how soon, I care not. Jos. And am I nothing in thy heart? All-all. Wer.

Jos. Then canst thou wish for that which must break mine? Wer. (approaching her slowly). But for thee I had been-no matter what.

But much of good and evil; what I am, Thou knowest; what I might or should have been, Thou knowest not: but still I love thee, nor Shall aught divide us.

[Werner walks on abruptly, and then approaches Josephine.

The storm of the night,

Perhaps affects me; I'm a thing of feelings, And have of late been sickly, as, alas! Thou know'st by sufferings more than mine, my love! In watching me.

To see thee well is much— Jos.

To see thee happy

Where hast thou seen such?

Let me be wretched with the rest!

Jos. But think

How many in this hour of tempest shiver Beneath the biting wind and heavy rain, Whose every drop bows them down nearer earth. Which bath no chamber for them save beneath Her surface.

And that's not the worst: who cares Wer. For chambers? rest is all. The wretches whom Thou namest—av, the wind howls round them, and The dull and dropping rain saps in their bones The creeping marrow. I have been a soldier, A hunter, and a traveller, and am

A beggar, and should know the thing thou talk'st of.

Jos. And art thou not now shelter'd from them all?

Wer. Yes. And from these alone.

And that is something.

Wer. True—to a peasant.

Jos. Should the nobly born

Be thankless for that refuge which their habits Of early delicacy render more

Needful than to the peasant, when the cbb Of fortune leaves them on the shoals of life? Wer. It is not that, thou know'st it is not: we Have borne all this, I'll not say patiently, Except in thee—but we have borne it.

Jos. Well?

Wer. Something beyond our outward sufferings (though These were enough to gnaw into our souls)
Hath stung me oft, and, more than ever, now.
When, but for this untoward sickness, which
Seized me upon this desolate frontier, and
Hath wasted, not alone my strength, but means,
And leaves us—no! this is beyond me!—but
For this I had been happy—thou been happy—
The splendour of my rank sustain'd—my name—
My father's name—been still upheld; and, more
Than those——

Jos. (abruptly.) My son—our son—our Ulric, Been clasp'd again in these long-empty arms, And all a mother's hunger satisfied. Twelve years! he was but eight then:—beautiful He was, and beautiful he must be now, My Ulric! my adored!

Wer. I have been full oft The chase of Fortune; now she hath o'ertaken My spirit where it cannot turn at bay,— Sick, poor, and lonely.

Jos. Lonely! my dear husband?

Wer. Or worse—involving all I love, in this

¹ [This is, indeed, beyond us. If this be poetry, then we were wrong in taking his Lordship's preface for prose. It will run on ten feet as well as the rest—

"Some of the characters are modified
Or altered, a few of the names changed, and
One character (Ida of Stralenheim)
Added by myself; but in the rest the
Original is chiefly followed. When
I was young (about fourteen, I think,) I
First read this tale, which made a deep impression
Upon me."—

Nor is there a line in these so lame and halting, but we could point out many in the drama as bad.—Campbell.

In this play, Lord Byron adopts the same nerveless and pointless kind of blank verse, which was a sorrow to every body in his former dramatic essays. There is no ease, no flow, no harmony, "in linked sweetness long drawn out:" neither is there any thing of abrupt fiery vigour to compensate for these defects.—Blackwood.]

Far worse than solutude. Alone, I had died, And all been over in a nameless grave.

Jos. And I had not outlived thee; but pray take Comfort! We have struggled long; and they who strive With Fortune win or weary her at last, So that they find the goal or cease to feel Further. Take comfort,—we shall find our boy.

Wer. We were in sight of him, of every thing Which could bring compensation for past sorrow—And to be baffled thus!

Jos. We are not baffled.

Wer. Are we not penniless?

Jos. We ne'er were wealthy.

Wer. But I was born to wealth, and rank, and power; Enjoy'd them, loved them, and, alas! abused them, And forfeited them by my father's wrath, In my o'er-fervent youth: but for the abuse Long-sufferings have atoned. My father's death Left the path open, yet not without snares. • This cold and creeping kinsman, who so long Kept his eye on me, as the snake upon The fluttering bird, hath ere this time outstept me, Become the master of my rights, and lord Of that which lifts him up to princes in Dominion and domain.

Jos. Who knows? our son May have return'd back to his grandsire, and Even now uphold thy rights for thee?

Wer. The hopeless.

Since his strange disappearance from my father's, Entailing, as it were, my sins upon Himself, no tidings have reveal'd his course. I parted with him to his grandsire, on The promise that his anger would stop short Of the third generation; but Heaven seems To claim her stern prerogative, and visit Upon my boy his father's faults and follies.

Jos. I must hope better still,—at least we have yet Baffled the long pursuit of Stralenheim.

Wer. We should have done, but for this fatal sickness;

More fatal than a mortal malady. Because it takes not life, but life's sole solace: Even now I feel my spirit girt about By the snares of this avaricious fiend:— How do I know he hath not track'd us here?

Jos. He does not know thy person; and his spies, Who so long watch'd thee, have been left at Hamburgh. Our unexpected journey, and this change

Of name, leaves all discovery far behind:

None hold us here for aught save what we seem.

Wer. Save what we seem! save what we are—sick beggars, Even to our very hopes.—Ha! ha!

Jos. Alas!

That bitter laugh!

Wer. Who would read in this form The high soul of the son of a long line? Who, in this garb, the heir of prince v lands ? Who, in this sunken, sickly eye, the pride Of rank and ancestry? In this worn check And famine-hollow'd brow, the lord of halls Which daily feast a thousand vassals?

You Jos.

Ponder'd not thus upon these worldly things, My Werner! when you deign'd to choose for bride The foreign daughter of a wandering exile.

Wer. An exile's daughter with an outcast son, Were a fit marriage: but I still had hopes To lift thee to the state we both were born for. Your father's house was noble, though decay'd; And worthy by its birth to match with ours.

Jos. Your father did not think so, though 'twas noble; But had my birth been all my claim to match With thee, I should have deem'd it what it is.

Wer. And what is that in thine eyes?

Jos. All which it

Has done in our behalf,—nothing.

Wer. How, -nothing?

Jos. Or worse; for it has been a canker in Thy heart from the beginning: but for this, We had not felt our poverty but as

Millions of myriads feel it, cheerfully;
But for these phantoms of thy feudal fathers,
Thou mightst have earned thy bread, as thousands earn it;
Or, if that seem too humble, tried by commerce,
Or other civic means, to amend thy fortunes.

Wer. (ironically). And been an Hauseatic burgher? Excellent!

Jos. Whate'er thou mightst have been, to me thou art

What no state high or low can ever change,

My heart's first choice;—which chose thee, knowing neither

Thy birth, thy hopes, thy pride; nought, save thy sorrows:

While they last, let me comfort or divide them:

When they end, let mine end with them, or thee! Wer. My better angel! Such I have ever found thee;

This rashness, or this weakness of my temper, Ne'er raised a thought to injure thee or thme. Thou didst not mar my fortunes: my own nature In youth was such as to unmake an empire, Had such been my inheritance; but now, Chasten'd, subdued, out-worn, and taught to know Myself,—to lose this for our son and thee! Trust me, when, in my two-and-twentieth spring, My father barr'd me from my father's house, The last sole scion of a thousand sires (For I was then the last), it hurt me less Than to behold my boy and my boy's mother Excluded in their innocence from what My faults deserved—exclusion: although then My passions were all living serpents, and Twined like the Gorgon's round me.

[A loud knocking is heard.

Jos.

Hark!

Wer.

A knocking!

Jos. Who can it be at this lone hour? We have Few visitors.

Wer. And poverty hath none,

² [Werner's wife, Josephine, with the exception of Ida, the only female in the drama, is an example of true and spotless virtue. She not only well maintains the character of her sex by general integrity, but equally displays the endearing, soft, and unshaken affection of a wife; cherishing and comforting a suffering husband throughout all the adversities of his fate, and all the errors of his own conduct.—M. Rev.]

Save those who come to make it poorer still. Well, I am prepared.

[Wenner puts his hand into his bosom, as if to search for some weapon.

Jos. Oh! do not look so. I Will to the door. It cannot be of import In this lone spot of wintry desolation:—
The very desert saves man from mankind.

[She goes to the door.

Enter IDENSTEIN.

Iden. A fair good evening to my fairer hostess

And worthy—What's your name, my friend?

Wer.

Ar

Are you

Not afraid to demand it?

Iden. Not afraid? Egad! I am afraid. You look as if

I ask'd for something better than your name, By the face you put on it.

Wer. Better, sir!

Iden. Better or worse, like matrimony: what Shall I say more? You have been a guest this month Here in the prince's palace—(to be sure, His highness had resign'd it to the ghosts And rats these twelve years—but 'tis still a palace)—I say you have been our lodger, and as yet We do not know your name.

Wer. My name is Werner.

Iden. A goodly name, a very worthy name, As e'er was gilt upon a trader's board:
I have a cousin in the lazaretto

Of Hamburgh, who has got a wife who bore The same. He is an officer of trust,

Surgeon's assistant (hoping to be surgeon), And has done miracles i' the way of business.

Perhaps you are related to my relative?

Wer. To yours?

Jos. Oh, yes; we are, but distantly. (Aside to Werner.) Cannot you humour the dull gossip till We learn his purpose?

Iden. Well, I'm glad of that;

I thought so all along, such natural yearnings Play'd round my heart:—blood is not water, cousin; And so let's have some wine, and drink unto Our better acquaintance: relatives should be Friends.

Wer. You appear to have drank enough already; And if you have not, I've no wine to offer, Else it were yours: but this you know, or should know. You see I am poor, and sick, and will not see That I would be alone; but to your business! What brings you here?

Iden. Why, what should bring me here?
Wer. I know not, though I think that I could guess
That which will send you hence.

Jos. (aside). Patience, dear Werner!

Iden. You don't know what has happen'd, then?

Jos. How should we't

Iden. The river has o'erflow'd.

Jos. Alas! we have known That to our sorrow for these five days; since It keeps us here.

Iden. But what you don't know is, That a great personage, who fain would cross Against the stream and three postilions' wishes, Is drown'd below the ford, with five post-horses, A monkey, and a mastiff, and a valet.

Jos. Poor creatures! are you sure?

Iden.

Yes, of the monkey,

And the valet, and the cattle; but as yet
We know not if his excellency's dead
Or no; you noblemen are hard to drown,
As it is fit that men in office should be;
But what is certain is, that he has swallow'd
Enough of the Oder to have burst two peasants;
And now a Saxon and Hungarian traveller,
Who, at their proper peril, snatch'd him from
The whirling river, have sent on to crave
A lodging, or a grave, according as
It may turn out with the live or dead body.

Jos. And where will you receive him? here, I hope, If we can be of service—say the word.

Iden. Here? no; but in the prince's own apartment, As fits a noble guest:—'tis damp, no doubt, Not having been inhabited these twelve years; But then he comes from a much damper place, So scarcely will catch cold in't, if he be Still liable to cold—and if not, why He'll be worse lodged to-morrow: ne'ertheless. I have order'd fire and all appliances To be got ready for the worst—that is, In case he should survive.

Jos. Poor gentleman,

I hope he will, with all my heart.

Wer. Intendant,

Have you not learn'd his name? (Aside to his wife.) My Josephine, Retire: I'll sift this fool.

Iden. His name? oh Lord!

Who knows if he hath now a name or no?

"The time enough to ask it when he's able

To give an answer; or if not, to put

His heir's upon his epitaph. Methought

Just now you child me for demanding names?

Wer. True, true, I did so: you say well and wisely.

Enter Garon

Gab. If I intrude, 1 crave

Iden. Oh, no intrusion!

This is the palace; this a stranger like Yourself; I pray you make yourself at home: But where's his excellency? and how fares he?

Gab. Wetly and wearily, but out of peril: He paused to change his garments in a cottage, (Where I doff'd mine for these, and came on hither) And has almost recover'd from his drenching.

He will be here anon.

Iden. What ho, there! bustle! Without there, Herman, Weilburg, Peter, Conrad!

[Gives directions to different servant who enter.

[Exit Josephine.

A nobleman sleeps here to-night—see that All is in order in the damask chamber— Keep up the stove—I will myself to the cellar -And Madame Idenstein (my consort, stranger,) Shall furnish forth the bed-apparel; for, To say the truth, they are marvellous scant of this Within the palace precincts, since his highness Left it some dozen years ago. And then His excellency will sup, doubtless? Gab. Faith !

I cannot tell; but I should think the pillow Would please him better than the table, after His soaking in your river: but for fear Your viands should be thrown away, I mean To sup myself, and have a friend without Who will do honour to your good cheer with A traveller's appetite.

Iden. But are you sure

His excellency—But his name: what is it?

Gab. I do not know.

Iden. And yet you saved his life.

Gab. I help'd my friend to do so.

Iden. Well, that's strange,

To save a man's life whom you do not know.

Gab. Not so; for there are some I know so well,

I scarce should give myself the trouble.

Pray, Iden.

Good friend, and who may you be?

Gab. By my family,

Hungarian.

Which is call'd? Iden.

It matters little. Gab.

Iden. (aside). I think that all the world are grown anonymous, Since no one cares to tell me what he's call'd!

Pray, has his excellency a large suite?

Gab. Sufficient.

Iden. How many?

I did not count them.

We came up by mere accident, and just In time to drag him through his carriage window.

Iden. Well, what would I give to save a great man! No doubt you'll have a swingeing sum as recompense.

Gab. Perhaps.

Iden. Now, how much do you reckon on?

Gab. I have not yet put up myself to sale:

In the mean time, my best reward would be A glass of your Hockcheimer—a green glass,

Wreath'd with rich grapes and Bacchanal devices.

O'erflowing with the oldest of your vintage:

For which I promise you, in case you e'er

Run hazard of being drown'd, (although I own

It seems, of all deaths, the least likely for you,)

I'll pull you out for nothing. Quick, my friend,

And think, for every bumper I shall quaff,

A wave the less may roll above your head.

Iden. (aside). I don't much like this fellow—close and dry He seems,—two things which suit me not; however, Wine he shall have; if that unlocks him not, I shall not sleep to-night for curiosity.

[Exit IDENSTEIN,

Gab. (to Werner). This master of the ceremonies is The intendant of the palace, I presume: 'Tis a fine building, but decay'd.

Wer. The apartment

Design'd for him you rescued will be found

In fitter order for a sickly guest.

Gab. I wonder then you occupied it not, For you seem delicate in health.

Wer. (quickly).

Sir I

Gab.

Prav Excuse me: have I said aught to offend you?

Wer. Nothing: but we are strangers to each other.

Gab. And that's the reason I would have us less so:

I thought our bustling guest without had said You were a chance and passing guest, the counterpart

Of me and my companions.

Wer. Very true.

Gab. Then, as we never met before, and never, It may be, may again encounter, why,

I thought to cheer up this old dungeon here

(At least to me) by asking you to share The fare of my companions and myself.

Wer. Pray, pardon me; my health——Gah.

Even as you please.

I have been a soldier, and perhaps am blunt In bearing.

Wer. I have also served, and can

Requite a soldier's greeting.

Gab. In what service?

The Imperial?

Wer. (quickly, and then interrupting himself). I commanded—no—I mean

I served; but it is many years ago, When first Bohemia raised her banner 'gainst The Austrian.

Gab. Well, that's over now, and peace Has turn'd some thousand gallant hearts adrift To live as they best may: and, to say truth, Some take the shortest.

Wer. What is that?

Gab. Whate'er

They lay their hands on. All Silesia and Lusatia's woods are tenanted by bands
Of the late troops, who levy on the country
Their maintenance: the Chatelains must keep
Their castle walls—beyond them 'tis but doubtful
Travel for your rich count or full-blown baron.
My comfort is that, wander where I may,
I've little left to lose now.

Wer. And I—nothing.

Gab. That's harder still. You say you were a soldier.

Wer. 1 was.

Gab. You look one still. All soldiers are Or should be comrades, even though enemies. Our swords when drawn must cross, our engines aim (While levell'd) at each other's hearts; but when A truce, a peace, or what you will, remits The steel into its scabbard, and lets sleep The spark which lights the matchlock, we are brethren. You are poor and sickly—I am not rich, but healthy;

I want for nothing which I cannot want; You seem devoid of this—wilt share it?

[GABOR pulls out his purse.

Who

Wer. Told you I was a beggar?

You yourself, In saying you were a soldier during peace-time.

Wer. (looking at him with suspicion). You know me not Gab. 1 know no man, not even

Myself: how should I then know one I ne'cr

Beheld till half an hour since?

Wer. Sir, I thank you.

Your offer's noble were it to a friend, And not unkind as to an unknown stranger,

Though scarcely prudent; but no less I thank you

I am a beggar in all save his trade; And when I beg of any one, it shall be

Of him who was the first to offer what Few can obtain by asking. Pardon me.

Exit WERNER.

Gab. (solus). A goodly fellow by his looks, though worn As most good fellows are, by pain or pleasure, Which tear life out of us before our time; I scarce know which most quickly: but he seems To have seen better days, as who has not Who has seen yesterday?—But here approaches Our sage intendant, with the wine: however, For the cup's sake I'll bear the cupbearer.

Enter IDENSTEIN.

Iden. 'Tis here! the supernaculum! twenty years Of age, if 'tis a day.

Gab. Which epoch makes

Young women and old wine; and 'tis great pity, Of two such excellent things, increase of years, Which still improves the one, should spoil the other. Fill full—Here's to our hostess!—your fair wife!

Tukes the glass.

Iden. Fair!—Well, I trust your taste in wine is equal

To that you show for beauty; but I pledge you Nevertheless.

Gab. Is not the lovely woman
I met in the adjacent hall, who, with
An air, and port, and eye, which would have better
Beseem'd this palace in its brightest days
(Though in a garb adapted to its present
Abandonment), return'd my salutation—
Is not the same your spouse?

Iden. I would she were! But you're mistaken:—that's the stranger's wife.

Gab. And by her aspect she might be a prince's; Though time hath touch'd her too, she still retains Much beauty, and more majesty.

Iden. And that

Is more than I can say for Madame Idenstein, At least in beauty: as for majesty, She has some of its properties which might Be spared—but never mind!

Gab. I don't. But who May be this stranger? He too hath a bearing

Above his outward fortunes.

Iden. There I differ.

He's poor as Job, and not so patient; but Who he may be, or what, or aught of him, Except his name (and that I only learn'd To-night), I know not.

Gab. But how came he here?

Iden. In a most miserable old caleche,
About a month since, and immediately
Fell sick, almost to death. He should have died.

Gab. Tender and true!—but why?

Iden. Why, what is life

Without a living? He has not a stiver.

Gab. In that case, I much wonder that a person Of your apparent prudence should admit Guests so forlorn into this noble mansion.

Iden. That's true: but pity, as you know, does make One's heart commit these follies; and besides, They had some valuables left at that time,

Which paid their way up to the present hour; And so I thought they might as well be lodged Here as at the small tavern, and I gave them The run of some of the oldest palace rooms. They served to air them, at the least as long As they could pay for firewood.

Gab.

Poor souls!

Iden.

Ay,

Exceeding poor.

Gab. And yet unused to poverty,

If I mistake not. Whither were they going?

Iden. Oh! Heaven knows where, unless to heaven itself.

Some days ago that look'd the likeliest journey

For Werner.

Gab. Werner! I have heard the name. But it may be a feign'd onc.

Iden.

Like enough!

But hark! a noise of wheels and voices, and
A blaze of torches from without. As sure
As destiny, his excellency's come.

I must be at my post; will you not join me,
To help him from his carriage, and present
Your humble duty at the door?

Gab. I dragg'd him
From out that carriage when he would have given
His barony or county to repel
The rushing river from his gurgling throat.
He has valets now enough: they stood aloof then,
Shaking their dripping ears upon the shore,
All roaring "Help!" but offering none; and as
For duty (as you call it)—I did mine then,
Now do yours. Hence, and bow and cringe him here!

Iden. I cringe!—but I shall lose the opportunity—

Plague take it! he'll be here, and I not there!

[Exit Idenstein hastily.

Re-enter WERNER.

Wer. (to himself). I heard a noise of wheels and voices. How All sounds now jar me!

[Perceiving Gabon.

Still here! Is he not

A spy of my pursuer's? His frank offer So suddenly, and to a stranger, wore The aspect of a sccret enemy; For friends are slow at such.

Gab.

Sir, you seem rapt And yet the time is not akin to thought.

These old walls will be noisy soon. The baron, Or count (or whatsoe'er this half drown'd noble May be), for whom this desolate village and Its lone inhabitants show more respect Than did the elements, is come.

Iden. (without). This way—
This way, your excellency:—have a care,
The staircase is a little gloomy, and
Somewhat decay'd; but if we had expected
So high a guest—Pray take my arm, my lord!

Enter Stratenheim, Idenstein, and Attendants—partly his own, and partly Retainers of the Domain of which Idenstein is Intendant.

Stral. I'll rest here a moment.

Iden. (to the servants).

Ho! a chair!

Instantly, knaves!

[STRALENHEIM sits down.

Wer. (aside). 'Tis he!

Stral. I'm better now.

Who are these strangers?

Iden. Please you, my good lord,

One says he is no stranger.

Wer. (aloud and hastily). Who says that?

[They look at him with surprise.

Iden. Why, no one spoke of you, or to you!—but Here's one his excellency may be pleased To recognise.

[Pointing to Gamor.

Gab. I seek not to disturb His noble memory.

Stral.

I apprehend

This is one of the strangers to whose aid I owe my rescue. Is not that the other?

[Pointing to WERNER.

My state when I was succour'd must excuse My uncertainty to whom I owe so much.

Iden. He!—no, my lord! he rather wants for rescue Than can afford it. 'Tis a poor sick man, Travel-tired, and lately risen from a bed From whence he never dream'd to rise.

Stral. Methought

That there were two.

Gab. There were, in company; But, in the service render'd to your lordship, I needs must say but one, and he is absent. The chief part of whatever aid was render'd Was his: it was his fortune to be first. My will was not inferior, but his strength And youth outstripp'd me; therefore do not waste Your thanks on me. I was but a glad second Unto a nobler principal.

Stral. Where is he?

An Atten. My lord, he tarried in the cottage where Your excellency rested for an hour, And said he would be here to-morrow.

Stral. Till

That hour arrives, I can but offer thanks, And then——

Gab. I seek no more, and scarce deserve So much. My comrade may speak for himself.

Stral. (fixing his eyes upon WERNER: then aside). It cannot be! and yet he must be look'd to.

Tis twenty years since I beheld him with These eyes; and, though my agents still have kept Theirs on him, policy has held aloof My own from his, not to alarm him into Suspicion of my plan. Why did I leave At Hamburgh those who would have made assurance If this be he or no? I thought, ere now, To have been lord of Siegendorf, and parted In haste, though even the elements appear

To fight against me, and this sudden flood May keep me prisoner here till——

[He pauses and looks at WERNER: then resumes.

This man must

Be watch'd. If it is he, he is so changed, His father, rising from his grave again, Would pass by him unknown. I must be wary: An error would spoil all.

Iden. Your lordship scems

Pensive. Will it not please you to pass on?

Stral. 'Tis past fatigue, which gives my weigh'd-down spirit

An outward show of thought. I will to rest.

Iden. The prince's chamber is prepared, with all The very furniture the prince used when

Last here, in its full splendour.

(Aside). Somewhat tatter'd,

And devilish damp, but fine enough by torch-light;

And that's enough for your right noble blood

Of twenty quarterings upon a hatchment;

So let their bearer sleep 'neath something like one

Now, as he one day will for ever lie.

Stral. (rising and turning to GABOR). Good night, good people! Sir, I trust to-morrow

Will find me apter to requite your service.

In the meantime I crave your company

A moment in my chamber.

Gab. I attend you.

Stral. (after a few steps, pauses, and calls WERNER). Friend! Wer. Sir!

Iden. Sir! Lord—oh Lord! Why don't you say

His lordship, or his excellency? Pray,

My lord, excuse this poor man's want of breeding:

He hath not been accustom'd to admission To such a presence.

Stral. (to Idenstein). Peace, intendant!

I am dumb.

Stral. (to WERNER). Have you been long here? Wer.

Long?

Oh!

Stral.

I sought

An answer, not an echo.

Wer.

You may seek

Both from the walls. I am not used to answer

Those whom I know not.

Stral.

Indeed! Ne'er the less,

You might reply with courtesy to what

Is ask'd in kindness.

Wer.

When I know it such

I will requite—that is, reply—in unison.

Stral. The intendant said, you had been detain'd by sickness-

If I could aid you—journeying the same way?

Wer. (quickly). I am not journeying the same way!

Stral.

How know ye

That, ere you know my route?

Wer.

Because there is

But one way that the rich and poor must tread Together. You diverged from that dread path Some hours ago, and I some days: henceforth Our roads must lie asunder, though they tend All to one home.

Stral.

Your language is above

Your station.

Wer. (bitterly). Is it?

Stral.

Or, at least, beyond

Your garb.

Wer. 'Tis well that it is not beneath it,

As sometimes happens to the better clad.

But, in a word, what would you with me?

Stral. (startled).

15

Wer. Yes-you! You know me not, and question me,

And wonder that I answer not-not knowing

My inquisitor. Explain what you would have,

And then I'll satisfy yourself, or me.

Stral. I knew not that you had reasons for reserve.

Wer. Many have such :- Have you none?

Stral.

None which can

Interest a mere stranger.

Wer.

Then forgive

The same unknown and humble stranger, if

He wishes to remain so to the man Who can have nought in common with him. Stral.

Sir,

I will not balk your humour, though untoward:

I only meant you service—but good night!

Intendant, show the way! (To Gabor.) Sir, you will with me?

[Exeunt Strateniiein and Attendants; Idenstein and Gabor

Wer. (solus). 'Tis he! I am taken in the toils. I quitted Hamburgh, Giulio, his late steward. Inform'd me, that he had obtain'd an order From Brandenburg's elector, for the arrest Of Kruitzner (such the name I then bore) when I came upon the frontier; the free city Alone preserved my freedom—till I left Its walls—fool that I was to quit them! I deem'd this humble garb, and route obscure. Had baffled the slow hounds in their pursuit. What's to be done? He knows me not by person; Nor could aught, save the eye of apprehension, Have recognised him, after twenty years, We met so rarely and so coldly in Our youth. But those about him! Now I can Divine the frankness of the Hungarian, who No doubt is a mere tool and spy of Stralenheim's. To sound and to secure me. Without means! Sick, poor-begirt too with the flooding rivers, Impassable even to the wealthy, with All the appliances which purchase modes Of overpowering perils, with men's lives,-How can I hope! An hour ago methought My state beyond despair; and now, 'tis such, The past seems paradise. Another day, And I'm detected,—on the very eve Of honours, rights, and my inheritance. When a few drops of gold might save me still In favouring an escape.

Enter IDENSTEIN and FRITZ in conversation.

Fritz.

Iden. I tell you, 'tis impossible.

Fritz. It must

Be tried, however; and if one express
Fail, you must send on others, till the answer
Arrives from Frankfort, from the commandant.

Iden. I will do what I can.

Fritz. And recollect

To spare no trouble; you will be repaid Tenfold.

Iden. The baron is retired to rest?

Fritz. He hath thrown himself into an easy chair Beside the fire, and slumbers; and has order'd He may not be disturb'd until eleven,

When he will take himself to bed.

Iden. Before

An hour is past I'll do my best to serve hun.

Fritz. Remember!

[Exit FRITZ.

Iden. The devil take these great men! they

Think all things made for them. Now here must I Rouse up some half a dozen shivering vassals From their scant pallets, and, at peril of Their lives, despatch them o'er the river towards Frankfort. Methinks the baron's own experience Some hours ago might teach him fellow-feeling:

But no, "it must," and there's an end. How now? Are you there, Mynheer Werner?

You have left

Wer.
Your noble guest right quickly.

Iden. Yes—he's dozing,

And seems to like that none should sleep besides.

Here is a packet for the commandant

Of Frankfort, at all risks and all expenses; But I must not lose time: Good night!

[Exit IDEN

Wer. "To Frankfort!"

So, so, it thickens! Ay, "the commandant."
This tallies well with all the prior steps
Of this cool, calculating fiend, who walks
Between me and my father's house. No doubt

He writes for a detachment to convey me Into some secret fortress.—Sooner than

This-

[Werner looks around, and snatches up a knife lying on a table in a recess.

Now I am master of myself at least.

Hark,-footsteps! How do I know that Stralenheim

Will wait for even the show of that authority

Which is to overshadow usurpation?

That he suspects me's certain. I'm alone;

He with a numerous train. I weak; he strong

In gold, in numbers, rank, authority.

I nameless, or involving in my name

Destruction, till I reach my own domain;

He full-blown with his titles, which unpose

Still further on these obscure petty burghers

Than they could do elsewhere. Hark! nearer still!

I'll to the secret passage, which communicates

With the ____No! all is silent __'twas my fancy! ___

Still as the breathless interval between

The flash and thunder:—I must hush my soul

Amidst its perils. Yet I will retire.

To see if still be unexplored the passage

I wot of: it will serve me as a den

Of secrecy for some hours, at the worst.

[Werner draws a panel, and exit, closing it after him.

Enter GABOR and JOSEPHINE.

Gab. Where is your husband?

Jos. Here, I thought: I left him

Not long since in his chamber. But these rooms

Have many outlets, and he may be gone

To accompany the intendant.

Gab. Baron Stralenheim

Put many questions to the intendant on The subject of your lord, and, to be plain,

I have my doubts if he means well.

Alast

What can there be in common with the proud And wealthy baron, and the unknown Werner?

WERNER.

Gab. That you know best.

Jos. Or, if it were so, how

Come you to stir yourself in his behalf,

Rather than that of him whose life you saved?

Gab. I help'd to save him, as in peril; but

I did not pledge myself to serve him in

Oppression. I know well these nobles, and

Their thousand modes of trampling on the poor.

I have proved them; and my spirit boils up when

I find them practising against the weak:-

This is my only motive.

Jos. It would be

Not easy to persuade my consort of

Your good intentions.

Gab. Is he so suspicious?

Jos. He was not once; but time and troubles have Made him what you beheld.

Gab. I'm sorry for it.

Suspicion is a heavy armour, and

With its own weight impedes more than protects.

Good night! I trust to meet with him at day-break.

[Exit GABOR.

Re-enter Idenstein and some Peasants. Josephine retires up the Hall.

Iden. Why, you will be well paid for 't, And have risk'd more than drowning for as much,

And have risk d more than drowning for as multiplied I doubt not.

Second Peasant. But our wives and families?

Iden. Cannot be worse off than they are, and may
Re better.

Third Peasant. I have neither, and will venture. Iden. That's right. A gallant carle, and fit to be

A soldier. I'll promote you to the ranks In the prince's body-guard—if you succeed:

And you shall have besides, in sparkling coin, Two thalers.

Third Peasant. No more!

Iden. Out upon your avarice!

Can that low vice alloy so much ambition?

I tell thee, fellow, that two thalers in Small change will subdivide into a treasure. Do not five hundred thousand heroes daily Risk lives and souls for the tithe of one thaler? When had you half the sum?

Third Peasant. Never- but ne'er

The less I must have three.

Iden. Have you forgot

Whose vassal you were born, knave?

Third Peasant. No—the prince's,

And not the stranger's.

Iden. Sirrah! in the prince's

Absence, I am sovereign; and the baron is My intimate connection;—"Cousin Idenstein!

(Quoth he) you'll order out a dozen villains."

And so, you villains! troop-march-march, I say;

And if a single dog's car of this packet

Be sprinkled by the Oder—look to it!

For every page of paper, shall a hide

Of yours be stretch'd as parchinent on a drum.

Like Ziska's skin, to beat alarm to all

Refractory vassals, who can not effect Impossibilities.—Away, ye earth-worms!

[E

[Exit, driving them out.

Jos. (coming forward). I fain would shun these scenes, too oft repeated,

Of feudal tyranny o'er petty victims;
I cannot aid, and will not witness such.
Even here, in this remote, unnamed, dull spot,
The dimmest in the district's map, exist
The insolence of wealth in poverty
O'er something poorer still—the pride of rank
In servitude, o'er something still more servile;
And vice in misery affecting still
A tatter'd splendour. What a state of being!
In Tuscany, my own dear sunny land,
Our nobles were but citizens and merchants,
Like Cosmo. We had evils, but not such
As these; and our all-ripe and gushing valleys
Made poverty more cheerful, where each herb

Was in itself a meal, and every vine Rain'd, as it were, the beverage which makes glad The heart of man; and the ne'er unfelt sun (But rarely clouded, and when clouded, leaving His warmth behind in memory of his beams) Makes the worn mantle, and the thin robe, less Oppressive than an emperor's jewell'd purple. But, here! the despots of the north appear To imitate the ice-wind of their clime. Searching the shivering vassal through his rags. To wring his soul—as the bleak elements And 'tis to be amongst these sovereigns His form. My husband pants! and such his pride of birth— That twenty years of usage, such as no Father born in a humble state could nerve His soul to persecute a son withal, Hath changed no atom of his early nature: But I, born nobly also, from my father's Kindness was taught a different lesson. Father! May thy long-tried and now rewarded spirit Look down on us and our so long desired Ulric! I love my son, as thou didst me! What's that? Thou, Werner! can it be? and thus?

Enter WERNER hastily, with the knife in his hand, by the secret panel, which he closes hurriedly after him.

Wer. (not at first recognising her). Discover'd! then I'll stab -(recognising her).

Ah! Josephine

Why art thou not at rest?

.TOR.

What rest? My God!

What doth this mean?

Wer. (showing a rouleau). Here's gold—gold, Josephine, Will rescue us from this detested dungeon.

Jos. And how obtain'd?—that knife!

Away—we must to our chamber. Jos.

But whence comest thou?

'Tis bloodless—yet.

Wer. Ask not! but let us think where we shall go—

This—this will make us way—(showing the gold)—I'll fit them now.

Jos. I dare not think thee guilty of dishonour.

Wer. Dishonour!

Jos.

Wer.

I have said it.

Let us hence:

'Tis the last night, I trust, that we need pass here.

Jos. And not the worst, I hope.

wer.

Hope! I make sure.

But let us to our chamber. Jos.

What hast thou done?

Yet one question—

Wer. (fiercely). Left one thing undone, which

Had made all well: let me not think of it! Away!

Jos. Alas, that I should doubt of thee!

[Excunt.

ACT II.

Scene I .- A Hall in the same Palace.

Enter IDENSTEIN and Others.

Iden. Fine doings! goodly doings! honest doings! A baron pillaged in a prince's palace!

Where, till this hour, such a sin ne'er was heard of.

Fritz. It hardly could, unless the rats despoil'd The mice of a few shreds of tapestry.

Iden. Oh! that I e'er should live to see this day! The honour of our city's gone for ever.

Fritz. Well, but now to discover the delinquent:
The baron is determined not to lose

This sum without a search.

Iden. And so am I.

Fritz. But whom do you suspect?

Iden. Suspect! all people Without—within—above—below—Heaven help me!

Fritz. Is there no other entrance to the chamber?

Fritz.

Are you sure of that?

Iden. Certain. I have lived and served here since my birth, And if there were such, must have heard of such, Or seen it.

Fritz. Then it must be some one who

Had access to the antechamber.

Iden. Doubtless.

Fritz. The man call'd Werner's poor!

Iden. Poor as a miser.'

But lodged so far off, in the other wing, By which there's no communication with

The baron's chamber, that it can't be he.

Besides, I bade him "good night" in the hall, Almost a mile off, and which only leads

To his own apartment, about the same time

When this burglarious, larcenous felony

Appears to have been committed.

Fritz. There's another,

The stranger—

Iden. The Hungarian?

Fritz. He who help'd

To fish the baron from the Oder.

den. Not

Unlikely. But, hold-might it not have been

One of the suite?

Fritz.

How? We, sir!

Iden. No-not you,

But some of the inferior knaves. You say

The baron was asleep in the great chair-

The velvet chair—in his embroider'd night-gown;

His toilet spread before him, and upon it

A cabinet with letters, papers, and

Several rouleaux of gold; of which one only

Has disappear'd :- the door unbolted, with

No difficult access to any.

³ ["Your printer has made an odd mistake—"poor as a mouse" instead of 'poor as a miser." The expression may seem strange, but it is only a translation of 'semper avarus eget!"—Lord Byron to Mr. Murray.

Fritz. Good sir,

Be not so quick; the honour of the corps
Which forms the baron's household's unimpeach'd
From steward to scullion, save in the fair way
Of peculation; such as in accompts,
Weights, measures, larder, cellar, buttery,
Where all men take their prey; as also in
Postage of letters, gathering of rents,
Purveying feasts, and understanding with
The honest trades who furnish noble masters;
But for your petty, picking, downright thevery,
We scorn it as we do board wages. Then
Had one of our folks done it, he would not
Have been so poor a spirit as to hazard
His neck for one rouleau, but have swoop'd all;
Also the cabinet, if portable.

Iden. There is some sense in that——
Fritz.

No. sir. be sure

'Twas none of our corps; but some petty, trivial Picker and stealer, without art or genius. The only question is—Who else could have Access, save the Hungarian and yourself?

Iden. You don't mean me?

Fritz. No, sir; I honour more

Your talents-

Iden. And my principles, I hope.

Fritz. Of course. But to the point: What's to be done?

Iden. Nothing—but there's a good deal to be said.

We'll offer a reward; move heaven and earth,

And the police (though there's none nearer than

Frankfort); post notices in manuscript

(For we've no printer); and set by my clerk

To read them (for few can, save he and 1).

We'll send out villains to strip beggars, and

Scarch empty pockets; also, to arrest

All gipsies, and ill-clothed and sallow people.

Prisoners we'll have at least, if not the culprit;

And for the baron's gold—if 'tis not found,

At least he shall have the full satisfaction

Of melting twice its substance in the raising

The ghost of this rouleau. Here's alchemy For your lord's losses!

Fritz. He hath found a better.

Iden. Where?

Fritz. In a most immense inheritance.

The late Count Siegendorf, his distant kinsman, Is dead near Prague, in his castle, and my lord Is on his way to take possession.

Iden. Was there

No heir?

Fritz. Oh, yes; but he has disappear'd Long from the world's eye, and perhaps the world. A prodigal son, beneath his father's ban For the last twenty years; for whom his sire Refused to kill the fatted calf; and, therefore, If hving, he must chew the husks still. But The baron would find means to silence him, Were he to re-appear: he's politic, And has much influence with a certain court.

Iden. He's fortunate.

Fritz. 'Tristrue, there is a grandson. Whom the late count reclaim'd from his son's hands, And educated as his heir; but then His birth is doubtful.

Iden. How so ?

Fritz. Ilis sire made

A left-hand, love, imprudent sort of marriage,
With an Italian exile's dark-eyed daughter:
Noble, they say, too; but no match for such
A house as Siegendorf's. The grandsire ill
Could brook the alliance; and could ne'er be brought
To see the parents, though he took the son.

Iden. If he's a lad of mettle, he may yet Dispute your claim, and weave a web that may Puzzle your baron to unravel.

Fritz. Why,

For mettle, he has quite enough: they say, He forms a happy mixture of his sire And grandsire's qualities,—impetuous as The former, and deep as the latter; but The strangest is, that he too disappear'd Some months ago.

The devil he did! Tden.

Fritz. Why, yes:

It must have been at his suggestion, at An hour so critical as was the eve

Of the old man's death, whose heart was broken by it.

Iden. Was there no cause assign'd?

· Fritz. Plenty, no doubt,

And none perhaps the true one. Some averr'd It was to seek his parents; some because The old man held his spirit in so strictly (But that could scarce be, for he doted on him); A third believed he wish'd to serve in war. But peace being made soon after his departure, He might have since return'd, were that the motive; A fourth set charitably have surmised, As there was something strange and mystic in him, That in the wild exuberance of his nature He had join'd the black bands, who lay waste Lusatia, The mountains of Bohemia and Silesia, Since the last years of war had dwindled into

A kind of general condottiero system

Of bandit warfare; each troop with its chief, And all against mankind.

Iden. That cannot be.

A young heir, bred to wealth and luxury, To risk his life and honours with disbanded Soldiers and desperadoes!

Fritz. Heaven best knows! But there are human natures so allied Unto the savage love of enterprise, That they will seek for peril as a pleasure. I've heard that nothing can reclaim your Indian, Or tame the tiger, though their infancy Were fed on milk and honey. After all, Your Wallenstein, your Tilly and Gustavus, Your Bannier, and your Torstenson and Weimar, Were but the same thing upon a grand scale; And now that they are gone, and peace proclaim'd, They who would follow the same pastime must Pursue it on their own account. Here comes The baron, and the Saxon stranger, who Was his chief aid in yesterday's escape, But did not leave the cottage by the Oder Until this morning.

Enter STRALENHRIM and ULRIC.

Stral. Since you have refused All compensation, gentle stranger, save Inadequate thanks, you almost check even them. Making me feel the worthlessness of words. And blush at my own barren gratitude, They seem so niggardly, compared with what Your courteous courage did in my behalf—— Ulr. I pray you press the theme no further.

Stral.

But Can I not serve you? You are young, and of That mould which throws out heroes; fair in favour; Brave, I know, by my living now to say so; And doubtlessly, with such a form and heart, Would look into the flery eyes of war, As ardently for glory as you dared An obscure death to save an unknown stranger, In an as perilous, but opposite, element. You are made for the service: I have served; Have rank by birth and soldiership, and friends, Who shall be yours. 'Tis true this pause of peace Favours such views at present scantily; But 'twill not last, men's spirits are too stirring; And, after thirty years of conflict, peace Is but a petty war, as the times show us In every forest, or a mere arm'd truce. War will reclaim his own; and, in the meantime, You might obtain a post, which would ensure A higher soon, and, by my influence, fail not To rise. I speak of Brandenburgh, wherein I stand well with the elector; in Bohemia, Like you, I am a stranger, and we are now Upon its frontier.

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Illr.
                    You perceive my garb
Is Saxon, and of course my service due
To my own sovereign. If I must decline
Your offer, 'tis with the same feeling which
Induced it.
   Stral.
              Why, this is mere usury!
I owe my life to you, and you refuse
The acquittance of the interest of the debt.
To heap more obligations on me, till
I bow beneath them.
   Ulr.
                        You shall say so when
I claim the payment.
   Stral.
                       Well, sir, since you will not-
You are nobly born?
   Ulr.
                        I have heard my kinsmen say so.
   Stral. Your actions show it.
                                 Might 1 ask your name?
   Ulr. Ulric.
   Stral.
                 Your house's?
   Ulr.
                                  When I'm worthy of it,
I'll answer you.
   Stral. (aside). Most probably an Austrian,
Whom these unsettled times forbid to boast
His lineage on these wild and dangerous frontiers,
Where the name of his country is abhorr'd.
                                       [Aloud to FRITZ and IDENSTEIN.
So, sirs! how have ye sped in your researches?
  Iden. Indifferent well, your excellency.
                                            Then
  Stral.
I am to deem the plunderer is caught?
  Iden. Humph!—not exactly.
   Stral.
                                  Or at least suspected?
  Iden. Oh! for that matter, very much suspected.
  Stral. Who may he be?
  Iden.
                             Why, don't you know, my lord?
  Stral. How should I?
                           I was fast asleep.
                                               And so
  Iden.
Was I, and that's the cause I know no more
Than does your excellency.
  Stral.
                             Dolt!
  Iden.
                                     Why, if
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Your lordship, being robb'd, don't recognise
The rogue; how should I, not being robb'd, identify
The thief among so many? In the crowd,
May it please your excellency, your thief looks
Exactly like the rest, or rather better:
'Tis only at the bar and in the dungeon,
That wise men know your felon by his features;
But I'll engage, that if seen there but once,
Whether he be found criminal or no,
His face shall be so.

Stral. (to FRITZ). Prithee, Fritz, inform me
What hath been done to trace the fellow?
Fritz. Faith!

My lord, not much as yet, except conjecture.

Strat. Besides the loss (which, I must own, affects me Just now materially), I needs would find The villain out of public motives; for So dexterous a spoiler, who could creep Through my attendants, and so many peopled And lighted chambers, on my rest, and snatch The gold before my scarce-closed eyes, would soon Leave bare your borough, Sir Intendant!

Iden. True;

If there were aught to carry off, my lord.

Ulr. What is all this?

Stral. You join'd us but this morning,

And have not heard that I was robb'd last night.

Ulr. Some rumour of it reach'd me as I pass'd

The outer chambers of the palace, but

1 know no further.

Stral. It is a strange business;

The intendant can inform you of the facts.

Iden. Most willingly. You see-

Stral (immationtly)

Stral. (impatiently). Defer your tale,

Till certain of the hearer's patience. *Iden*.

Iden. That Can only be approved by proofs. You see—

In short, I was asleep upon a chair, My cabinet before me, with some gold Upon it (more than I much like to lose,
Though in part only): some ingenious person
Contrived to glide through all my own attendants,
Besides those of the place, and bore away
A hundred golden ducats, which to find
I would be fain, and there's an end. Perhaps
You (as I still am rather faint) would add
To yesterday's great obligation, this,
Though slighter, yet not slight, to aid these men
(Who seem but lukewarm) in recovering it?

Ulr. Most willingly, and without loss of time—
(To IDENSTEIN.) Come luther, mynheer!

Iden.

But so much laste

But so much haste bodes

Right little speed, and----

 \overline{Ulr} .

Ulr.

Standing motionless

None; so let's march: we'll talk as we go on.

Iden. But---

Show the spot, and then I'll answer you.

Fritz. I will, sir, with his excellency's leave.

Stral. Do so, and take you old ass with you.

Fritz. Hence!

Ulr. Come on, old oracle, expound thy riddle!

[Exit with Idenstein and Fritz.

Stral. (solus). A stalwart, active, soldier-looking stripling, Handsome as Hercules ere his first labour, And with a brow of thought beyond his years When in repose, till his eye kindles up In answering yours. I wish I could engage him: I have need of some such spirits near me now, For this inheritance is worth a struggle. And though I am not the man to yield without one, Neither are they who now rise up between me And my desire. The boy, they say, 's a bold one: But he hath play'd the truant in some hour Of freakish folly, leaving fortune to Champion his claims. That's well. The father, whom For years I've tracked, as does the blood-hound, never In sight, but constantly in scent, had put me To fault; but here I have him, and that's better. It must be he! All circumstance proclaims it:

And careless voices, knowing not the cause Of my enquiries, still confirm it.—Yes! The man, his bearing, and the mystery Of his arrival, and the time; the account, too, The intendant gave (for I have not beheld her) Of his wife's dignified but foreign aspect; Besides the antipathy with which we met, As snakes and hons shrink back from each other By secret instinct that both must be foes Deadly, without being natural prey to either; All—all—confirm it to my mind. However, We'll grapple, ne'ertheless. In a few hours The order comes from Frankfort, if these waters Rise not the higher (and the weather favours Their quick abatement), and I'll have him safe Within a dungeon, where he may avouch His real estate and name; and there's no harm done, Should be prove other than I deem. This robbery (Save for the actual loss) is lucky also; He's poor, and that's suspicious—he's unknown, And that's defenceless.—True, we have no proofs Of guilt,—but what hath he of innocence? Were he a man indifferent to my prospects, In other bearings, I should rather lay The inculpation on the Hungarian, who Hath something which I like not; and alone Of all around, except the intendant, and The prince's household and my own, had ingress Familiar to the chamber.

Enter GABOR.

Friend, how fare you?

Gab. As those who fare well everywhere, when they Have supp'd and slumber'd, no great matter how—

And you, my lord?

Stral. Better in rest than purse:

Mine inn is like to cost me dear.

Gab. I heard Of your late loss; but 'tis a trifle to One of your order.

Stral. You would hardly think so,

Were the loss yours.

Gab. I never had so much
(At once) in my whole life, and therefore am not
Fit to decide. But I came here to seek you.
Your couriers are turn'd back—I have outstripp'd them,
In my return.

Stral. You!-Why?

Gab. I went at daybreak,

To watch for the abatement of the river,
As being anxious to resume my journey.
Your messengers were all check'd like myself;
And, seeing the case hopeless, I await
The current's pleasure.

Stral. Would the dogs were in it! Why did they not, at least, attempt the passage? I order'd this at all risks.

Gab. Could you order
The Oder to divide, as Moses did
The Red Sea (scarcely redder than the flood
Of the swoln stream), and be obey'd, perhaps
They might have ventured.

Strat. I must see to it:

The knaves! the slaves!—but they shall smart for this.

[Exit Stralenheim.

Gab. (solus). There goes my noble, feudal, self-will'd baron! Epitome of what brave chivalry The preux chevaliers of the good old times Have left us. Yesterday he would have given His lands (if he hath any), and, still dearer, His sixteen quarterings, for as much fresh air As would have fill'd a bladder, while he lay Gurgling and foaming half way through the window Of his o'erset and water-logg'd conveyance; And now he storms at half a dozen wretches Because they love their lives too! Yet, he's right: "Its strange they should, when such as he may put them To hazard at his pleasure. Oh, thou world! Thou art indeed a melancholy jest! Exit GABOK

SCENE II.

The Apartment of WERNER, in the Palace.

Enter JOSEPHINE and ULRIC.

Yes!

No

Jos. Stand back, and let me look on thee again My Ulric!—my beloved!—can it be—After twelve years?

Ulr. My dearest mother!

Jos.

My dream is realised—how beautiful!— How more than all I sigh'd for! Heaven receive A mother's thanks! a mother's tears of joy! This is indeed thy work!—At such an hour, too, He comes not only as a son, but saviour.

Ulr. If such a joy await me, it must double What I now feel, and lighten from my heart A part of the long debt of duty, not Of love (for that was ne'er withheld)—forgive me This long delay was not my fault.

Jos. I know it,
But cannot think of sorrow now, and doubt
If I e'er felt it, 'tis so dazzled from
My memory by this oblivious transport!—
My son!

Enter WERNER.

Wer. What have we here,—more strangers?—

Jos.

Look upon him! What do you see?

Wer. A stripling,

For the first time—

Ulr. (kneeling). For twelve long years, my father!

Wer. Oh, God!

Jos. He faints!

Wer. No—I am better now—

Ulric! (Embraces him.)

Ulr. My father, Siegendorf!

Wer. (starting).

Hush! boy-

The walls may hear that name!

Ulr.

What then?

Wer.

Why, then-

But we will talk of that anon. Remember, I must be known here but as Werner. Come to my arms again! Why, thou look'st all I should have been, and was not. Josephine! Sure 'tis no father's fondness dazzles me: But, had I seen that form amid ten thousand Youth of the choicest, my heart would have chosen This for my son!

Ulr. And yet you knew me not! Wer. Alas! I have had that upon my soul Which makes me look on all men with an eye

That only knows the evil at first glance.

Ulr. My memory served me far more fondly: I Have not forgotten aught; and oft-times in The proud and princely halls of—(I'll not name them, As you say that 'tis perilous)—but i' the pomp Of your sire's feudal mansion, I look'd back To the Bohemian mountains many a sunset, And wept to see another day go down O'er thee and me, with those huge hills between us. They shall not part us more.

I know not that.

Are you aware my father is no more?

Ulr. Oh, heavens! I left him in a green old age, And looking like the oak, worn, but still steady Amidst the elements, whilst younger trees Fell fast around him. 'Twas scarce three months since.

Wer. Why did you leave him?

Jos. (embracing ULRIC).

Can you ask that question?

Is he not here?

Wer. True; he hath sought his parents. And found them; but, oh! how, and in what state! - Ulr. All shall be better'd. What we have to do Is to proceed, and to assert our rights, Or rather yours; for I waive all, unless Your father has disposed in such a sort

Of his broad lands as to make mine the foremost, So that I must prefer my claim for form:
But I trust better, and that all is yours.

Were Have you not beard of Strelephoin?

Wer. Have you not heard of Stralenheim?

Ulr. I saved

His life but yesterday: he's here.

Ver. You saved

The serpent who will sting us all!

Ulr. You speak

Riddles: what is this Stralenheim to us?

Wer. Every thing. One who claims our father's lands: Our distant kinsman, and our nearest foe.

Ulr. I never heard his name till now. The count, Indeed, spoke sometimes of a kinsman, who, If his own line should fail, might be remotely Involved in the succession; but his titles Were never named before me—and what then? His right must yield to ours.

Wer. Ay, if at Prague; But here he is all-powerful; and has spread Snarcs for thy father, which, if hitherto He hath escaped them, is by fortune, not By favour.

Ulr. Doth he personally know you?

Wer. No; but he guesses shrewdly at my person,
As he betray'd last night; and I, perhaps,
But owe my temporary liberty
To his uncertainty.

Ulr. I think you wrong him (Excuse me for the phrase); but Stralenheim Is not what you prejudge him, or, if so, He owes me something both for past and present. I saved his life, he therefore trusts in me. He hath been plunder'd too, since he came hither: Is sick; a stranger; and as such not now Able to trace the villain who hath robb'd him: I have pledged myself to do so; and the business Which brought me here was chiefly that: but I

^{4 [}The following is the original passage in the novel:—"" Stralenheim,' said Conrad, 'does not appear to be altogether the man you take him for: but were it

Have found, in searching for another's dross, My own whole treasure—you, my parents!

Who Wer. (agitatedly).

Taught you to mouth that name of "villain?" What

More noble name belongs to common thieves?

Wer. Who taught you thus to brand an unknown being With an infernal stigma?

My own feelings

Taught me to name a ruffian from his deeds.

Wer. Who taught you, long-sought and ill-found boy! that

It would be safe for my own son to insult me?

Ulr. I named a villain. What is there in common

With such a being and my father?

Every thing!

That ruffian is thy father!

Wer.

Oh, my son!

Believe him not—and yet !—— (her voice falters.)

Ulr. (starts, looks earnestly at Wenner and then says slowly,) And you avow it?

Wer. Ulric, before you dare despise your father, Learn to divine and judge his actions. Young, Rash, new to life, and rear'd in luxury's lap, Is it for you to measure passion's force, Or misery's temptation? Want—(not long, It cometh like the night, and quickly)—Wait!— Wait till, like me, your hopes are blighted -till

even otherwise, he owes me gratitude not only for the past, but for what he supposes to be my present employment. I saved his life, and he therefore places confidence in me. He hath been robbed last night—is sick—a stranger—and in no condition to

me. He nath been robbed last night—is sick—a stranger—and in no condition to discover the villain who has plundered him, and the business on which I sought the intendant was chiefly that," &c.—Miss Lee.]

5 [""And who, said he, 'has entitled you to brand thus with ignominious epithets a being you do not know? Who has taught you that it would be even sate for my son to insult me?"—"It is not necessary to know the person of a ruffian, replied Conrad indignantly, 'to give him the appellation he merits:—and what is there in common between my father and such a character?"—"Everything,' said Siegendorf, bitterly,—'for that ruffian was your father!'"—Ibid.]

6 [" Conrad, before you thus presume to chastise me with your eye, learn to understand my actions. Young, and inexperienced in the world—reposing hitherto in the bosom of indulgence and luxury, is it for you to judge of the force of the passions, or the temptations of misery? Wait till, like me, you have blighted your fairest hopes—have endured humiliation and sorrow—poverty and famine—before you pretend to judge of their effects on you! Should that miserable day ever arriveshould you see the being at your mercy who stands between you and everything that Sorrow and shame are handmaids of your cabin: Famine and poverty your guests at table; Despair your bed-fellow—then rise, but not From sleep, and judge! Should that day e'er arrive-Should you see then the serpent, who hath coil'd Himself around all that is dear and noble Of you and yours, lie slumbering in your path. With but his folds between your steps and happiness. When he, who lives but to tear from you name, Lands, life itself, lies at your mercy, with Chance your conductor; midnight for your mantle; The bare knife in your hand, and earth asleep. Even to your deadliest foe: and he as 'twere Inviting death, by looking like it, while His death alone can save you: - Thank your God! If then, like me, content with petty plunder, You turn aside——I did so.

Ulr.

But----

Wer. (abruptly).

Hear me!

I will not brook a human voice—scarce dare
Listen to my own (if that be human still)—
Hear me! you do not know this man—I do.'
He's mean, deceiful, avaricious. You
Deem yourself safe, as young and brave; but learn
None are secure from desperation, few
From subtilty. My worst foe, Stralenheim,
Housed in a prince's palace, couch'd within
A prince's chamber, lay below my knife!
An instant—a mere motion—the least impulse—
Had swept him and all fears of mine from earth.
He was within my power—my knife was raised—
Withdrawn—and I'm in his:—are you not so?
Who tells you that he knows you not? Who says

is dear or noble in life! who is ready to tear from you your name...your inheritance—your very life itself—congratulate your own heart, if, like me, you are content with petty plunder, and are not tempted to exterminate a serpent, who now lives, perhaps to sting us all.'"—Ibid.]

7 [""You do not know this man,' continued he; 'I believe him to be mean,

7 ["'You do not know this man,' continued he; 'I believe him to be mean, sordid, deceitful! You will conceive yourself safe, because you are young and brave! Learn, however, none are so secure but desperation or subtilty may reach them! Stralenheim, in the palace of a prince, was in my power! My knife was held over him—I forbore—and I am now in his,' "&c.—Lee.]

He hath not lured you here to end you? or To plunge you, with your parents, in a dungeon?

He pauses.

Ulr. Proceed—proceed!

Me he hath ever known,

And hunted through each change of time—name—fortune—

WERNER:

And why not you? Are you more versed in men?

He wound snares round me; flung along my path Reptiles, whom, in my youth, I would have spurn'd

Even from my presence; but, in spurning now,

Fill only with fresh venom. Will you be

More patient? Ulric!—Ulric!—there are crimes

Made venial by the occasion, and temptations

Which nature cannot master or forbear."

Ulr. (who looks first at him and then at JOSEPHINE). My mother!

Wer. Ah! I thought so: you have now

Only one parent. I have lost alike Father and son, and stand alone.

Ulr.

But stav!

[Werner rushes out of the chamber.

Jos. (to Ulric). Follow him not, until this storm of passion Abates. Think'st thou, that were it well for him,

I had not follow'd?

Ulr.I obey you, mother,

Although reluctantly. My first act shall not

Be one of disobedience.

Jos. Oh! he is good!

Condemn him not from his own mouth, but trust To me, who have borne so much with him, and for him,

That this is but the surface of his soul,

And that the depth is rich in better things.

Ulr. These then are but my father's principles?

My mother thinks not with him?

Nor doth he

^{8 [&}quot;Me he has known invariably through every change of fortune or of name-and why not you? Me he has entrapped—are you more discreet? He has wound the snares of Idenstein around me;—of a reptile whom, a few years ago, I would have spurned from my presence, and whom, in spurning now, I have furnished with fiesh venom. Will you be more patient? Conrad, Conrad, there are crimes rendered venial by the occasion, and temptations too exquisite for human fortitude to master or forbear," &c.—Ibid.]

Think as he speaks. Alas! long years of grief Have made him sometimes thus.

Utr. Explain to me More clearly, then, these claims of Stralenheim, That, when I see the subject in its bearings, I may prepare to face him, or at least To extricate you from your present perils. I pledge myself to accomplish this—but would I had arrived a few hours sooner!

Jos. Ay!

Hadst thou but done so!

Enter GABOR and IDENSTEIN, with Attendants.

Gab. (to ULRIC). I have sought you, comrade.

So this is my reward!

Ulr. What do you mean?

Gab. 'Sdeath! have I lived to these years, and for this!
(To IDENSTEIN.) But for your age and folly, I would——
Iden. Help!

Hands off! Touch an intendant!

Gab. Do not think

I'll honour you so much as save your throat From the Ravenstone by choking you myself.

Iden. I thank you for the respite: but there are

Those who have greater need of it than me.

Ulr. Unriddle this vile wrangling, or—

At once, then,

The baron has been robb'd, and upon me This worthy personage has deign'd to fix His kind suspicions—mc! whom he ne'er saw Till yester' evening.

Iden. Wouldst have me suspect

My own acquaintances? You have to learn

That I keep better company.

Gab. You shall Keep the best shortly, and the last for all men, The worms! you hound of malice!

[GABOR serzes on him.

⁹ The Ravenstone, "Rabenstein," is the stone gibbet of Germany, and so called from the ravens perching on it.

Nay, no violence: Ulr. (interfering). He's old, unarm'd-be temperate, Gabor! True: Gab. (letting go Idenstein). I am a fool to lose myself because Fools deem me knave: it is their homage. How Ulr. (to Idenstein). Fare you? Iden. Help! Ulr. I have help'd you. Kill him! then Iden. I'll say so. Gab. I am calm—live on! Iden. That's more Than you shall do, if there be judge or judgment In Germany. The baron shall decide! Gab. Does he abet you in your accusation? *Iden.* Does he not? Gab. Then next time let him go sink Ere I go hang for snatching him from drowning. But here he comes! Enter STRALENHRIM. Gab. (goes up to him). My noble lord, I'm here! Stral. Well, sir! Gab. Have you aught with me? What should I Stral. Have with you? Gab. You know best, if yesterday's Flood has not wash'd away your memory; But that's a trifle. I stand here accused, In phrases not equivocal, by you Intendant, of the pillage of your person Or chamber:—is the charge your own or his? Stral. I accuse no man. Gab. Then you acquit me, baron? Stral. I know not whom to accuse, or to acquit, Or scarcely to suspect. Gab. But you at least

Should know whom not to suspect. I am insulted—

Oppress'd here by these menials, and I look

To you for remedy—teach them their duty! To look for thieves at home were part of it. If duly taught; but, in one word, if I Have an accuser, let it be a man Worthy to be so of a man like me. I am your equal.

Stral. You

Gab. Ay, sir; and, for

Aught that you know, superior; but proceed— I do not ask for hints, and surmises,

And circumstance, and proof: I know enough

Of what I have done for you, and what you owe me,

To have at least waited your payment rather

Than paid myself, had I been eager of

Your gold. I also know, that were I even

The villain I am deem'd, the service render'd

So recently would not permit you to

Pursue me to the death, except through shame,

Such as would leave your scutcheon but a blank.

But this is nothing: I demand of you

Justice upon your unjust servants, and

From your own lips a disavowal of

All sanction of their insolence: thus much

You owe to the unknown, who asks no more,

And never thought to have ask'd so much.

Stral.

This tone

May be of innocence.

Gab. 'Sdeath! who dare doubt it.

Except such villains as ne'er had it?

Stral. You

Are hot, sir.

Must I turn an icicle Gab.

Before the breath of menials, and their master?

Stral. Ulric! you know this man; I found him in Your company.

We found you in the Oder; Gab.

Would we had left you there!

I give you thanks, sir. Stral.

Gab. I've earn'd them; but might have earn'd more from others, Perchance, if I had left you to your fate.

Stral. Ulric! you know this man?

No more than you do,

If he avouches not my honour.

Ulr.

Can vouch your courage, and, as far as my Own brief connection led me, honour.

Stral. Then

I'm satisfied.

Gab. (ironically). Right easily, methinks.

What is the spell in his asseveration

More than in mine?

Stral. I merely said that I

Was satisfied—not that you are absolved.

Gab. Again! Am 1 accused or no?

Stral. Go to!

You wax too insolent. If circumstance

And general suspicion be against you,

Is the fault mine? Is't not enough that I

Decline all question of your guilt or innocence?

Gab. My lord, my lord, this is mere cozenage,

A vile equivocation; you well know

Your doubts are certainties to all around you-

Your looks a voice—your frowns a sentence; you

Are practising your power on me-because

You have it; but beware! you know not whom

You strive to tread on.

Stral.

Threat'st thou?

Not so much

As you accuse. You hint the basest injury,

And I retort it with an open warning.

Stral. As you have said, 'tis true I owe you something,

For which you seem disposed to pay yourself.

Gab. Not with your gold.

Stral.

With bootless insolence.

[To his Attendants and IDENSTEIK.

You need not further to molest this man, But let him go his way. Ulric, good morrow!

[Exit STRALENHEIM, IDENSTEIN, and Attendants.

Gab. (following). I'll after him and——

```
Not a step.
   Ulr. (stopping him).
   Gab.
                                                       Who shall
Oppose me?
   Ulr.
               Your own reason, with a moment's
Thought.
            Must I bear this?
   Gab.
   Ulr.
                                Pshaw! we all must bear
The arrogance of something higher than
Ourselves—the highest cannot temper Satan.
Nor the lowest his vicegerents upon earth.
I've seen you brave the elements, and bear
Things which had made this silkworm cast his skin—
And shrink you from a few sharp sneers and words?
   Gab. Must I bear to be deem'd a thief? If 'twere
A bandit of the woods. I could have borne it—
There's something daring in it:—but to steal
The moneys of a slumbering man!—
   Ulr.
                                        It seems, then,
You are not guilty.
   Gab.
                      Do I hear aright?
 You too!
            I merely ask'd a simple question.
   Ulr.
   Gab. If the judge ask'd me, I would answer "No"—
To you I answer thus.
                                                        He draws.
   Ulr. (drawing).
                         With all my heart!
   Jos. Without there! Ho! help! help!—Oh, God! here's
        murder!
                                           Exit JOSEPHINE, shricking.
GABOR and ULRIC fight.
                     GABOR is disarmed just as STRALENHEIM, JOSEPHINE,
                      IDENSTEIN, &c. re-enter.
   Jos. Oh! glorious heaven!
                                He's safe!
                                         Who's safe!
   Stral. (to Josephine).
   Jos.
   Ulr. (interrupting her with a stern look, and turning afterwards
                                                           Both!
          to STRALENHEIM).
Here's no great harm done.
                              What hath caused all this?
   Stral.
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Ulr. You, baron, I believe: but as the effect

Is harmless, let it not disturb you.—Gabor! There is your sword; and when you bare it next, Let it not be against your friends.

> [ULRIC pronounces the last words slowly and emphatically in a low voice to GABOR.

Gab.

I thank you

Less for my life than for your counsel.

Stral.

These

Brawls must end here.

Gab. (taking his sword). They shall. You've wrong'd me, Ulric. More with your unkind thoughts than sword: I would The last were in my bosom rather than The first in yours. I could have borne you noble's Absurd insinuations—ignorance And dull suspicion are a part of his Entail will last him longer than his lands.— But I may fit him yet:—you have vanquish'd me. I was the fool of passion to conceive That I could cope with you, whom I had seen Already proved by greater perils than Rest in this arm. We may meet by and by,

Exit GABOR.

Stral.

Ulr.

I will brook

No more! This outrage following up his insults, Perhaps his guilt, has cancell'd all the little I owed him heretofore for the so-vaunted Aid which he added to your abler succour.

Ulric, you are not hurt?—

However—but in friendship.

Not even by a scratch.

Stral. (to Idenstein). Intendant! take your measures to secure You fellow: I revoke my former lenity.

He shall be sent to Frankfort with an escort,

The instant that the waters have abated.

Iden. Secure him! He hath got his sword again— And seems to know the use on't; 'tis his trade, Belike:—I'm a civilian.

Stral. Fool! are not

You score of vassals dogging at your heels Enough to seize a dozen such? Hence! after him! Ulr. Baron, I do beseech you!

Stral. I must be

Obey'd. No words!

Iden. Well, if it must be so—

March, vassals! I'm your leader, and will bring

The rear up: a wise general never should

Expose his precious life—on which all rests.

I like that article of war.

Exit IDENSTEIN and Attendants.

Indeed!

Stral. Come hither,

Ulric; what does that woman here? Oh! now

I recognise her, 'tis the stranger's wife

Whom they name "Werner."

Ulr.

'Tis his name.

Stral.

Is not your husband visible, fair dame?—

Jos. Who seeks him?

Stral

No one-for the present: but

I fain would parley, Ulrıc, with yourself

Alone.

Ulr. I will retire with you.

Jos.

Not so:

You are the latest stranger, and command

All places here.

(Aside to ULRIC, as she goes out.) O Ulric! have a care—

Remember what depends on a rash word!

Ulr. (to Josephine).

Fear not!-

Exit Josephine.

Stral. Ulric, I think that I may trust you; You saved my life—and acts like these beget Unbounded confidence.

Ulr.

Say on.

Stral.

Mysterious

And long-engender'd circumstances (not To be now fully enter'd on) have made

This man obnoxious—perhaps fatal to me.

Ulr. Who? Gabor, the Hungarian?

No-this "Werner"-

With the false name and habit.

Ulr. How can this be?

He is the poorest of the poor—and yellow Sickness sits cavern'd in his hollow eye:

The man is helpless.

Stral. He is—'tis no matter;—

But if he be the man I deem (and that

He is so, all around us here—and much That is not here—confirm my apprehension)

He must be made secure ere twelve hours further.

Ulr. And what have 1 to do with this?

Stral. I have sent

To Frankfort, to the governor, my friend,

(I have the authority to do so by

An order of the house of Brandenburgh),

For a fit escort—but this cursed flood Bars all access, and may do for some hours.

Ulr. It is abating.

Stral. That is well.

Ulr. But how

Am I concern'd?

Stral. As one who did so much

For me, you cannot be indifferent to
That which is of more import to me than
The life you rescued.—Keep your eye on him!
The man avoids me, knows that I now know him.—
Watch him!—as you would watch the wild boar when
He makes against you in the hunter's gap—

Like him he must be spear'd.

Ulr. Why so?

Stral. He stands

Between me and a brave inheritance! Oh! could you see it! But you shall.

Ulr. I hope so.

Stral. It is the richest of the rich Bohemia, Unscathed by scorching war. It lies so near The strongest city, Prague, that fire and sword llave skimm'd it lightly: so that now, besides Its own exuberance, it bears double value Confronted with whole realms far and near Made deserts.

Ulr. You describe it faithfully.

Stral. Ay—could you see it, you would say so—but, As I have said, you shall.

Ulr.

I accept the omen.

Stral. Then claim a recompense from it and me, Such as both may make worthy your acceptance And services to me and mine for ever.

Ulr. And this sole, sick, and miserable wretch—This way-worn stranger—stands between you and This Paradise?—(As Adam did between The devil and his)—[Aside].

Stral.

He doth.

Ulr. Hath he no right?

Stral. Right! none. A disinherited produgal, Who for these twenty years disgraced his lineage In all his acts—but chiefly by his marriage, And living amidst commerce-fetching burghers, And dabbling merchants, in a mart of Jews.

Ulr. He has a wife, then?

Stral. You'd be sorry to

Call such your mother. You have seen the woman He calls his wife.

Ulr. Is she not so?

Stral. No more

Than he's your father:—an Italian girl,
The daughter of a banish'd man, who lives
On love and poverty with this same Werner.

Ulr. They are childless, then?

Stral. There is or was a bastard,

Whom the old man—the grandsire (as old age Is ever doting) took to warm his bosom,
As it went chilly downward to the grave:
But the imp stands not in my path—he has fled,
No one knows whither; and if he had not,

His claims alone were too contemptible To stand.—Why do you smile?

Ulr. At your vain fears:

A poor man almost in his grasp—a child Of doubtful birth—can startle a grandce!

Stral. All's to be fear'd, where all is to be gain'd.

Ulr. True; and aught done to save or to obtain it.

Stral. You have harp'd the very string next to my heart.

I may depend upon you?

Ulr. Twere too late

To doubt it.

Stral. Let no foolish pity shake
Your bosom (for the appearance of the man
Is pitiful)—he is a wretch, as likely
To have robb'd me as the fellow more suspected,
Except that circumstance is less against him;
He being lodged far off, and in a chamber
Without approach to mine; and, to say truth,
I think too well of blood allied to mine,
To deem he would descend to such an act:
Besides, he was a soldier, and a brave one
Once—though too rash.

Ulr. And they, my lord, we know By our experience, never plunder till They knock the brains out first—which makes them heirs, Not thieves. The dead, who feel nought, can lose nothing, Nor e'er be robb'd: their spoils are a bequest—No more.

Stral. Go to! you are a wag. But say I may be sure you'll keep an eye on this man, And let me know his slightest movement towards Concealment or escape?

Ulr. You may be sure You yourself could not watch him more than I Will be his sentinel.

Stral. By this you make me

Yours, and for ever.

**Ur. Such is my

Such is my intention.

[Finerunt.

ACT III.

Sound I.-A Hall in the same Palace, from whence the secret Passage leads.

Enter WERNER and GABOR.

Gab. Sir, I have told my tale: if it so please you To give me refuge for a few hours, well— If not, I'll try my fortune elsewhere. Wer. How Can I, so wretched, give to Misery A shelter?—wanting such myself as much As e'er the hunted deer a covert— OrGab. The wounded lion his cool cave. Methinks You rather look like one would turn at bay, And rip the hunter's entrails. Wer. Ah! Gah. I care not If it be so, being much disposed to do The same myself. But will you shelter me? I am oppress'd like you—and poor like you— Disgraced-Wer. (abruptly). Who told you that I was disgraced? Gab. No one; nor did I say you were so: with Your poverty my likeness ended; but I said I was so—and would add, with truth. As undeservedly as you. Wer. Again! As 1? Gab. Or any other honest man. What the devil would you have? You don't believe me Guilty of this base theft?

Wer.

No, no-I cannot.

Gab. Why that's my heart of honour! you young gallant—Your miserly intendant and dense noble—All—all suspected me; and why? because I am the worst clothed, and least named amongst them; Although, were Momus' lattice in your breasts, My soul might brook to open it more widely Than theirs: but thus it is—you poor and helpless—Both still more than myself.

Wer. How knew you that?

Gab. You're right: I ask for shelter at the hand Which I call helpless; if you now deny it, I were well paid. But you, who seem to have proved The wholesome bitterness of life, know well, By sympathy that all the outspread gold, Of the New World the Spaniard boasts about Could never tempt the man who knows its worth Weigh'd at its proper value in the balance, Save in such guise (and there I grant its power, Because I feel it,) as may leave no nightmare Upon his heart o' nights.

Wer. What do you mean?

Gab. Just what I say; I thought my speech was plain:
You are no thief—nor I—and, as true men,

Should aid each other.

Wer. It is a damn'd world, sir.

Gab. So is the nearest of the two next, as
The priests say (and no doubt they should know best),
Therefore I'll stick by this—as being loth
To suffer martyrdom, at least with such
An epitaph as larceny upon my tomb.
It is but a night's lodging which I crave;
To-morrow I will try the waters, as
The dove did, trusting that they have abated.

Wer. Abated? Is there hope of that?

There was

At noontide.

Wer. Then we may be safe.

Gab. Are you

In peril?

Wer. Poverty is ever so.

YOL. V.

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Gab. That I know by long practice. Will you not
Promise to make mine less?
  Wer.
                             Your poverty?
  Gab. No—you don't look a leech for that disorder:
I meant my peril only: you've a roof,
And I have none; I merely seek a covert.
  Wer. Rightly: for how should such a wretch as I
Have gold?
  Gab.
              Scarce honestly, to say the truth on't,
Although I almost wish you had the baron's.
  Wer. Dare you insinuate?
                              What?
  Gab.
  Wer.
                                       Are you aware
To whom you speak?
                      No; and I am not used
Greatly to care. (A noise heard without.) But hark! they come!
  Wer.
                                         Who come?
  Gab. The intendant and his man hounds after me:
I'd face them—but it were in vain to expect
Justice at hands like theirs. Where shall I go?
But show me any place. I do assure you,
If there be faith in man, I am most guiltless:
Think if it were your own case!
                                Oh, just God!
  Wer. (aside).
Thy hell is not hereafter! Am I dust still?
  Gab. I see you're moved; and it shows well in you:
I may live to requite it.
  Wer.
                        Are you not
A spy of Stralenheim's?
                         Not I! and if
  Gab.
I were, what is there to espy in you?
Although, 1 recollect, his frequent question
About you and your spouse might lead to some
Suspicion; but you best know—what—and why.
I am his deadliest foe.
  Wer.
                       You?
  Gab.
                               After such
A treatment for the service which in part
I render'd him, I am his enemy:
If you are not his friend you will assist me.
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Wer. I will.

Gab.

But how?

Wer. (showing the panel). There is a secret spring:

Remember, I discover'd it by chance,

And used it but for safety.

Gab.

Open it,

And I will use it for the same.

Wer.

I found it,

As I have said: it leads through winding walls, (So thick as to bear paths within their ribs, Yet lose no jot of strength or stateliness,) And hollow cells, and obscure niches, to I know not whither; you must not advance: Give me your word.

Gab.

It is unnecessary:

How should I make my way in darkness through A Gothic labyrinth of unknown windings?

Wer. Yes, but who knows to what place it may lead? I know not—(mark you!)—but who knows it might not Lead even into the chamber of your foe? So strangely were contrived these galleries By our Teutonic fathers in old days, When man built less against the elements Than his next neighbour. You must not advance Beyond the two first windings; if you do (Albeit I never pass'd them,) I'll not answer For what you may be led to.

Gab.

But I will.

A thousand thanks!

Wer. You'll find the spring more obvious On the other side; and, when you would return, It yields to the least touch.

Gab.

I'll in-farewell!

[Gabor goes in by the secret panel

Wer. (solus). What have I done? Alas! what had I done Before to make this fearful? Let it be Still some atonement that I save the man, Whose sacrifice had saved perhaps my own—They come! to seek elsewhere what is before them!

Enter IDENSTEIN and Others.

Iden. Is he not here? He must have vanish'd then Through the dim Gothic glass by pious aid Of pictured saints upon the red and yellow Casements, through which the sunset streams like sunrise On long pearl-colour'd beards and crimson crosses. And gilded crosiers, and cross'd arms, and cowls, And helms, and twisted armour, and long swords, All the fantastic furniture of windows Dim with brave knights and holy hermits, whose Likeness and fame alike rest in some panes Of crystal, which each rattling wind proclaims As frail as any other life or glory. He's gone, however. Wer. Whom do you seek? A villain. Iden. Wer. Why need you come so far, then? In the search Iden. Of him who robb'd the baron. Wer. Are you sure You have divined the man? Iden. As sure as you Stand there: but where's he gone? Wer. Who? Iden. He we sought. Wer. You see he is not here. And yet we traced him Up to this hall. Are you accomplices? Or deal you in the black art? Wer. I deal plainly, To many men the blackest. It may be I have a question or two for yourself Hereafter; but we must continue now Our search for t'other.

You had best begin

I should like to know,

Wer.

So patient always. *Iden*.

Your inquisition now: I may not be

In good sooth, if you really are the man That Stralenheim's in quest of.

Wer. Insolent!

Said you not that he was not here?

Iden. Yes, one;

But there's another whom he tracks more keenly, And soon, it may be, with authority

Both paramount to his and mine. But, come!

Bustle, my boys! we are at fault.

[Exit Idenstein and Attendants.

Wer. In what

A maze hath my dim destiny involved me! And one base sin hath done me less ill than

The leaving undone one far greater. Down,

Thou busy devil, rising in my heart!

Thou art too late! I'll nought to do with blood.

Enter ULRIC.

Ulr. 1 sought you, father.

Wer. Is't not dangerous?

Ulr. No; Stralenheim is ignorant of all Or any of the ties between us: more—
He sends me here a spy upon your actions,
Deeming me wholly his.

Wer. I cannot think it:

'Tis but a snare he winds about us both, To swoop the sire and son at once.

Ulr. I cannot

Pause in each petty fear, and stumble at The doubts that rise like briers in our path,
But must break through them, as an unarm'd carle
Would, though with naked limbs, were the wolf rustling
In the same thicket where he hew'd for bread.
Nets are for thrushes, eagles are not caught so:

We'll overfly or rend them.

Wer. Show me how?

Ulr. Can you not gues ?
Wer. I cannot.

Ulr. That is strange.

Came the thought ne'er into your mind last night?

Wer. I understand you not.

Ulr. Then we shall never

More understand each other. But to change

The topic——

Wer. You mean to pursue it, as

'Tis of our safety.

Ulr. Right; I stand corrected.

I see the subject now more clearly, and Our general situation in its bearings. The waters are abating; a few hours Will bring his summon'd myrandons from Frankfort, When you will be a prisoner, perhaps worse, And I an outcast, bastardised by practice

Of this same baron to make way for him.

Wer. And now your remedy! I thought to escape By means of this accursed gold; but now I dare not use it, show it, scarce look on it. Methinks it wears upon its face my guilt For motto, not the mintage of the state; And, for the sovereign's head, my own begint With hissing snakes, which curl around my temples, And cry to all beholders, Lo! a villam!

Ulr. You must not use it, at least now; but take This ring.

[He gives Werner a jewel

Wer. A gem! It was my father's!

And

As such is now your own. With this you must Bribe the intendant for his old calcche And horses to pursue your route at sunrise, Together with my mother.

Wer. And leave you,

So lately found, in peril too?

Ulr. Fear nothing!

The only fear were if we fled together,
For that would make our ties beyond all doubt.
The waters only lie in flood between
This burgh and Frankfort; so fai's in our favour.
The route on to Bohemia, though encumber'd,
Is not impassable; and when you gain

A few hours' start, the difficulties will be The same to your pursuers. Once beyond The frontier, and you're safe.

Wer. My noble boy!

Ulr. Hush! hush! no transports: we'll indulge in them In Castle Siegendorf! Display no gold! Show Idenstein the gem (1 know the man, And have look'd through him): it will answer thus A double purpose. Stralenheim lost gold—
No jewel: therefore it could not be his; And then the man who was possest of this Can hardly be suspected of abstracting The baron's coin, when he could thus convert This ring to more than Stralenheim has lost By his last night's slumber. Be not over timed

In your address, nor yet too arrogant,

And Idenstein will serve you.

Wer. I will follow

In all things your direction.

Ulr. I would have

Spared you the trouble; but had I appear'd To take an interest in you, and still more By dabbling with a jewel in your favour,

All had been known at once.

Wer. My guardian angel!

This overpays the past. But how wilt thou

Fare in our absence?

Ulr. Stralenheim knows nothing

Of me as aught of kindred with yourself.

I will but wait a day or two with him To lull all doubts, and then rejoin my father.

Wer. To part no more!

Ulr. I know not that; but at

The least we'll meet again once more.

Wer. My boy!

My friend! my only child, and sole preserver!

Oh, do not hate me! Ulr.

Hate my father!

Wer. A

My father hated me. Why not my son?

Ulr. Your father knew you not as I do. Wer.

Scorpions

Are in thy words! Thou know me? in this guise Thou canst not know me, I am not myself; Yet (hate me not) I will be soon.

Ulr. I'll wait!

In the mean time be sure that all a son Can do for parents shall be done for mine.

Wer. I see it, and I feel it; yet I feel

Further—that you despise me.

Ulr. Wherefore should I?

Wer. Must I repeat my humiliation?
Ulr. No!

I have fathom'd it and you. But let us talk Of this no more. Or if it must be ever, Not now. Your error has redoubled all The present difficulties of our house, At secret war with that of Stralenheim: All we have now to think of is to baffle IIIM. I have shown one way.

Wer. The only one,

And I embrace it, as I did my son, Who show'd himself and father's safety in One day.

Ulr. You shall be safe; let that suffice. Would Stralenheim's appearance in Bohemia Disturb your right, or mine, if once we were Admitted to our lands?

Wer. Assuredly,
Situate as we are now, although the first
Possessor might, as usual, prove the strongest,
Especially the next in blood.

Ulr. Blood! 'tis

A word of many meanings; in the vens, And out of them, it is a different thing— And so it should be, when the same in blood (As it is call'd) are aliens to each other, Like Theban brethren: when a part is bad, A few spilt ounces purify the rest.

Wer. I do not apprehend you.

That may be -Illr. And should, perhaps—and yet—but get ye ready; You and my mother must away to-night. Here comes the intendant: sound him with the gem; "Twill sink into his venal soul like lead Into the deep, and bring up slime and mud, And ooze too, from the bottom, as the lead doth With its greased understratum; but no less Will serve to warn our vessels through these shoals. The freight is rich, so heave the line in time! Farewell! I scarce have time, but yet your hand, My father !-

Wer. Let me embrace thee!

Ulr. We may be

Observed: subdue your nature to the hour! Keep off from me as from your foe!

Be he who is the stifling cause which smothers The best and sweetest feeling of our hearts; At such an hour too!

Ulr. Yes, curse—it will ease you! Here is the intendant.

Enter IDENSTEIN.

Master Idenstein.

How fare you in your purpose? Have you caught The rogue?

Iden. No. faith!

Ulr. Well, there are plenty more You may have better luck another chase.

Where is the baron?

Gone back to his chamber: And now I think on't, asking after you

With nobly-born impatience.

Your great men Must be answer'd on the instant, as the bound Of the stung steed replies unto the spur: "Iis well they have horses, too; for if they had not, I fear that men must draw their chariots, as They say kings did Sesostris.

Iden. Who was he?

Ulr. An old Bohemian—an imperial gipsy.

Iden. A gipsy or Bohemian, 'tis the same,

For they pass by both names. And was he one?

Ulr. I've heard so; but I must take leave. Intendant, Your servant!—Werner (to Wenner slightly), if that be your name.

Yours.

Exit ULRIC.

Iden. A well-spoken, pretty-faced young man! And prettily behaved! He knows his station, You see, sir: how he gave to each his due Precedence!

Wer. I perceived it, and applaud

His just discernment and your own.

Iden. That's well—

That's very well. You also know your place, too;

And yet I don't know that I know your place.

Wer. (showing the ring). Would this assist your knowledge?

Iden. How!—What!—Eh!

A iewel!

Wer. 'Tis your own on one condition.

Iden. Mine!-Name it!

Wer. That hereafter you permit me

At thrice its value to redeem it: 'tis

A family ring.

Iden. A family!—yours!—a gem!

I'm breathless!

Wer. You must also furnish me,

An hour ere daybreak, with all means to quit This place.

Iden. But is it real? Let me look on it:

Diamond, by all that's glorious!

Wer. Come, I'll trust you:

You have guess'd, no doubt, that I was born above My present seeming.

Iden. I can't say I did,

Though this looks like it: this is the true breeding Of gentle blood!

Wer. I have important reasons

For wishing to continue privily My journey hence.

Iden. So then you are the man

Whom Stralenheim's in quest of?

Wer. I am not;

But being taken for him might conduct So much embarrassment to me just now, And to the baron's self hereafter—'tis

And to the baron's self hereafter—'tis
To spare both that I would avoid all bustle.

Iden. Be you the man or no, 'tis not my business; Besides, I never could obtain the half From this proud, mggardly noble, who would raise The country for some missing bits of com, And never offer a precise reward—But this!—another look!

Wer. Gaze on it freely;

At day-dawn it is yours.

Iden. Oh, thou sweet sparkler!

Thou more than stone of the philosopher!
Thou touch-stone of Philosophy herself!
Thou bright eye of the Mine! thou loadstar of
The soul! the true magnetic Pole to which
All hearts point duly north, like trembling needles!
Thou flaming Spirit of the Earth! which, sitting
High on the monarch's diadem, attractest
More worship than the majesty who sweats
Beneath the crown which makes his head ache, like
Millions of hearts which bleed to lend it lustre!
Shalt thou be mine? I am, methinks, already
A little king, a lucky alchymist!—
A wise magician, who has bound the devil
Without the forfeit of his soul. But come,
Werner, or what else?

Wer. Call me Werner still; You may yet know me by a loftier title.

Iden. I do believe in thee! thou art the spirit Of whom I long have dream'd in a low garb.—
But come. I'll serve thee; thou shalt be as free
As air, despite the waters; let us hence:
I'll show thee I am honest—(oh, thou jewel!)

Thou shalt be furnish'd, Werner, with such means Of flight, that if thou wert a snail, not birds Should overtake thee.—Let me gaze again! I have a foster-brother in the mart Of Hamburgh skill'd in precious stones. How many Carats may it weigh?—Come, Werner, I will wing thee.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

STRALENHEIM'S Chamber.

STRALENHEIM and FRITZ.

Fritz. All's ready, my good lord!

Stral.

I am not sleepy,

And yet I must to bed; I fam would say
To rest, but something heavy on my spirit,
Too dull for wakefulness, too quick for slumber,
Sits on me as a cloud along the sky,
Which will not let the sunbeams through, nor yet
Descend in rain and end, but spreads itself
'Twixt earth and heaven, like envy between man
And man, an everlasting mist:—I will
Unto my pillow.

Fritz. May you rest there well!

Stral. I feel, and fear, I shall.

Fritz. And wherefore fear?

Stral. I know not why, and therefore do fear more, Because an undescribable——but 'tis All folly. Were the locks as I desired

Changed, to-day, of this chamber? for last night's Adventure makes it needful.

Fritz. Certainly,

According to your order, and beneath
The inspection of myself and the young Saxon
Who saved your life. I think they call him "Ulric."

Stral. You think! you supercitious slave! what right Have you to tax your memory, which should be Quick, proud, and happy to retain the name

Of him who saved your master, as a litany

Whose daily repetition marks your duty.—
Get hence; "You think," indeed! you, who stood still
Howling and drippling on the bank, whilst I
Lay dying, and the stranger dash'd aside
The roaring torrent, and restored me to
Thank him—and despise you. "You think!" and scarce
Can recollect his name! I will not waste
More words on you. Call me betimes.

Fritz. Good night!

I trust to-morrow will restore your lordship To renovated strength and temper.

The scene closes.

SCENE III.

The secret Passage.

Gab. (solus). Four—
Five—six hours have I counted, like the guard
Of outposts on the never-merry clock:
That hollow tongue of time, which, even when
It sounds for joy, takes something from enjoyment
With every clang. "Tis a perpetual knell,
Though for a marriage-feast it rings: each stroke
Peals for a hope the less; the funeral note
Of Love deep-buried without resurrection
In the grave of Possession; while the knoll
Of long-lived parents finds a jovial echo
To triple Time in the son's ear.

I'm cold—
I'm dark;—I've blown my fingers—number'd o'er And o'er my steps—and knock'd my head against Some fifty buttresses—and roused the rats
And bats in general insurrection, till
Their cursed pattering feet and whirling wings
Leave me scarce hearing for another sound.
A light! It is at distance (if I can
Measure in darkness distance): but it blinks
As through a crevice or a key-hole, in
The inhibited direction: I must on,

Nevertheless, from curiosity. A distant lamp-light is an incident In such a den as this. Pray Heaven it lead me To nothing that may tempt me! Else-Heaven and me To obtain or to escape it! Shining still! Were it the star of Lucifer himself. Or he himself girt with its beams, I could Contain no longer. Softly: mighty well! That corner's turn'd—so—ah! no ;—right! it draws Nearer. Here is a darksome angle—so, That's weather'd.—Let me pause.—Suppose it leads Into some greater danger than that which I have escaped—no matter, 'tis a new one: And novel perils, like fresh mistresses, Wear more magnetic aspects:—I will on, And be it where it may-I have my dagger Which may protect me at a pinch.—Burn still, Thou little light! Thou art my ignis fatuus! My stationary Will-o'-the-wisp!—So! so! He hears my invocation, and fails not.

The scene closes.

SCENE IV.

A Garden.

Enter WERNER.

Wer. I could not sleep—and now the hour's at hand; All's ready. Idenstein has kept his word; And station'd in the outskirts of the town, Upon the forest's edge, the vehicle Awaits us. Now the dwindling stars begin To pale in heaven; and for the last time I Look on these horrible walls. Oh! never, never Shall I forget them. Here I came most poor, But not dishonour'd: and I leave them with A stain,—if not upon my name, yet in My heart!—a never-dying canker-worm, Which all the coming splendour of the lands,

And rights, and sovereignty of Siegendorf Can scarcely lull a moment. I must find Some means of restitution, which would ease My soul in part: but how without discovery?— It must be done, however; and I'll pause Upon the method the first hour of safety. The madness of my misery led to this Base infamy: repentance must retrieve it: I will have nought of Stralenheim's upon My spirit, though he would grasp all of mine; Lands, freedom, life,—and yet he sleeps as soundly Perhaps, as infancy, with gorgeous curtains Spread for his canopy, o'er silken pillows, Such as when——Hark! what noise is that? Again! The branches shake; and some loose stones have fallen From yonder terrace.

[ULRIO leaps down from the terrace.

Ulric! ever welcome!

Thrice welcome now! this filial—

Ulr. Stop! before

We approach, tell me-

Wer. Why look you so?

Ulr. Do I

Behold my father, or-

Wer. What?

Ulr. An assassin?

Wer. Insane or insolent!

Ulr. Reply, sir, as

You prize your life, or mine!

Wer. To what must I

Answer?

Ulr. Are you or are you not the assassin Of Stralenheim?

Wer. I never was as yet

The murderer of any man. What mean you?

Ulr. Did not you this night (as the night before)

Retrace the secret passage? Did you not Again revisit Stralenheim's chamber? and——

[ULRIC pauses

171m Died he not by your hand? Wer. Great God Ulr. You are innocent, then! my father's innocent! Embrace me! Yes,—your tone—your look—yes, yes,--Yet say so. Wer.If I e'er, in heart or mind. Conceived deliberately such a thought, But rather strove to trample back to hell Such thoughts—if e'er they glared a moment through The irritation of my oppressed spirit— May heaven be shut for ever from my hopes, As from mine eyes! Ulr. But Stralenbeim is dead. Wer. 'Tis horrible! 'tis hideous, as 'tis hateful!-But what have I to do with this? Ulr.No bolt Is forced; no violence can be detected, Save on his body. Part of his own household Have been alarm'd; but as the intendant is Absent, I took upon myself the care Of mustering the police. His chamber has, Past doubt, been enter'd secretly. Excuse me, If nature-Oh, my boy! what unknown woes Of dark fatality, like clouds, are gathering Above our house! Ulr. My father! I acquit you! But will the world do so? will even the judge, If—but you must away this instant. Wer. I'll face it. Who shall dare suspect me? Yet Ulr.You had no guests—no visiters—no life Breathing around you, save my mother's? Ah! Wer. The Hungarian? He is gone! he disappear'd Ulr. Ere sunset.

Wer. No; I hid him in that very Conceal'd and fatal gallery.

Ulr.

There I'll find him.

[ULRIC is going.

,

Wer. It is too late: he had left the palace ere I quitted it. I found the secret panel Open, and the doors which lead from that hall Which masks it: I but thought he had snatch'd the silent And favourable moment to escape The myrmidons of Idenstein, who were Dogging him yester-even.

You reclosed Ulr.

The panel?

Yes: and not without reproach (And inner trembling for the avoided peril) At his dull heedlessness, in leaving thus His sheltcrer's asylum to the risk Of a discovery.

Ulr. You are sure you closed it?

Wer. Certain.

Ulr. That's well: but had been better, if

You ne'er had turn'd it to a den for-

He pausie.

Wer. Thieves! Thou wouldst say: I must bear it, and deserve it; But not-

Ulr. No, father; do not speak of this: This is no hour to think of petty crimes, But to prevent the consequence of great ones. Why would you shelter this man?

Wer. Could I shun it?

A man pursued by my chief foe: disgraced For my own crime: a victim to my safety, Imploring a few hours' concealment from The very wretch who was the cause he needed Such refuge. Had he been a wolf, I could not Have in such circumstances thrust him forth.

Ulr. And like the wolf he hath repaid you. It is too late to ponder thus:—you must Set out ere dawn. I will remain here to Trace the murderer, if 'tis possible.

Wer. But this my sudden flight will give the Moloch

SCENE IV. 1 WERNER.

Suspicion: two new victims in the lieu Of one, if I remain. The fled Hungarian, Who seems the culprit, and——

Ulr. Who seems? Who else

Can be so?

Wer. Not I, though just now you doubted—You, my son!—doubted—

Ulr. And do you doubt of him

The fugitive?

Wer. Boy! since I fell into
The abyss of crime (though not of such crime), I,
Having seen the innocent oppress'd for me,
May doubt even of the guilty's guilt. Your heart
Is free, and quick with virtuous wrath to accuse
Appearances; and views a criminal
In Innocence's shadow, it may be,
Because 'tis dusky.

Ulr. And if I do so,
What will mankind, who know you not, or knew
But to oppress? You must not stand the hazard.
Away!—I'll make all casy. Idenstein
Will for his own sake and his jewel's hold
His peace—he also is a partner in
Your flight—moreover—

Wer. Fly! and leave my name Link'd with the Hungarian's, or preferr'd as poorest, To bear the brand of bloodshed?

Ulr. Pshaw! leave any thing Except our fathers' sovereignty and castles, For which you have so long panted, and in vain! What name? You have no name, since that you bear Is feign'd.

Wer. Most true: but still I would not have it Engraved in crimson in men's memories, Though in this most obscure abode of men——Besides, the search——

Ulr. I will provide against
Aught that can touch you. No one knows you here
As heir of Siegendorf: if Idenstein
Suspects, 'tis but suspicion, and he is
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210 WERNER.

A fool: his folly shall have such employment, Too, that the unknown Werner shall give way To nearer thoughts of self. The laws (if e'er Laws reach'd this village) are all in abevance With the late general war of thirty years, Or crush'd, or rising slowly from the dust, To which the march of armies trampled them. Stralenheim, although noble, is unheeded Here, save as such—without lands, influence, Save what hath perish'd with him. Few prolong A week beyond their funeral rites their sway O'er men, unless by relatives, whose interest Is roused: such is not here the case; he died Alone, unknown,—a solitary grave, Obscure as his deserts, without a scutcheon, Is all he'll have, or wants. If I discover The assassin, 'twill be well—if not, believe me, None else; though all the full-fed train of menials May howl above his ashes (as they did Around him in his danger on the Oder), Will no more stir a finger now than then. Hence! hence! I must not hear your answer.—Look! The stars are almost faded, and the grey Begins to grizzle the black hair of night. You shall not answer:—Pardon me that I Am peremptory; 'tis your son that speaks, Your long-lost, late-found son.—Let's call my mother! Softly and swiftly step, and leave the rest To me: I'll answer for the event as far As regards you, and that is the chief point, As my first duty, which shall be observed. We'll meet in Castle Siegendorf—once more Our banners shall be glorious! Think of that Alone, and leave all other thoughts to me, Whose youth may better battle with them—Hence! And may your age be happy !—I will kiss My mother once more, then Heaven's speed be with you! Wer. This counsel's safe—but is it honourable? Ulr. To save a father is a child's chief honour.

ACT IV.

Scene I .- A Gothic Hall in the Castle of Siegendorf, near Prague.

Enter Eric and Henrick, Retainers of the Count.

Eric. So, better times are come at last; to these Old walls new masters and high wassail—both A long desideratum.

Hen. Yes, for masters,
It might be unto those who long for novelty,
Though made by a new grave: but as for wassail,
Methinks the old Count Siegendorf maintain'd

His feudal hospitality as high

As e'er another prince of the empire.

Eric. Why

For the mere cup and trencher, we no doubt Fared passing well; but as for merriment And sport, without which salt and sauces season The cheer but scantily, our sizings were

Even of the narrowest.

Hen. The old count loved not

The roar of revel; are you sure that this does?

Eric. As yet he hath been courteous as he's bounteous, And we all love him.

His reign is as yet

Hardly a year o'erpast its honey-moon,

And the first year of sovereigns is bridal:

Anon, we shall perceive his real sway

And moods of mind.

Eric. Pray Heaven he keep the present! Then his brave son, Count Ulric—there's a knight!

Pity the wars are o'er!

Hen. Why so?

Eric. Look on him!

And answer that yourself.

Hen. lle's very youthful,

And strong and beautiful as a young tiger.

Eric. That's not a faithful vassal's likeness.

Hen.

But

Perhaps a true one.

Eric.

Pity, as I said,

The wars are over: in the hall, who like Count Ulric for a well-supported pride,

What one but yet offends not? in the field

Which awes, but yet offends not? in the field, Who like him with his spear in hand, when, gnashing

His tusks, ripping up from right to left

The howling hounds, the boar makes for the thicket?

Who backs a horse, or bears a hawk, or wears

A sword like him? Whose plume nods knightlier?

Hen. No one's, I grant you. Do not fear, if war Be long in coming, he is of that kind Will make it for himself, if he hath not Already done as much.

Eric.

What do you mean?

Hen. You can't deny his train of followers (But few our native fellow-vassals born On the domain) are such a sort of knaves

Pauses.

Eric. What?

Hen. The war (you love so much) leaves living. Like other parents, she spoils her worst children.

Eric. Nonsense! they are all brave iron-visaged fellows, Such as old Tilly loved.

Hen. And who loved Tilly?

Ask that at Magdebourg-or for that matter

Wallenstein either;—they are gone to—

Eric. Rest!

But what beyond 'tis not ours to pronounce.

Hen. I wish they had left us something of their rest:

The country (nominally now at peace)

Is over-run with—God knows who: they fly

By night, and disappear with sunrise; but

Leave us no less desolation, nay, even more,

Than the most open warfare.

Eric.

But Count Ulric -

What has all this to do with him?

Hen.

With him!

He-might prevent it. As you say he's fond

Of war, why makes he it not on those marauders?

Eric. You'd better ask himself.

Hen.

. I would as soon

Ask the lion why he laps not milk.

Eric. And here he comes!

Hen. The devil! you'll hold your tongue?

Eric. Why do you turn so pale?

Ilen.

'Tis nothing- but

Be silent.

Eric. I will, upon what you have said.

Hen. I assure you I meant nothing,—a mere sport Of words, no more; besides, had it been otherwise, He is to espouse the gentle Baroness Ida of Stralenheim, the late baron's herress; And she, no doubt, will soften whatsoever Of fierceness the late long intestine wars. Have given all natures, and most unto those. Who were born in them, and bred up upon. The knees of Homicide; sprinkled, as it were, With blood even at their baptism. Prithee, peace On all that I have said!

Enter Ulric and Rodolph.

Good morrow, count.

Ulr. Good morrow, worthy Henrick. Eric, is All ready for the chase?

Eric. The dogs are order'd Down to the forest, and the vassals out To beat the bushes, and the day looks promising. Shall I call forth your excellency's suite? What courser will you please to mount?

Ulr. The dun.

Walstein.

Eric. I fear he scarcely has recover'd The toils of Monday: 'twas a noble chase: You spear'd four with your own hand.

IIIr. True, good Eric;

I had forgotten—let it be the grey, then,

Old Ziska: he has not been out this fortnight.

Eric. He shall be straight caparison'd. How many Of your immediate retainers shall

Escort you?

Ulr. I leave that to Weilburgh, our Master of the horse.

Exit Edio

Rodolph!

Rod. Ulr.

My lord!

The news

Is awkward from the-

[RODOLPH points to HENRICK.

How now, Henrick? why

Loiter you here?

Hen. For your commands, my lord. Ulr. Go to my father, and present my duty, And learn if he would aught with me before I mount.

Exit HENRICE.

Rodolph, our friends have had a check Upon the frontiers of Franconia, and 'Tis rumour'd that the column sent against them Is to be strengthen'd. I must join them soon.

Rod. Best wait for further and more sure advices.

Ulr. I mean it—and indeed it could not well Have fallen out at a time more opposite To all my plans.

Rod. It will be difficult

To excuse your absence to the count your father.

Ulr. Yes, but the unsettled state of our domain In high Silesia will permit and cover My journey. In the mean time, when we are Engaged in the chase, draw off the eighty men Whom Wolffe leads—keep the forests on your route:

You know it well?

Rod. As well as on that night

When we-Ulr. We will not speak of that until We can repeat the same with like success: And when you have join'd, give Rosenberg this letter.

Gives a letter.

Add further, that I have sent this slight addition To our force with you and Wolffe, as herald of My coming, though I could but spare them ill At this time, as my father loves to keep Full numbers of retainers round the castle, Until this marriage, and its feasts and fooleries, Are rung out with its peal of nuptial nonsense.

Rod. I thought you loved the lady Ida?

Rod. I thought you loved the lady Ida? Ulr. Why,

I do so—but it follows not from that
I would bind in my youth and glonous years,
So brief and burning, with a lady's zone,
Although 'twere that of Venus:—but I love her,
As woman should be loved, fairly and solely.

Rod. And constantly?

Ulr. I think so; for I love

Nought else.—But I have not the time to pause Upon these gewgaws of the heart. Great things

We have to do ere long. Speed! speed! good Rodolph!

Rod. On my return, however, I shall find

The Baroness Ida lost in Countess Siegendorf?

Ulr. Perhaps my father wishes it; and sooth

'Tis no bad policy: this union with

The last bud of the rival branch at once

Unites the future and destroys the past.

Rod. Adicu.

Ulr. Yet hold—we had better keep together Until the chase begins; then draw thou off, And do as I have said.

Rod. 1 will. But to

Return—'twas a most kind act in the count Your father to send up to Konigsberg For this fair orphan of the baron, and To hail her as his daughter.

Ulr. Wondrous kind!

Especially as little kindness till Then grew between them.

Rod.

The late baron died

Of a fever, did he not?

· Ulc.

How should I know?

Rod. I have heard it whisper'd there was something strange

About his death—and even the place of it

Is scarcely known.

Ulr.

Some obscure village on

The Saxon or Silesian frontier.

Rod.

He

Has left no testament—no farewell words?

Ulr. I am neither confessor nor notary,

So cannot say.

Rod.

Ah! here's the lady Ida.

Enter IDA STRALENHEIM.

Ulr. You are early, my sweet cousin!

Ida.

Not too early,

Dear Ulric, if I do not interrupt you.

Why do you call me "cousin?"

Ulr. (smiling).

Are we not so?

Ida. Yes, but T do not like the name; methinks

It sounds so cold, as if you thought upon Our pedigree, and only weigh'd our blood.

Ulr. (starting).

Blood!

Ida. Why does yours start from your cheeks?

Ulr.

Ulr.

Ay! doth it?

Ida. It doth—but no! it rushes like a torrent

Even to your brow again.

Ulr. (recovering himself). And if it fled,

It only was because your presence sent it

Back to my heart, which beats for you, sweet cousin! *Ida.* "Cousin" again.

Iuu. Cousin a

Ulr. Nay, then, I'll call you sister.

Ida. I like that name still worse.—Would we had ne'er Been aught of kindred!

Ulr. (gloomily).

Would we never had!

Ida. Oh, heavens! and can you wish that?

Did I not echo your own wish?

Dearcst Ida!

Ida. Yes, Ulrıc,

But then I wish'd it not with such a glance, And scarce knew what I said; but let me be Sister, or cousin, what you will, so that

1 still to you am something.

Ulr. You shall be

All—all——

Ida. And you to me are so already; But I can wait.

Ulr. Dear Ida!

Ida. Call me Ida,

Your Ida, for I would be yours, none else's—
Indeed I have none else left, since my poor father—

[She pauses.

Ulr. You have mine—you have me.

Ida. Dear Ulric, how I wish

My father could but view my happmess,

Which wants but this!

Ulr. Indeed!

Ida. You would have loved him.

He you; for the brave ever love each other:

His manner was a little cold, his spirit Proud (as is birth's prerogative); but under

This grave exterior—Would you had known each other!

Had such as you been near him on his journey,

He had not died without a friend to soothe

His last and lonely moments.

Ulr. Who says that?

Ida. What?

Ulr. That he died alone.

Ida. The general rumour,

And disappearance of his servants, who

Have ne'er return'd: that fever was most deadly

Which swept them all away.

Ulr. If they were near him,

He could not die neglected or alone.

Ida. Alas! what is a menial to a death-bed, When the dim eye rolls vainly round for what It loves?—They say he died of a fever.

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IIIr.
                                          Say!
It was so.
            I sometimes dream otherwise.
   Ulr. All dreams are false.
   Ida.
                              And yet I see him as
I see you.
   IIIr.
              Where?
   Ida.
                       In sleep—I see him lie
Pale, bleeding, and a man with a raised kinfe
Beside hun.
   1772
              But you do not see his face?
   Ida (looking at him). No! Oh, my God! do you?
                                               Why do you ask?
  Ida. Because you look as if you saw a murderer!
   Ulr. (agitatedly). Ida, this is more childishness; your weak-
Infects me, to my shame: but as all feelings
Of yours are common to me, it affects me.
Prithee, sweet child, change-
   Ida.
                                 Child, indeed! I have
Full fifteen summers!
                                                    [A bugle sounds.
  Rod.
                       Hark, my lord, the bugle!
  Ida (peenishly to RODOLPH). Why need you tell him that?
       Can he not hear it
Without your echo?
  Rod.
                      Pardon me, fair baroness!
  Ida. I will not pardon you, unless you earn it
By aiding me in my dissuasion of
Count Ulric from the chase to-day.
   Rod.
                                      You will not.
Lady, need aid of mine.
   Ulr.
                          I must not now
Forego it.
  Tda.
            But you shall!
  Ulr.
                             Shall!
  Ida.
                                     Yes, or be
No true knight.—Come, dear Ulric! yield to me
In this, for this one day: the day looks heavy,
And you are turn'd so pale and ill.
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Ulr. You jest.

Ida. Indeed I do not:—ask of Rodolph.

Rod. Truly,

My lord, within this quarter of an hour You have changed more than e'er I saw you change In years.

Ulr. 'Tis nothing; but if 'twere, the air Would soon restore me. I'm the true cameleon, And live but on the atmosphere; your feasts In castle halls, and social banquets, nurse not My spirit—I'm a forester and breather Of the steep mountain-tops, where I love all The eagle loves.

Ida. Except his prey, I hope. Ulr. Sweet Ida, wish me a fair chase, and I

Will bring you six boars' heads for trophies home.

Ida. And will you not stay, then? You shall not go! Come! I will sing to you.

Ulr. Ida, you scarcely

Will make a soldier's wife.

Ida. I do not wish

To be so; for I trust these wars are over, And you will live in peace on your domains.

Enter WERNER as Count Siegendorf.

Ulr. My father, I salute you, and it grieves me With such brief greeting.—You have heard our bugle; The vassals wait.

Sieg. So let them.—You forget
To-morrow is the appointed festival
In Prague for peace restored. You are apt to follow
The chase with such an ardour as will scarce
Permit you to return to-day, or if
Return'd, too much fatigued to join to-morrow
The nobles in our marshall'd ranks.

Ulr. You, count, Will well supply the place of both—I am not

A lover of these pageantries.

Sieg. No. Ulric;

It were not well that you alone of all Our young nobility-

And far the noblest Ida.

In aspect and demeanour.

Sieg. (to IDA). True, dear child,

Though somewhat frankly said for a fair damsel.—

But, Ulric, recollect too our position,

So lately reinstated in our honours.

Believe me, 'twould be mark'd in any house,

But most in ours, that one should be found wanting

At such a time and place. Besides, the Heaven

Which gave us back our own, in the same moment

It spread its peace o'er all, hath double claims

On us for thanksgiving: first, for our country;

And next, that we are here to share its blessings. Ulr. (aside). Devout, too! Well, sir, I obey at once. (Then aloud to a servant.) Ludwig, dismiss the train without!

Exit Ludwig.

Ida.

And so

You yield at once to him what I for hours Might supplicate in vain.

Sieg. (smiling).

You are not jealous

Of me, I trust, my pretty rebel! who Would sanction disobedience against all

Except thyself? But fear not; thou shalt rule him

Hereafter with a fonder sway and firmer.

Ida. But I should like to govern now.

You shall,

Sieg. Your harp, which by the way awaits you with The countess in her chamber. She complains That you are a sad truant to your music:

She attends you.

Then good morrow, my kind kinsmen! Ida.Ulric, you'll come and hear me?

Ulr. By and by.

Ida. Be sure I'll sound it better than your bugles; Then pray you be as punctual to its notes: I'll play you King Gustavus' march.

 $U \ell r$. And why not

Old Tilly's?

Ida. Not that monster's! I should think My harp-strings rang with groans, and not with music, Could aught of his sound on it:—but come quickly; Your mother will be eager to receive you.

Exit IDA.

Sieg. Ulric, I wish to speak with you alone.

Ulr. My time's your vassal.—

(Aside to Rodolph, hence! and do

As I directed: and by his best speed

And readiest means let Rosenberg reply.

Rod. Count Siegendorf, command you aught? I am bound Upon a journey past the frontier.

Sieg. (starts).

Ah!--

Where? on what frontier?

Rod.

The Silesian, on

My way-(Aside to ULRIC.)-Where shall I say?

Ulr. (aside to Rodolph).

To Hamburgh.

(Aside to himself.) That Word will, I think, put a firm padlock on

His further inquisition.

Rod. Count, to Hamburgh.

Sieg. (agitated). Hamburgh! No, I have nought to do there, nor

Am aught connected with that city. Then God speed you!

Rod.

Fare ye well, Count Siegendorf!

Exit RODOLPH.

Sieg. Ulric, this man, who has just departed, is One of those strange companions whom I fain Would reason with you on.

Ulr. My lord, he is

Noble by birth, of one of the first houses In Saxony.

Sieg. I talk not of his birth,

But of his bearing. Men speak lightly of him.

Ulr. So they will do of most men. Even the monarch

Is not fenced from his chamberlain's slander, or The sneer of the last courtier whom he has made Great and ungrateful.

Sieg.

If I must be plain,

The world speaks more than lightly of this Rodolph: They say he is leagued with the "black bands" who still Ravage the frontier.

Ulr. And will you believe

The world?

Sieg. In this case—yes.

Ulr. In any case,

I thought you knew it better than to take

An accusation for a sentence.

Sieg. Son!

I understand you: you refer to—but My destiny has so involved about me Her spider web, that I can only flutter

Like the poor fly, but break it not. Take heed,

Ulric; you have seen to what the passions led me:

Twenty long years of misery and famine

Quench'd them not-twenty thousand more, perchance,

Hereafter (or even here in moments which

Might date for years, did Anguish make the dial)

May not obliterate or expiate

The madness and dishonour of an instant.

Ulric, be warn'd by a father !-- I was not

By mine, and you behold me!

Ulr. I behold

The prosperous and beloved Siegendorf, Lord of a prince's appanage, and honour'd

By those he rules and those he ranks with.

Siea.

Ah!

Why wilt thou call me prosperous, while I fear For thee? Beloved, when thou lovest me not! All hearts but one may beat in kindness for me—

But if my son's is cold!——

Ulr. Who dare say that?

Sieg. None else but I, who see it—feel it—keener Than would your adversary who dared say so, Your sabre in his heart! But mine survives The wound.

Ulr. You err. My nature is not given To outward fondling: how should it be so, After twelve years' divorcement from my parents?

Sieg: And did not I too pass those twelve torn years In a like absence? But 'tis vain to urge 'you—Nature was never call'd back by remonstrance. Let's change the theme. I wish you to consider That these young violent nobles of high name, But dark deeds (ay, the darkest, if all Rumour Reports be true), with whom thou consortest, Will lead thee—

Ulr. (impatiently). I'll be led by no man. Sieg.

Nor

Still

Be leader of such, I would hope: at once To wean thee from the perils of thy youth And haughty spirit, I have thought it well That thou shouldst wed the lady Ida—more As thou appear'st to love her.

Ulr. I have said

I will obey your orders, were they to Unite with Hecate—can a son say more?

Sieg. He says too much in saying this. It is not The nature of thine age, nor of thy blood, Nor of thy temperament, to talk so coolly, Or act so carelessly, in that which is The bloom or blight of all men's happiness, (For Glory's pillow is but restless, if Love lay not down his cheek there): some strong bias, Some master fiend is in thy service, to Misrule the mortal who believes him slave, And makes his every thought subservient; else Thou'dst say at once—"I love young lda, and Will wed her;" or, "I love her not, and all The powers of earth shall never make me."—So Would I have answer'd.

Ulr. Sir, you wed for love.

Sieg. I did, and it has been my only refuge In many miseries.

Ulr. Which miseries
Had never been but for this love-match.
Sieg.

Against your age and nature! Who at twenty E'er answer'd thus till now?

Ulr. Did you not warn me

Against your own example?

Sieg. Boyish sophist!

In a word, do you love, or love not, Ida?

Ulr. What matters it, if I am ready to

Obey you in espousing her?

Sieg. As far

As you feel, nothing, but all life for her. She's young—all-beautiful—adores you—is

Endow'd with qualities to give happiness, Such as rounds common life into a dream

Such as rounds common life into a dream Of something which your poets cannot paint,

And (if it were not wisdom to love virtue)

For which Philosophy might barter Wisdom;

And giving so much happiness, deserves

A little in return. I would not have her Break her heart for a man who has none to break!

Or wither on her stalk like some pale rose

Deserted by the bird she thought a nightingale,

According to the Orient tale. She is

Ulr. The daughter of dead Stralenheim, your foe: I'll wed her, re'ertheless; though, to say truth, Just now I am not violently transported

In favour of such unions.

Sieg. But she loves you.

Ulr. And I love her, and therefore would think twice.

Sieg. Alas! Love never did so.

Ulr. Then 'tis time

He should begin, and take the bandage from His eyes, and look before he leaps; till now He hath ta'en a jump i' the dark.

Sieg.

But you consent?

Ulr. I did, and do.

Sieg. Then fix the day.

Ulr. "Tis usual.

And certes courteous, to leave that to the lady.

Sieg. I will engage for her.

Ulr. So will not I

For any woman: and as what I fix,

I fain would see unshaken, when she gives

Her answer, I'll give mine.

Sieg.
To woo.

But 'tis your office

Ulr. Count, 'tis a marriage of your making,
So be it of your wooing; but to please you,
I will now pay my duty to my mother,
With whom, you know, the lady Ida is.—
What would you have? You have forbid my stirring
For manly sports beyond the castle walls,
And I obey; you bid me turn a chamberer,
To pick up gloves, and fans, and knitting-needles,
And list to songs and tunes, and watch for smiles,
And smile at pretty prattle, and look into
The eyes of feminine, as though they were
The stars receding early to our wish
Upon the dawn of a world-winning battle—
What can a son or man do more?

Led ULRIO.

Too much !— Sieg. (solus). Too much of duty, and too little love! He pays me in the coin he owes me not: For such hath been my wayward fate, I could not Fulfil a parent's duties by his side Till now; but love he owes me, for my thoughts Ne'er left him, nor my eyes long'd without tears To see my child again, and now I have found him! But how-obedient, but with coldness; duteous In my sight, but with carelessness; mysterious— Abstracted—distant—much given to long absence, And where—none know—in league with the most riotous Of our young nobles; though, to do him justice, He never stoops down to their vulgar pleasures; Yet there's some tie between them which I can not Unravel. They look up to him—consult him— Throng round him as a leader: but with me He hath no confidence! Ah! can I hope it After—what! doth my father's curse descend Even to my child? Or is the Hungarian near To shed more blood? or—Oh! if it should be! Spirit of Stralenheim, dost thou walk these walls To wither him and his-who, though they slew not, VOL. V.

Unlatch'd the door of death for thee? Twas not Our fault, nor is our sin: thou wert our foc, And yet I spared thee when my own destruction Slept with thee, to awake with thine awakening! And only took-Accursed gold! thou liest Like poison in my hands; I dare not use thee, Nor part from thee; thou camest in such a guise. Methinks thou wouldst contaminate all hands Yet I have done, to atone for thee, Lake mine. Thou villanous gold! and thy dead master's doom. Though he died not by me or mine, as much As if he were my brother! I have ta'en His erbhan Ida-cherish'd her as one Who will be mine.

Enter an ATTENDANT.

Atten. The abbot, if it please Your excellency, whom you sent for, waits Upon you.

Exit ATTENDANT.

Enter the PRIOR ALBERT.

Prior. Peace be with these walls, and all Within them!

Sieg. Welcome, welcome, holy father!

And may thy prayer be heard!—all men have need

Of such, and I——

Prior. Have the first claim to all The prayers of our community. Our convent, Erected by your ancestors, is still Protected by their children.

Sieg. Yes, good father; Continue daily orisons for us
In these dim days of hereses and blood,
Though the schismatic Swede, Gustavus, is
Gone home.

Prior. To the endless home of unbelievers, Where there is everlasting wail and woe, Gnashing of teeth, and tears of blood, and fire Eternal, and the worm which dieth not!

Sieg. True, father: and to avert those pangs from one, Who, though of our most faultless holy church, Yet died without its last and dearest oilices, Which smooth the soul through purgatorial pains, I have to offer humbly this donation In masses for his spirit.

[Siegendorf offers the gold which he had taken from Stralenheim.

Prior.

Count, if I

Receive it, 'tis because I know too well Refusal would offend you. Be assured The largess shall be only dealt in alms, And every mass no less sung for the dead.

Our house needs no donations, thanks to yours,
Which has of old endow'd it; but from you

Which has of old endow'd it; but from you And yours in all meet things 'tis fit we obey.

For whom shall mass be said?

Sieg. (faltering).

For-for-the dead.

Prior. His name?

Sieg. 'The from a soul, and not a name, I would avert perdition.

Prior.

I meant not

To pry into your secret. We will pray

For one unknown, the same as for the proudest.

Sieg. Secret! I have none: but, father, he who's gone Might have one; or, in short, he did bequeath—
No, not bequeath—but I bestow this sum

For pious purposes.

Prior.

A proper deed

In the behalf of our departed friends.

Sieg. But he who's gone was not my friend, but foe, The deadliest and the stanchest.

Prior.

Better still!

To employ our means to obtain heaven for the souls Of our dead enemies is worthy those

Who can forgive them living.

Sieg. But I did not Forgive this man. I loathed him to the last, As he did me. I do not love him now, But——

Prior. Best of all! for this is pure religion!

ACT IV.

You fain would rescue him you hate from hell-An evangelical compassion-with Your own gold too! Father, 'tis not my gold. Sica. Prior. Whose, then? You said it was no legacy. Siea. No matter whose-of this be sure, that he Who own'd it never more will need it, save In that which it may purchase from your altars: 'Tis yours, or theirs. Is there no blood upon it? Prior. Sieg. No; but there's worse than blood-eternal shame! *Prior.* Did he who own'd it die in his bed! Alas! Siea. He did. Prior. Son! you relapse into revenge, If you regict your enemy's bloodless death. Sieg. His death was fathomlessly deep in blood. *Prior.* You said he died in his bed, not battle. He Sieg. Died, I scarce know—but—he was stabb'd i' the dark, And now you have it-perish'd on his pillow By a cut-throat!—Ay!—you may look upon me! I am not the man. I'll meet your eye on that point, As I can one day God's. Prior. Nor did he die By means, or men, or instrument of yours? Sieg. No! by the God who sees and strikes! Prior. Nor know you Who slew him? I could only guess at one, And he to me a stranger, unconnected, As unemploy'd. Except by one day's knowledge. I never saw the man who was suspected. Prior. Then you are free from guilt. Sieg. (engerly). Oh! am I?—say! *Prior.* You have said so, and know best. Sieg. Father! I have spoken The truth, and nought but truth, if not the whole; Yet say I am not guilty! for the blood Of this man weighs on me, as if I shed it,

Though, by the Power who abhorreth human blood, I did not!—nay, once spared it, when I might And could—ay, perhaps, should (if our self-safety Be e'er excusable in such defences Against the attacks of over-potent foes):
But pray for him, for me, and all my house;
For, as I said, though I be innocent,
I know not why, a like remorse is on me,
As if he had fallen by me or mine. Pray for me,
Father! I have pray'd myself in vain.

Prior. 1 will.

Be comforted! You are innocent, and should Be calm as innocence.

Sieg. But calmness is not Always the attributive of innocence.

I feel it is not.

Prior. But it will be so,
When the mind gathers up its truth within it.
Remember the great festival to-morrow,
In which you rank amidst our chiefest nobles,
As well as your brave son; and smooth your aspect,
Nor in the general orison of thanks
For bloodshed stopt, let blood you shed not rise
A cloud upon your thoughts. This were to be
Too sensitive. Take comfort, and forget
Such things, and leave remorse unto the guilty.

ACT V.

Soene I.—A large and magnificent Gothic Hall in the Castle of Siegendorf, decorated with Trophies, Banners, and Arms of that Family.

Enter Arnheim and Meister, attendants of Count Siegendorf.

Arn. Be quick! the count will soon return: the ladies Already are at the portal. Have you sent The messengers in search of him he seeks for?

Meis. I have, in all directions, over Prague, As far as the man's dress and figure could By your description track him. The devil take These revels and processions! All the pleasure (If such there be) must fall to the spectators. I'm sure none doth to us who make the show.

Arn. Go to! my lady countess comes.

Mess.

I'd rather

Ride a day's hunting on an outworn jade, Than follow in the train of a great man, In these dull pageantries.

Arn. Within. Begone! and rail

[Excunt.

Enter the Countess Josephine Siegendorf and Ida Stralenheim.

Jos. Well, Heaven be praised! the show is over. Ida. How can you say so? Never have I dreamt Of aught so beautiful. The flowers, the boughs, The banners, and the nobles, and the knights, The gems, the robes, the plumes, the happy faces, The coursers, and the incense, and the sun Streaming through the stain'd windows, even the tombs, Which look'd so calm, and the celestial hymns, Which seem'd as if they rather came from heaven Than mounted there. The bursting organ's peal

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Rolling on high like an harmonious thunder: The white robes and the lifted eyes; the world At peace! and all at peace with one another! Oh, my sweet mother!

[Embracing JOSEPHINE.

Jos. My beloved child!

For such, I trust, thou shalt be shortly.

Oh! Ida.

I am so already. Feel how my heart beats! Jos. It does, my love; and never may it throb

With aught more bitter.

Ida. Never shall it do so!

How should it? What should make us grieve? 1 hate

To hear of sorrow: how can we be sad.

Who love each other so entirely? You.

The count, and Ulric, and your daughter Ida.

Jos. Poor child!

Ida.

Do you pity me?

 J_{os} . No: I but envy.

And that in sorrow, not in the world's sense

Of the universal vice, if one vice be More general than another.

Ida.

I'll not hear

A word against a world which still contains

You and my Ulric. Did you ever see

Aught like him? How he tower'd amongst them all!

How all eyes follow'd him! The flowers fell faster-

Rain'd from each lattice at his feet, methought,

Than before all the rest; and where he trod

I dare be sworn that they grow still, nor e'er Will wither.

Jos. You will spoil him, little flatterer,

If he should hear you.

Ida. But he never will.

I dare not say so much to him—I fear him.

Jos. Why so? he loves you well.

Ida. But I can never

Shape my thoughts of him into words to him:

Besides, he sometimes frightens me.

How so? Jos.

Ida. A cloud comes o'er his blue eyes suddenly, Yet he says nothing.

Jos. It is nothing: all men, Especially in these dark troublous times,

Have much to think of.

Ida. But I cannot think

Of aught save him.

Jos. Yet there are other men, In the world's eye, as goodly. There's, for instance, The young Count Waldorf, who scarce once withdrew His eyes from yours to-day.

Ida. I did not see him,
But Ulric. Did you not see at the moment
When all knelt, and I wept? and yet methought,
Through my fast tears, though they were thick and warm,
I saw him smiling on me.

Jos. I could not See aught save heaven, to which my eyes were raised,

Together with the people's.

Ida. I thought too

Of heaven, although I look'd on Ulric.

Jos. Come,

Let us retire! they will be here anon Expectant of the banquet. We will lay

Aside these nodding plumes and dragging trains.

Ida. And, above all, these stiff and heavy jewels, Which make my head and heart ache, as both throb Beneath their glitter o'er my brow and zone. Dear mother, I am with you.

Enter Count Siegendorf, in full dress, from the solemnity, and Ludwig.

Sieg. Is he not found?

Lud. Strict search is making every where; and if The man be in Prague, be sure he will be found.

Sieg. Where's Ulric?

Lud. He rode round the other way

With some young nobles; but he left them soon; And, if I err not, not a minute since I heard his excellency, with his train, Gallop o'er the west drawbridge.

Enter Ulric, splendidly dressed.

Sieg. (to Ludwig).

See they cease not

Their quest of him I have described.

Exit Lupwig.

Oh, Ulric!

How have I long'd for thee!

Ulr.

Your wish is granted—

Behold me!

Sieg. I have seen the murderer.

Ulr. Whom? Where?

C: ...

The Hungarian, who slew Stralenheim.

Ulr. You dream.

Sieg.

I live! and as I live, I saw him-

Heard hun! he dared to utter even my name.

Ulr. What name?

Sieg.

Werner! 'twas mine.

Ulr.

It must be so

No more: forget it.

Sieg.

Never! never! all

My destinies were woven in that name:

It will not be engraved upon my tomb,

But it may lead me there.

Ulr.

To the point—the Hungarian?

Sieg. Listen!—The church was throng'd: the hymn was raised;

"Te Deum" peal'd from nations rather than

From choirs, in one great cry of "God be praised"

For one day's peace, after thrice ten dread years,

Each bloodier than the former: I arose,

With all the nobles, and as I look'd down

Along the lines of lifted faces,-from

Our banner'd and escutcheon'd gallery, I

Saw, like a flash of lightning (for I saw

A moment and no more), what struck me sightless

To all else—the Hungarian's face! I grew

Sick; and when I recover'd from the mist

Which curl'd about my senses, and again

Look'd down, I saw him not. The thanksgiving

Was over, and we march'd back in procession.

Ulr. Continue.

When we reach'd the Muldau's bridge, Sieg. The joyous crowd above, the numberless Barks mann'd with revellers in their best garbs, Which shot along the glancing tide below, The decorated street, the long array, The clashing music, and the thundering Of far artillery, which seem'd to bid A long and loud farewell to its great doings, The standards o'er me, and the tramplings round, The roar of rushing thousands,—all—all could not Chase this man from my mind, although my senses No longer held him palpable. You saw him Ulr. No more, then? I look'd, as a dying soldier Sieg. Looks at a draught of water, for this man; But still I saw him not; but in his stead-*Ulr.* What in his stead? My eye for ever fell Upon your dancing crest; the loftiest, As on the loftiest and the lovelest head. It rose the highest of the stream of plumes, Which overflow'd the glittering streets of Prague. Ulr. What's this to the Hungarian? Sieg. Much; for I Had almost then forgot him in my son; When just as the artillery ceased, and paused The music, and the crowd embraced in lieu Of shouting, I heard in a deep, low voice, Distinct and keener far upon my car Than the late cannon's volume, this word—" Werner!" *Ulr.* Utter'd by— Sieg. HIM! I turn'd—and saw—and fell. Ulr. And wherefore? Were you seen? The officious care Of those around me dragg'd me from the spot, Seeing my faintness, ignorant of the cause: You, too, were too remote in the procession

(The old nobles being divided from their children)

To aid me.

Ulr. But I'll aid you now.

Sieg. In what?

Ulr. In searching for this man, or-When he's found,

What shall we do with him?

Sieg. I know not that.

Ulr. Then wherefore seek?

Sieg. Because I cannot rest

Till he is found. His fate, and Stralenheim's,

And ours, seem intertwisted! nor can be

Unravell'd, till-

Enter an ATTENDANT.

Atten. A stranger to wait on

Your excellency.

Sieg. Who?

Atten. He gave no name.

Sieg. Admit him, ne'ertheless.

[The Attendant introduces Gabor, and afterwards exit.

Ah!

Gab. "Tis then Werner!

Sieg. (haughtily). The same you knew, sir, by that name; and you!

Gab. (looking round). I recognise you both: father and son, It seems. Count, I have heard that you, or yours,

Have lately been in search of me: I am here.

Sieg. I have sought you, and have found you: you are charged (Your own heart may inform you why) with such

A crime as-

[He pauses.

Gab. Give it utterance, and then

I'll meet the consequences. Sieg.

You shall do so—

Unless-

Gab. First, who accuses me?

Sieg. All things,

If not all men: the universal rumour-

My own presence on the spot—the place—the time—

And every speck of circumstance unite

To fix the blot on you.

[ACT V. Gab. And on me only? Pause ere you answer: is no other name, Save mine, stain'd in this business? Trifling villain! Siea. Of all that breathe Who play'st with thine own guilt! Thou best dost know the innocence of him 'Gainst whom thy breath would blow thy bloody slander. But I will talk no further with a wretch, Further than justice asks. Answer at once, And without quibbling, to my charge. "Tis false! Gab. Sieg. Who says so? I. Gab. And how disprove it? Sieg. Gab. Bv The presence of the murderer. Sieg. Name him. Gab. He May have more names than one. Your lordship had so Once on a time. Sieg. If you mean me, I dare Your utmost. Gab.You may do so, and in safety; I know the assassin. Where is he? Siea.

Gab. (pointing to ULRIC). Beside you!

[ULRIC rushes forward to attack GABOR; SIEGENDORF interposes.

Sieg. Liar and fiend! but you shall not be slain; These walls are mine, and you are safe within them.

He turns to ULRIC.

Ulric, repel this calumny, as I Will do. I avow it is a growth so monstrous, ould not deem it earth-born: but be calm; will refute itself. But touch him not.

| Uluic endeavours to compose himself.

Gab. Look at him, count, and then hear me. Sieg. (first to GABOR, and then looking at ULRIC).

I hear thee.

My God! you look-

Ulr.

How?

Sieg.

As on that dread night,

When we met in the garden.

Ulr. (composing himself). It is nothing.

Gab. Count, you are bound to hear me. I came hither Not seeking you, but sought. When I knelt down Amidst the people in the church, I dream'd not To find the beggar'd Werner in the seat Of senators and princes; but you have call'd me, And we have met.

Sieg. Go on, sir.

Gab. Ere I do so,

Allow me to inquire, who profited By Stralenheim's death? Was't I—as poor as ever; And poorer by suspicion on my name! The baron lost in that last outrage neither Jewels nor gold; his life alone was sought,—A life which stood between the claims of others To honours and estates scarce less than princely.

Sieg. These hints, as vague as vain, attach no less To me than to my son.

Gab. I can't help that.

But let the consequence alight on him Who feels himself the guilty one amongst us. I speak to you, Count Siegendorf, because 1 know you innocent, and deem you just. But ere I can proceed—dare you protect me? Dare you command me?

[SIEGENDORF firsts looks at the Hungarian, and then at ULRIO, who has unbuckled his sabre, and is drawing lines with it on the floor—still in its sheath.

Ulr. (looks at his father, and says,) Let the man go on!
Gab. I am unarm'd, count—bid your son lay down
His sabre.

Ulr. (offers it to him contemptuously). Take it.

Gab.

No, sir, 'tis enough

That we are both unarm'd—I would not choose To wear a steel which may be stain'd with more Blood than came there in battle. Ulr. (casts the sabre from him in contempt). It—or some Such other weapon, in my hand—spared yours Once, when disarm'd and at my mercy.

Gab.

True—

I have not forgotten it: you spared me for Your own especial purpose—to sustain An ignominy not my own.

Ulr. Proceed. The tale is doubtless worthy the relater.

But is it of my father to hear further?

[To SIEGENDORF.

Sieg. (takes his son by the hand). My son, I know my own innocence, and doubt not

Of yours—but I have promised this man patience; Let him continue.

Gab. I will not detain you, By speaking of myself much: I began Life early—and am what the world has made me. At Frankfort on the Oder, where I pass'd A winter in obscurity, it was My chance at several places of resort (Which I frequented sometimes, but not often) To hear related a strange circumstance In February last. A martial force, Sent by the state, had, after strong resistance, Secured a band of desperate men, supposed Marauders from the hostile camp.—They proved, However, not to be so-but bandıtti, Whom either accident or enterprise Had carried from their usual haunt—the forests Which skirt Bohemia—even into Lusatia. Many amongst them were reported of High rank—and martial law slept for a time. At last they were escorted o'er the frontiers. And placed beneath the civil jurisdiction Of the free town of Frankfort. Of their fate I know no more.

Sieg. And what is this to Ulric?

Gab. Amongst them there was said to be one man.

Of wonderful endowments:—birth and fortune,

Youth, strength, and beauty, almost superhuman, And courage as unrivall'd, were proclaim'd His by the public rumour; and his sway, Not only over his associates, but His judges, was attributed to witchcraft, Such was his influence:—I have no great faith In any magic save that of the mine—
I therefore deem'd him wealthy.—But my soul Was roused with various feelings to seek out This produgy, if only to behold him.

Sieg. And did you so?

Gab. You'll hear. Chance favour'd me:

A popular affray in the public square
Drew crowds together—it was one of those
Occasions where men's souls look out of them,
And show them as they are—even in their faces:
The moment my eye met his, I exclaim'd,
"This is the man!" though he was then, as since,
With the nobles of the city. I felt sure
I had not err'd, and watch'd him long and nearly;
I noted down his form—his gesture—features,
Stature, and bearing—and amidst them all.
'Midst every natural and acquired distinction,
I could discern, methought, the assassin's eye
And gladator's heart.

Ulr. (smiling). The tale sounds well.

Gab. And may sound better.—He appear'd to me
One of those beings to whom Fortune bends,
As she doth to the daring—and on whom
The fates of others oft depend; besides,
An indescribable sensation drew me
Near to this may as if my point of fortune

Near to this man, as if my point of fortune Was to be fix'd by him.—There I was wrong.

Sieg. And may not be right now. Gab.

follow'd him,

Solicited his notice—and obtain'd it—
Though not his friendship:—it was his intention
To leave the city privately—we left it
Together—and together we arrived
In the poor town where Werner was conceal'd,

And Stralenheim was succour'd—Now we are on The verge—dare you hear further?

Sieg.

I must do so—

Or I have heard too much.

Gab. I saw in you

A man above his station—and if not
So high, as now I find you, in my then
Conceptions, 'twas that I had rarely seen
Men such as you appear'd in height of mind,
In the most high of worldly rank; you were
Poor, even to all save rags: I would have shared
My purse, though slender, with you—you refused it.

Sieg. Doth my refusal make a debt to you,

That thus you urge it?

Gab. Still you owe me something, Though not for that; and I owed you my safety, At least my seeming safety, when the slaves Of Stralenheim pursued me on the grounds That I had robb'd him.

Sieg. I conceal'd you—I,

Whom and whose house you arrigh, reviving viper!

Gab. 1 accuse no man—save in my defence.

You, count, have made yourself accuser—judge: Your hall's my court, your heart is my tribunal. Be just, and I'll be merciful!

Sieg.

You merciful?—

You! Base calumnator!

I. 'Twill rest

With me at last to be so. You conceal'd me—
In secret passages known to yourself,
You said, and to none else. At dead of night,
Weary with watching in the dark, and dubious
Of tracing back my way, I saw a glimmer,
Through distant crannies, of a twinkling light:
I follow'd it, and reach'd a door—a secret
Portal—which open'd to the chamber, where,
With cautious hand and slow, having first undone
As much as made a crevice of the fastening,
I look'd through and beheld a purple bed,
And on it Stralenheim!—

Sieg. Asleep! And yet

You slew him !-Wretch!

Gab. He was already slain,

And bleeding like a sacrifice. My own

Blood became ice.

Sieg. But he was all alone!
You saw none else? You did not see the—

[He pauses from agitation.

Guh.

No,

He, whom you dare not name, nor even I Scarce dare to recollect, was not then in The chamber.

Sieg. (to Ulric). Then, my boy! thou art guiltless still—Thou bad'st me say I was so once.—Oh! now Do thou as much.

Recede now, though it shake the very walls
Which frown above us. You remember,—or
If not, your son does,—that the locks were changed
Beneath his chief inspection on the morn
Which led to this same night: how he had enter'd
He best knows—but within an antechamber,
The door of which was half ajar, I saw
A man who wash'd his bloody hands, and oft
With stern and anxious glance gazed back upon
The bleeding body—but it moved no more.

Siey. Oh! God of fathers!

Gab. I beheld his features

As I see yours—but yours they were not, though Resembling them—behold them in Count Ulric's! Distinct as I beheld them, though the expression Is not now what it then was!—but it was so When I first charged him with the crime—so lately.

Sieg. This is so——

Gab. (interrupting him). Nay—but hear me to the end I Now you must do so.—I conceived myself Betray'd by you and him (for now I saw There was some tie between you) into this Pretended den of refuge, to become

VOL. V.

The victim of your guilt; and my first thought
Was vengeance: but though arm'd with a short poniard
(Having left my sword without), I was no match
For him at any time, as had been proved
That morning—either m address or force.
I turn'd and fled—i' the dark: chance rather than
Skill made me gain the secret door of the hall,
And thence the chamber where you slept: if I
Had found you waking, Heaven alone can tell
What vengeance and suspicion might have prompted;
But ne'er slept guilt as Werner slept that night.

Sieg. And yet I had horrid dreams I and such brief slee.

Sieg. And yet I had horrid dreams! and such brief sleep, The stars had not gone down when I awoke.

Why didst thou spare me? I dreamt of my father—
And now my dream is out!

Gab.

"Tis not my fault,
If I have read it.—Well! I fled and hid me—
Chance led me here after so many moons—
And show'd me Werner in Count Siegendorf!
Werner, whom I had sought in huts in vain,
Inhabited the palace of a sovereign!
You sought me and have found me—now you know
My secret, and may weigh its worth.

Siege (after a page)

Sieg. (after a pause).

Indeed!

Gab. Is it revenge or justice which inspires

Your meditation?

Sieg.

Neither-I was weighing

The value of your secret.

Gab. You shall know it

At once:—When you were poor, and I, though poor, Rich enough to relieve such poverty

As might have envied mine, I offer'd you

My purse—you would not share it:—I'll be franker

With you: you are wealthy, noble, trusted by

The imperial powers—you understand me?

Sieg.

Yes.

Gab. Not quite. You think me venal, and scarce true: Tis no less true, however, that my fortunes Have made me both at present. You shall aid me: I would have aided you—and also have

Been somewhat damaged in my name to save

Yours and your son's. Weigh well what I have said.

Sieg. Dare you await the event of a few minutes'

Deliberation?

Gab. (casts his eyes on ULRIC, who is leaning against a pillar).

If I should do so?

Sieg. I pledge my life for yours. Withdraw into This tower.

[Opens a turret-door

Gab. (hesitatingly). This is the second safe asylum You have offer'd me.

Sieg. And was not the first so?

Gab. I know not that even now—but will approve

The second. I have still a further shield.—

 ${f I}$ did not enter Prague alone; and should ${f I}$

Be put to rest with Stralenheim, there are

Some tongues without will wag in my behalf.

Be brief in your decision !1

Sieg.

1 will be so.—

My word is sacred and irrevocable

Within these walls, but it extends no further.

Gab. I'll take it for so much.

Sieg. (points to ULRIC's subre, still upon the ground).

Take also that-

I saw you eye it eagerly, and him Distrustfully.

Gab. (takes up the sabre). I will; and so provide To sell my life—not cheaply.

[Gabor goes into the turret, which Siegendorf closes.

Sieg. (advances to ULRIC). Now, Count Ulric! For son I dare not call thee—What say'st thou?

Ulr. His tale is truc.

Sieg.

True, monster!

Ulr. Most true, father!

And you did well to listen to it: what

^{1 [&}quot;Gab. I have yet an additional security—I did not enter Piague a solitary individual; and there are tongues without that will speak for me, although I should even share the fate of Stralenheim Let your deliberation be short.—Sieg. My promise is solemn, sacred, irrevocable: it extends not, however, beyond these walls."—Lee.]

We know, we can provide against. He must Be silenced.

Sieg. Ay, with half of my domains, And with the other half, could he and thou Unsay this villany.

Ulr. It is no time
For trifling or dissembling. I have said
His story's true; and he too must be silenced.

Sieg. How so?

Ulr. As Stralenheim is. Are you so dull

As never to have hit on this before?

When we met in the garden, what except
Discovery in the act could make me know
His death? Or had the prince's household been
Then summon'd, would the cry for the police
Been left to such a stranger? Or should I
Have loiter'd on the way? Or could you, Werner,
The object of the baron's hate and fears,
Have fled, unless by many an hour before
Suspicion woke? I sought and fathom'd you,
Doubting if you were false or feeble: I
Perceived you were the latter: and yet so
Confiding have I found you, that I doubted
At times your weakness.

Steg Parricide! no less
Than common stabber! What deed of my life,
Or thought of mine, could make you deem me fit
For your accomplice?

Ulr. Father, do not raise
The devil you cannot lay between us. This
Is time for union and for action, not
For family disputes. While you were tortured,
Could I be calm? Think you that I have heard
This fellow's tale without some feeling?—You
Have taught me feeling for you and myself;
For whom or what else did you ever teach it?

Sieg. Oh! my dead father's curse! 'tis working now. Ulr. Let it work on! the grave will keep it down!

Ashes are feeble foes: it is more easy To baffle such, than countermine a mole,

Which winds its blind but living path beneath you. Yet hear me still!—If you condemn me, yet Remember who hath taught me once too often To listen to him! Who proclaim'd to me That there were crimes made venial by the occasion? That passion was our nature? that the goods Of Heaven waited on the goods of fortune? Who show'd me his humanity secured By his nerves only? Who deprived me of All power to vindicate myself and race In open day? By his disgrace which stamp'd (It might be) bastardy on me, and on Hunself—a felon's brand! The man who is At once both warm and weak invites to deeds He longs to do, but dare not. Is it strange That I should act what you could think? We have done With right and wrong; and now must only ponder Upon effects, not causes. Stralenheim, Whose life I saved from impulse, as unknown, I would have saved a peasant's or a dog's, I slew Known as our foe—but not from vengeance. Was a rock in our way which I cut through, As doth the bolt, because it stood between us And our true destination—but not idly. As stranger I preserved him, and he owed me His life: when due, I but resumed the debt. He, you, and I stood o'er a gulf wherein I have plunged our enemy. You kindled first The torch—you show'd the path; now trace me that Of safety—or let me!

Sieg. I have done with life!

Ulr. Let us have done with that which canker's life—
Familiar feuds and vain recriminations
Of things which cannot be undone. We have
No more to learn or hide: I know no fear,
And have within these very walls men who
(Although you know them not) dare venture all things.
You stand high with the state; what passes here
Will not excite her too great curiosity:
Keep your own secret, keep a steady eye,

Stir not, and speak not;—leave the rest to me: We must have no third babblers thrust between us.

[Exit ULRIC,

Siey. (solns). Am I awake? are these my father's halls? And you—my son? My son! mine! who have ever Abhorr'd both mystery and blood, and yet Am plunged into the deepest hell of both! I must be speedy, or more will be shed—
The Hungarian's!—Ulric—he hath partisans, It seems: I might have guess'd as much. Oh fool! Wolves prowl in company. He hath the key (As I too) of the opposite door which leads Into the turret. Now then! or once more To be the father of fresh crimes, no less Than of the criminal! Ho! Gabor! Gabor!

[Exit into the turret, closing the door after him.

SCENE II.

The Interior of the Turret.

GABOR and SIEGENDORF.

Gab. Who calls?

Sieg. 1—Siegendorf! Take these and fly!

Lose not a moment!

[Tears off a diamond star and other jewels, and thrusts them into Gabon's hand.

Gab. What am I to do

With these?

Sieg. Whate'er you will: sell them, or hoard, And prosper; but delay not, or you are lost!

Gab. You pledged your honour for my safety!

Sieg. And

Must thus redcem it. Fly! I am not master, It seems, of my own castle—of my own Recainers—nay, even of these very walls, Or I would bid them fall and crush me! Fly! Or you will be slain by—

Gab. Is it even so?

Farewell, then! Recollect, however, Count,

You sought this fatal interview!

Sieg. I did :

Let it not be more fatal still!—Begone!

Gab. By the same path I enter'd?

Sieg. Yes; that's safe still;

But loiter not in Prague; -- you do not know

With whom you have to deal.

Gab. I know too well—

And knew it ere yourself, unhappy sire!

Farewell!

[Exit GABOR

Sieg. (solus and listening). He hath clear'd the staircase. Ah!

The door sound loud behind him! He is sale!

Safe !-Oh, my father's spirit !-I am faint--

[He leans down upon a stone seat, near the wall of the tower, in a drooping posture.

Enter Jeric with others armed, and with veapons drawn

Ulr. Despatch !-he's there!

Lud. The count, my lord!

Ulr. (recognising Siegendorf). You here, sir!

Sieg. Yes: if you want another victim, strike!

Ulr. (seeing him stript of his jewels). Where is the ruffian who hath plunder'd you?

Vassals, despatch in search of him! You see 'Twas as I said—the wretch hath stript my father Of jewels which might form a prince's heir-loom! Away! I'll follow you forthwith.

[Execut all bu! Siegendorf and Ulric.

What's this?

Where is the villain?

Sieg. There are two, sir: which

Are you in quest of?

Ulr. Let us hear no more

Of this: he must be found. You have not let him

Escape?

Sien. He's gone

With your connivance? Ulr.

Siea.

With

My fullest, freest aid.

Ulr.

Then fare you well!

[ULRIC is going.

Sieg. Stop! I command—entreat—implore! Oh, Ulric!

Will you then leave me?

What! remain to be IUr.

Denounced—dragg'd, it may be, in chains; and all By your inherent weakness, half-humanity,

Selfish remorse, and temporising pity,

That sacrifices your whole race to save

A wretch to profit by our rum! No, count,

Henceforth you have no son!

I never had one: Siea.

And would you ne'er had borne the useless name! Where will you go? I would not send you forth Without protection.

Ulr.

Leave that unto me.

I am not alone; nor merely the vam heir Of your domains; a thousand, ay, ten thousand Swords, hearts, and hands are mine.

Sieg.

The foresters!

With whom the Hungarian found you first at Frankfort!

Ulr. Yes—men—who are worthy of the name! Your senators that they look well to Prague; Their feast of peace was early for the times; There are more spirits abroad than have been laid With Wallenstein!

Enter JOSEPHINE and iDA.

Jos.My Siegendorf! What is't we hear? Thank Heav'n, I see you safe!

Sieg. Safe!

Ida. Yes, dear father!

Sieg. No, no; I have no children: never more Call me by that worst name of parent.

Jos.

What

Means my good lord !

Sieg.

That you have given birth

To a demon!

Ida. (taking Ulric's hand). Who shall dare say this of Ulric? Sieg. Ida, beware! there's blood upon that hand.

Ida. (stooping to kiss it). I'd kiss it off, though it were mine.

Siea.

It is so!

Ulr. Away! it is your father's!

[Exit ULRIC.

Ida.

Oh, great God!

And I have loved this man!

[IDA falls senseless-JOSEPHINE stands speechless with horror.

Sieg. The wretch hath slain

Them both!—My Josephine! we are now alone! Would we had ever been so!—All is over

For me!—Now open wide, my sire, thy grave;

Thy curse hath dug it deeper for thy son

In mine!—The race of Siegendorf is next?

DON JUAN.

"Difficile est propriè communa dicere."- HORICE

Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?—Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth, too!—Shakspeare, Twelfth Night, or What You Wall.

INTRODUCTION TO DON JUAN

"IF." said Lord Byron to Mr. Murray, "Beppo' pleases you, you shall have more in the same mood, for I know the Italian way of life, and as for the verse and the passions, I have them still in tolerable vigour". In the September of the year in which "Beppo" was published, he announced that, encouraged by its good success. he had composed 180 octaves, -afterwards increased to 222-of the first canto of a roem which was meant to be quietly facetious upon everything. He expressed a fear that it might prove too free for these decorous days, but said he would try the experiment anonymously, and hold his hand if it turned out ill. When the canto arrived in England it was shown, at his request, to Hobhouse, Moore, and others, who united in endeavouring to dissuade him from publishing it. In return he called them "a puritanical committee," protesting that he had asked their opinion of its literary merit, and not of what was due to the cant of the times, which he held in contempt. "If," he wrote, "they had told me the poetry was bad, I would have acquiesced; but they say the contrary, and then talk to me about morality—the first time I ever heard the word from anybody who was not a tascal that used it for a purpose. I maintain that it is the most moral of poems, but if people won't discover the moral, that is their fault, not mine." He formed, however, the temporary resolve to print only fifty copies for private distribution,—a step which would have set everybody craying and conversing, and must have been followed immediately by a public edition. It was therefore determined to do at once what would certainly have been done at last, and in July, 1819, the two first cantos came forth in London, but without the name of either author or publisher. The outery which ensued more than justified the forebodings of his friends. But with equal truth Lord Byron had predicted that "dulness was the sole annihilator in such cases, - that 'Don Juan' would only fail if it was stupid, and that if it was lively it would please." It came to pass accordingly that the work was not more condemned for its license than commended for its genius. The extraordinary combination of passionate poetry with wit and humour was universally allowed, and the piquant personality of his satirical sallies gave an additional The sarcasm showered upon the "Lake Poets," the portrait of Lady Byron under the name of "Donna Inez," and the keen ridicule with which he covered her for her part in their separation, were all heard with eager ears, and those who were loudest in their censure joined no less loudly in the laugh The Dedication to Southey, written, as the poet expressed it, in "good, simple, savage verse," and which Shelley said was a mixture of wormwood and verdigris. —having the bitterness of the one, and the poison of the other-was kept back after the decision to publish anonymously, for Lord Byron scrupled to attack the Laureate "under cloud of night," or the chivalrous Castlereagh when he was not in England to meet him. The sale of "Don Juan" was

far from being proportioned to the sensation it created. Twelve hundred conies out of fifteen hundred were sold in two months, which, for a work of Lord Byron's. was very "There has been," said the poet, "an eleventh commandment to moderate success. the women not to read it, and what is still more extraordinary they seem not to have broken it." Numbers, nevertheless, who forebore to buy were impatient to borrow it, and being shortly pirated, in the confidence that its pernicious tendency would deprive it of the protection of the law, a supply of cheap editions extended the circu-"You may try the copyright question," wrote Lord Byron to lation far and wide Mr Murray, "but you'll lose it; the cry is up, and the cant is up," and under this conviction the depredators were left in possession of their spoil, notwithstanding that the publisher paid 1525 pounds for the two first cantos alone. For what was objectionable in the poem Lord Byron could never offer a plausible defence. He affected to call the clamour "nonsensical piudery," but he must have been conscious how fallaciously, when such personal friends, and such men of the world, as Hobhouse and Moore were of the number of the prudes. He argued that works no better or worse were admitted among the classics of every language; but besides that they were the productions of a laxer age, it is part of the offence that by intermingling the beautiful with the vile, the admiration paid to the former prevents the latter from passing into oblivion. At another time he maintained that instead of "Don Juan" being a eulogy on vice, it was designed to drag the cloak from the secret sins of society, but then he details the worst offences of his hero with the levity of one who thought licentiousness a test, and virtue a name There is moral enough, no doubt, in the heartless profitgacy portrayed in the poem, but the reader, to profit by it, must contemplate, in the spirit of the weeping philosopher, what the author wrote in the temper of the philosopher who laughed.

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS.

On the publication of "Don Juan" the periodical press immediately teemed with the "judicia doctorum-necnon aliorum" In order to convey an adequate view of the nature and extent of the criticism it called forth, we have followed the example set us in the Pieface to the "Dunciad," where we read as follows:-" We shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the Learned concerning our Poet: various, indeed !-not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the Testimonies of such emment Wits as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read with our collection; but we shall likewise, with incredible labour, seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never, at the distance of a few months, appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou may'st not only receive the delectation of variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself." In like manner, therefore, let us now gratify our readers by selecting, in reference to "Don Juan," a few of the chief

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS.

beginning with the most courtly, and decorous of newspapers,

I. THE MORNING POST.

"If it is not—(and truth compels us to admit it is not)—the most moral production in the world, but more in the 'Beppo' style, yet is there nothing of the sort which Scandal with her hundred tongues whispered abroad, and Malignity joyfully behaved and repeated, contained in it. 'Tis simply a tale and righte merrie conceut, flighty, wild, extravagant—immoral too, it must be confessed; but no arrows are levelled at innocent bosoms, no sacred family peace invaded, and they must have, indeed, a strange self-consciousness, who can discover their own portrait in any part of it."—
'Julu, 1819.]

Even more complimentary, on this occasion, was the sober, matter-offact

II. MORNING HERALD.

"It is hardly safe or discreet to speak of 'Don Juan,' that truant offspring of Lord Byron's muse. It may be said, however, that, with all its sins, the comousness and flexibility of the English language were never before so triumphantly approved—that the same compass of talent—'the grave, the gay, the great, the small,' comic force, humour, metaphysics, and observation—boundless fancy and ethercal beauty, and curious knowledge, curiously applied, have never been blended with the same felicity in any other poem."

Next comes a harsher voice, from—probably Lees Giffard, Esq, LL.D.—at all events, from that staunch organ of high Toryism, the "St. James's Chronicle," now better known to London readers by its daily title of "The Standard."

III. ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

"Of indirect testimony, that the poem comes from the pen of Lord Byron, there is enough to enforce conviction. The same full command of our language, the same thorough knowledge of all that is evil in our nature, the condensed energy of sentiment, and the striking boldness of imagery—all the characteristics by which 'Childe Harold,' the 'Giaour,' and the 'Coisair,' are distinguished—shine with kindred splendour in 'Don Juan.' Would we had not to add another point of resemblance, in the utter absence of moral feeling, and the hostility to religion which betray themselves in almost every passage of the new poem! But 'Don Juan' is, alas! the most licentious poem which has for many years issued from the English press."

The fourth on our list is "The New Times," which never lived to be old, conducted by the worthy and learned Sir John Stoddart, LL.D., afterwards Chief Justice of Malta.

IV. NEW TIMES.

"The work is clever and pungent, sometimes reminding us of the earlier and more inspired day of the writer, but chiefly characterised by his latter style of scattered versification and accidental poetry. Lord Byron knows the additional vigour to be found in drawing from the life; and his portrature of the literary matron, who is, like Michael Cassio, a great arithmetician, some touches on the folly of female studies, and a lament over the henpecked husbands who are linked to 'ladies intellectual,' are obviously the results of domestic recollections."

Lord Burleigh himself never shook his head more sagely than

V. THE STATESMAN.

"This is a very large book, affecting many mysteries, but possessing very few; assuming much originality, though it hath it not. The author is wrong to pursue so eccentric a flight. It is too artificial; it is too much like the enterprise of Icarus; and his declination, or at any rate, that of his book, will be as rapid, if not as disastrous, as the fabled tumble of that ill-starred youth."

We pass to "The Literary Gazette," then edited by William Jerdan, who will be remembered for his seizure of Bellingham, the assassin of Perceval, and the establishment of the first Weekly Journal of Criticism in England.

VI. LITERARY GAZITTE.

"There is neither author's nor publisher's name to this book, and the large quarto title-page looks quite pure, with only seventeen words scattered over its suiface perhaps we cannot say that there is equal purity throughout; but there is not much of an opposite kind, to offend even fastidious criticism, or sour morality. Even when we blame the too great laxity of the poet, we cannot but feel a high admiration of his talent. Far superior to the libertine he paints, fancifulness and gaiety gild his worst errors, and no brute force is employed to overthrow innocence Never was English festooned into more luxuriant stanzas than in 'Don Juan' Like the dolphin sporting in its native waves, at every turn, however grote-que, displaying a new hue and a new beauty, the noble author has shown an absolute control over his means; and at every cadence, rhyme, or construction, however whimsical, delighted us with nove and magical associations The style and nature of this poem appear to us to be a singular mixture of burlesque and pathos, of humorous observation and the higher elements of poetical composition In ribaldry and drollery, the author is surpassed by many writers who have had their day and sunk into oblivion, but in highly wrought interest, and overwhelming passion, he is himself alone."

'The next weekly journalist to be quoted is Thomas Hill, Esq., the generous patron of Kirke White and Robert Bloomfield, and proprietor of

VII. THE CHAMPION.

"'Don Juan' is undoubtedly from the pen of Lord Byron, and the mystery in the publication seems to be nothing bu' a bookseller strick to exert currosity and enhance the sale; but although the book is infinitely more immoral than the publications against which the prosecutions of the Society for the Suppression of Vice are directed, we find nothing in it that could be likely to be regarded as actionable. Some, while they war against religion, pay homage to morality, and others, while they subvert all morals, cant about religion; Lord Byron displays at once all the force and energy of his faculties, all the powers of poetry, and the missiles of wit and ridicule, against whatever is respectable in either. Though, in those parts which affect to be critical, the wantonness of wit is sometimes more apparent than the sedateness of impartial judgment; and though the politics occasionally savour more of caustic misanthropy, than of that ardent patriotic enthusiasm which constitutes the charm of that subject—upon both these topics, on the whole, we find much more to commend than to censure."

Among the Monthly critics, we give the first place to the now defunct

VIII. MONTHLY REVIEW.

"'Don Juan' is a poem, which, if originality and variety be the surest test of genius, has certainly the highest title to it, and which, we think, would have puzzled Aristotle, with all his strength of poetics, to explain, have animated Longinus with some of its passages, have delighted Aristophanes, and have cloked Anacron with joy instead of with a grape. We might almost imagine that the ambition had seized the author to please and to displease the world at the same time. He has here exhibited that wonderful versatility of style and thought, which appears almost incompatible within the scope of a single subject; and the familiar and the sentimental, the vitty and the sublime, the sarcastic and the pathetic, the gloomy and the droll, are all

touched with so happy an art, and mingled together with such a power of union, yet such a discrimination of style, that a perusal of the poem appears more like a pleasing and judicious dream, than the sobel feeling of reality."

To which add another deceased miscellany-the

IX. LONDON MAGAZINE.

"Lord Byron's poem of 'Don Juan,' though a wonderful proof of the versatility of his powers, is avowedly licentious. It is a satire on decency, on fine feeling, on the rules of conduct necessary to the conservation of society, and on some of his own near connections. Vivacious allusions to ceitain practical irregularities are things which it is to be supposed innocence is strong enough to resist, but the quick alternation of pathos and profunences,—of serious and moving sentiment and indecent ribaldry,—of afflicting, soul-rending pictures of human distress, rendered keen by the most pure and hallowed sympathies of the human breast, and absolute juering of human nature, and general mockery of creation, destiny, and heaven itself—this is a sort of violence, the effect of which is either to sear or to discust the mind of the reader, and which cannot be fairly characterised but as an insult and outrage."

A third publication which has passed away, was named the

X. BRITISH MAGAZINE.

"Byron, after having achieved a rapid and glorious tame has, by the publication of this poem, not only disgusted every well-regulated mind, and afflicted all who respected him for his extraordinary talents, but has degraded his personal character lower even than his enemies (of whom he has many) could have wished to see it reduced. So gratuitous, so melancholy, so despicable a pro-titution of genius, was never, perhaps, before witnessed. We wish we were the poet's next of king it should go hard but that a writ de l'unatico inquirendo should issue"

Another departed sage was called the

XI. LDINBURGH MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

"This is by far the most offensive of all Lord Byron's performances. We have here, for the first time in the history of our literature, a great work, of which the very basis is infidelity and licentiousness, and the most obtrusive ornaments are impure imaginations and blasphemous sincers. The work cannot perish; for it has in it, full and overflowing, the elements of intellectual vigour, and bears upon it the stamp of surpassing power. The poet is, indeed, 'damned to everlasting fame.'"

A dissenting publication, which still survives with diminished influence, has for its title the

XII. ECLECTIC REVIEW.

"We have had enough of that with which Lord Byron's poetry is replete—himself. The necessary progress of character, as developed in his last reputed production, has conducted him to a point at which it is no longer safe to follow him even in thought, for fear we should be beguiled of any portion of the detestation due to this bold outrage. Poetry which it is impossible not to read without admiration, yet which it is equally impossible to admire without losing some degree of self-respect, can be safely dealt with only in one way, —by passing it over in silence.

"He writes like a man who has that clear perception of the truth of things which

is the result of a guilty knowledge of good and evil; and who, by the light of that knowledge, has deliberately preferred the evil, with a proud malignity of purpose, which would seem to leave little for the last consummating change to accomplish. When he calculates that the reader is on the verge of litying him, he takes care to throw him back the defiance of laughter, as if to let him know that all the Poet's pathos is but the sentimentalism of the drunkard between his cups, or the relenting softness of the courtesan, who the next moment resumes the bad boldness of her degraded character. With such a man who would wish to laugh or to weep? And yet, who that reads him can refrain alternately from either?"

Again we come to a now silent oracle,

MILL THE BRITISH CRITIC.

"A satire was announced, in terms so happily mysterious, to set the town on the tiptoe of expectation. A thousand low and portentous murmurs preceded its birth At one time it was declared to be so intolerably severe, that an alarming increase was to be apprehended in the catalogue of our national suicides, at another, it was stated to be of a complexion so blasphemous, as even in these days of liberality, to endanger the personal security of the bookseller. After all this portentous parturition, out creeps 'Don Juan,'-and, doubtless much to the general disappointment of the town, as innocent of satire as any other Don in the Spanish dominions. Of the four hundred and odd stanzas which the two Cantos contain, not a tittle could, even in the utmost latitude of interpretation, be dignified by the name of poetry. It has not wit enough to be comic; it has not spirit enough to be lyin, nor is it didactic of anything but mischief. The versification and morality are about upon a par, as far, therefore, as we are enabled to give it any character at all, we should pronounce it a narrative of degrading debauchery in doggrel rhyme. The style which the noble lord has adopted is tedious and wearisome to a most insufferable degree. In the present thick and heavy quarto, containing upwards of four hundred doggrel stanzas, there are not a dozen places that, even in the incrinest mood, could raise a sin le'

The Editor criticised himself more justly than he did "Don Juan," and acknowledged that in not comprehending Lord Byron's wit he might perhaps "be a very dull dog;" but a duller dog still was the writer of the famous article in the no-otherwise-famous work (defunct of course), styled "The British Review," or, in the phrase of "Don Juan"—

XIV MY GRANDMOTHER'S REVIEW, THE BRITISH.'

"This poem is sold in the shops as the work of Lord Byron, but the name of neither author nor bookseller is on the title-page—we are, therefore, at liberty to suppose it not to be Lord Byron's composition; and this scepticism has something to justify it, in the instance which has lately occurred of the name of that nobleman having been borrowed for a tale of disgusting horror, published under the title of 'The Vampire' But the strongest argument against the supposition of its being the performance of Lord Byron is this;—that it can hardly be possible for an English nobleman, even in his mirth, to send forth to the public the direct and palpable falsehood contained in the 209th and 210th stanzas of the First Canto—

For fear some pludish readers should grow skittish, I've bribed my grandmother's review—the British.

I sent it in a letter to the editor,
Who thank'd me duly by return of post—
I'm for a handsome article his creditor;
Yet, if my gentle Musc he please to 10ast,

And break a promise after having made it her, Denying the receipt of what it cost, And smear his page with gall instead of honey, All I can say is—that he had the money.

No misdemeanour—not even that of sending into the world obscene and blasphemous poetry, the product of studious lewdness and laboured impicty—appears to us in so detestable a light as the acceptance of a present by an editor of a Review, as the condition of praising an author; and yet the miserable man (for miserable he is, as having a soul of which he cannot get rid), who has given birth to this postilent poem, has not scrupled to lay this to the charge of the 'British Review:' and that, not by insinuation, but has actually stated himself to have sent money in a letter to the Editor of this Journal, who acknowledged the receipt of the same by a letter in return, with thanks. No Peer of the British realm can surely be capable of so caluminous a falsehood, refuted, we trust, by the very character and spirit of the journal so defained. We are compelled, therefore, to conclude that this poem cannot be Lord Byron's production and we, of course, expect that Lord Byron will, with all gentlemanly haste, disclaim a work imputed to him, containing a calumny so wholly the product of malignant invention.

"If somebody personating the Editor of the British Review has received money from Lord Byron, or from any other person, by way of bribe to praise his compositions, the fraud might be traced by the production of the letter which the author states himself to have received in return. Surely, then, if the author of this poem has any such letter, he will produce it for this purpose. But lest it should be said that we have not in positive terms denied the charge, we do utterly deny that there is one would of truth, or the semblance of truth, as far as regard this Review or its Editor, in the assertions made in the stanzas above referred to. We really feel a sense of degradation,

as the idea of this odious imputation passes through our mind.

"We have heard that the author of the poem under consideration, designed what he has said in the 35th stanza as a sketch of his own character —

'Yet José was an honourable man That I must say, who knew him very well.'

If, then, he is this honourable man, we shall not call in vain for an act of justice at his hands, in declaring that he did not mean his word to be taken, when, for the sake of a jest, (our readers will judge how far such a mode of jesting is detensible,) he stated, with the particularity which belongs to fact, the forgery of a groundless fiction."—
[No xviii. 1819.]

This most solemn reply of the Editor of the "British Review" (Mr. Roberts) to a most transparent jest, called forth from Lord Byron the humorous "Letter to the Editor of My Grandmother's Review." The next authority drew from the Poet a graver comment, entitled "Remarks upon an article in Blackwood's Magazine."

XV. BLACKWOOD.

"In the composition of this work, there is unquestionably a more thorough and intense infusion of genius and vice—power and profligacy—than in any poem which had ever before been written in the English, or, indeed, in any other modern language. Had the wickedness been less inextricably mingled with the beauty, and the grace, and the strength of a most minimitable and incomprehensible muse, our task would have been easy. 'Don Juan' is by far the most admirable specimen of the mixture of ease, strength, gaiety, and seriousness extant in the whole body of English poetry: the nuthor has devoted his powers to the worst of purposes and passions, and it increases his guilt and our sorrow, that he has devoted them entire.

"The moral strain of the whole poem is pitched in the lowest key. Love—honour—

patriotism—religion, are mentioned only as to be scoffed at, as if their sole resting-place were, or ought to be, in the bosoms of fools. It appears, in short, as it this miserable man, having exhausted every species of sensual gratification—having drained the cup of sin even to the bitterest dregs-were resolved to show us that he is no longer a human being, even in his finilties; but a cool unconcerned fiend, laughing with a detestable glee over the whole of the better and worst elements of which human life is composed treating well-nigh with equal derision the most pure of virtues, and the most odious of vices—dead alike to the beauty of the one, and the deformity of the other—a mere heartless despiser of that frail but noble humanity, whose type was never exhibited in a shape of more deplorable degradation than in his own contemptuously distinct delineation of himself. To confess to his Maker, and weep over in secret agonies, the wildest and most fantastic transgressions of heart and mind, is the part of a conscious summer, in whom sin has not become the sole principle of lite and action. But, to lay bare to the eye of man-and of woman-all the hidden convulsions of a wicked spirit-and to do all this without one symptom of contrition, remorse, or hesitation, with a calm, careless ferociousness of contented and satisfied depravity -this was an insult which no man of genius had ever before dared to put apon his Creator or his species. Improvely railing against his God-madly and meanly disloyal to his sovereign and his country-and brutally outraging all the best feelings of female honour, affection, and confidence, -how small a part of chivalry is that which remains to the descendint of the Byrons—a gloomy vizor, and a deadly weapon!

"Those who are acquainted (as who is not?) with the main incidents in the private life of Lord Byron, and who have not seen this production, will scurcely believe that malignity should have carried him so far, as to make him commence a filthy and implous poem, with an elaborate satire on the character and manners of his wife—from whom, even by his own confession, he has been separated only in consequence of his own cruel and heartless misconduct. It is in vain for Lord Byion to attempt in any way to justify his own behaviour in that affair; and, now that he has so openly and audaciously invited inquiry and reproach, we do not see any good reason why he should not be plainly told so by the general voice of his countrymen. It would not be an easy matter to persuade any Man, who has any knowledge of the nature of Woman, that a female such as Lord Byron has himself described his wife to be, would rashly, or hastily, or lightly separate heiself from the love with which she had once been inspired for such a man as he is, or was Had he not heaped insult upon insult, and scorn upon scorn-had he not forced the non of his contempt into her very soul-there is no woman of delicacy and virtue, as he admitted Lady Byron to be, who would not have hoped all things, and suffered all things, from one, her love of whom must have been invoven with so many exalting elements of delicious pride, and more delicious To offend the love of such a woman was wrong-but it might be forgiven; to desert her was unmanly—but he might have returned, and wiped for ever from her eves the tears of her desertion .- but to injure, and to desert, and then to turn back and wound her widowed privacy with unhallowed strains of cold-blooded mockerywas brutally, fiendishly, mexpiably mean. For impurities there might be some possibility of pardon, were they supposed to spring only from the wreckless buoyancy of young blood and fiery passions;—for implety there might at least be pity, were it visible that the misery of the impious soul equalled its darkness, - but for offences such as this, which cannot proceed either from the madness of sudden impulse, or the bewildered agonies of doubt-but which speak the wilful and determined spite of an unrepenting, unsoftened, smiling, sarcastic, joyous sinner—there can be neither pity nor pardon. Our knowledge that it is committed by one of the most powerful intellects our island ever has produced, lends intensity a thousand-fold to the bitterness of our indignation. Every high thought that was ever kindled in our breasts by the muse of Byron—every pure and lofty feeling that ever responded from within us to the sweep of his majestic inspirations—every remembered moment of admiration and enthusiasm, is up in arms against him. We look back with a mixture of wrath and scorn to the delight with which we suffered ourselves to be filled by one who, all the while he was furnishing us with delight, must, we cannot doubt it, have been mocking us with a cruel mockery-less cruel only, because less peculiar, than that with which he has now

turned him from the lurking-place of his selfish and polluted exile, to pour the pitiful chalice of his contumely on the surrendered devotion of a virgin bosom, and the holy hopes of the mother of his child. It is indeed a sad, and a humiliating thing to know, that in the same year there proceeded from the same pen two productions, in all things so different, as the Fourth Canto of 'Childe Harold' and this loathsome 'Don Juan'

"We have mentioned one, and, all will admit, the worst instance of the private malignity which has been embodied in so many passages of 'Don Juan;' and we are quite sure the lofty-minded and viituous min whom Lord Byron has debased hinself by insulting, will close the volume which contains their own injuries with no feelings save those of pity for Him that has inflicted them, and for Her who partakes so largely in the same injuries "—[Aug 1819.]

The previous "Testimonies" refer to the earlier—most of them to the first two—Cantos of "Don Juan." We now pass to critical observations on the Poem as a whole, and begin with the wholesome admonition addressed to Lord Byron by the late Lord Jeffrey in the seventy-second number of the "Edinburgh Review:"—

XVI. JEFFREY.

"Lord Byron complains bitterly of the detr. ction by which he has been assailed and intimates that his works have been received by the public with far less condulity and favour than he was entitled to expect. We are constrained to say that this appears to us a very extraordinary mistake. In the whole course of our experience, we cannot recollect a single author who has had so little reason to complain of his reception—to whose genius the public has been so early and so constantly just—to whose faults they have been so long and so signally indulgent. From the very first he must have been aware that he offended the principles and shocked the prejudices of the majority, by his sentiments, as much as he delighted them by his talents. Yet there never was an author so universally and warmly applauded, so gently admonished—so kindly entreated to look more heedfully to his opinions. He took the praise, as usual, and rejected the advice. As he grew in fame and authority, he aggravated all his offences—clung more fondly to all he had been reproached with—and only took leave of 'Childe Harold' to ally himself to 'Don Juan' 'That he has since been talked of, in public and in private, with less unmingled admiration—that his name is now mentioned as often for censure as for praise -and that the exultation with which his countrymen once hailed the greatest of our living poets, is now alloyed by the recollection of the tendency of his writings—is matter of notoriety to all the world, but matter of surprise, we should imagine, to nobody but Lord Byron himself.

That the base and the bigoted—those whom he has darkened by his glory, spited by his talents, or mortified by his neglect—have taken advantage of the prevailing disaffection, to vent their puny malice in silly nicknames and vulgar scurrility, instituted in the dissatisfaction is not confined to them,—and, indeed, that they would never have had the courage to assail one so immeasurably their superior, if he had not at once made himself vulnerable by his errors, and alienated his natural defenders by his obstitute adherence to them. We are not bigots, nor rival poets. We have not been detractors from Lord Byron's fame, nor the friends of his detractors, and we tell him—far more in sorrow than in anger—that we verily believe the great body of the English nation—the religious, the moral, and the candid part of it—consider the tendency of his writings to be immoral and permicious—and look upon his perseverance in that strain of composition with regret and reprehension.

"He has no priest like cant or priest-like reviling to apprehend from us. We do not charge him with being either a disciple or an apostle of Satan; nor do we describe his poetry as a mere compound of blasphemy and obscenity. On the contrary,

we are inclined to believe that he wishes well to the happiness of mankind; and are glid to testify that his poems abound with sentiments of great dignity and tendencess, as well as passages of infinite sublimity and beauty. But their general tendency we believe to be in the highest degree permicious, and we even think that it is chiefly by means of the fine and lofty sentiments they contain, that they acquire their most fatal power of corruption. This may sound at first, perhaps, like a paradox but we are mistaken if we shall not make it intelligible enough in the end.

"We think there are indecencies and indelicacies, seductive descriptions and profligate representations, which are extremely reprehensible, and also audacious speculations, and erroneous and uncharitable assertions, equally indefenable. But if these had stood alone, and if the whole body of his works had been made up of gaudy ribaldry and flashy scepticism, the mischief, we think, would have been much less than 11 is. He is not more obscene, perhaps, than Dividen or Prior, and other classical and pardoned writers, nor is there any passage in the history even of 'Don Juan' so degrading as Tom Jones's affair with Lady Bellaston. It is, no doubt, a wretched apology for the indecencies of a man of genius, that equal indecencies have been forgiven to his predecessors but the precedent of lemity might have been followed: and we might have passed both the levity and the voluptuousness-the dangerous warmth of his iomantic's tuations, and the scandal of his cold-blooded dissipation not have been so easy to get over his dogmatic scepticism—his haid-hearted maxims of misanthropy- his cold-blooded and eager expositions of the non-existence of virtue Even this, however, might have been comparatively harmless, if it had not been accompanied by that which may look, at first sight, as a palliation—the frequent presentment of the most touching pictures of tenderness, generouty, and faith.

"The charge we bring against Lord Byron in short is, that his writings have a tendency to destroy all behef in the reality of virtue—and to make all outhussasm and constancy of affection ridiculous, and that this is effected, not merely by direct maxims and examples, of an imposing or seducing kind, but by the constant exhibition of the most profligate heartlessness in the persons of those whill had been transiently represented as actuated by the purest and most exalted emotions—and in the lessons of that very teacher who had been, but a moment before, so beautifully pathetic in the expression of the loftiest conceptions.

"Thus is the charge which we bring against Lord Byron. We say that, under some strange misapprehension as to the truth, and the duty of proclaming it, he has exerted all the powers of his powerful mind to convince his readers, both directly and indirectly, that all ennobling pursuits, and disinterested virtues, are mere deceits or illusions—hollow and despreable mockeries for the most part, and, at best, but laborious follies. Love, patriotism, valour, devotion, constancy, ambition-all are to be laughed at, disbeheved in, and despised !—and nothing is really good, so far as we can gathen, but a succession of dangers to stir the blood, and of banquets and intrigues to soothe it again! If this doctrine stood alone with its examples, it would revolt, we believe, more than it would seduce —but the author of it has the unlucky gift of personating all those sweet and lofty illusions, and that with such grace and force and truth to nature, that it is impossible not to suppose, for the time, that he is among the most devoted of their votances—till he can to off the character with a jerk—and, the moment after he has moved and exalted us to the very height of our conception, resumes his mockety at all things serious or sublime—and lets us down at once on some coarse joke, hard-hearted sarcasm, or herce and relentless personality—as if on purpose to show—'Whoe'er was chited, himself was not'—or to demonstrate practically as it were, and by example, how possible it is to have all fine and noble feelings, or their appearance, for a moment, and yet retain no particle of respect for them-or of belief in their intrinsic worth or permanent reality."

An author well known for his "Biographical Dictionary," and styled ignominiously by Lord Byron "Old Grobius," delivers his judgment as follows.—

XVII. WATKINS.

"Lord Byron is the very Comus of poetry, who, by the bewitching airiness of his numbers, aims to turn the whole moral world into a herd of monsters. It must, however, be allowed that in this tale, he has not acted the wily part of concealing the poison under the appearance of virtue, on the contrary, he makes a frank confession of his principles, and glories in vice with the unblushing temerity of a rampant satyr who acknowledges no rule but appetite. The mischief of the work is rendered doubly so by the attractive garcty of the language, the luxurance of the imagery, and the humorous digressions with which the story is embellished and chequered."

An authority better worth hearing is the ingenious, but eccentric and paradoxical, author of "The Spirit of the Age:"—

AVIII. MR. WILLIAM HAZLITI.

""Don Juan' has, indeed, great power, but its power is owing to the force of the scrious writing, and to the oddity of the contrast between that and the flashy passages with which it is interlaided. From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step. You laugh and are surprised that any one should turn round and travestie himself the drollery is in the utter discontinuity of ideas and feelings. The noble loid is almost the only writer who has prostituted his talents in this way. He hallows in order to descenate; takes a pleasure in deficing the images of beauty his hands have wrought; and raises our hopes and our belief in goodness to heaven, only to dash them to the earth again, and break them in pieces the more effectually from the very height they have fallen. Our enthusiasin for genius or virtue is thus turned into a jest by the very person who has kindled it, and who thus fatally quenches the sparks of both. It is not that Lord Byron is sometimes scrious and sometimes trifling, sometimes profligate and sometimes moral,—but when he is most scrious and most moral, he is only preparing to mortify the unsuspecting reader by putting a pitiful hoax upon limit."

We now introduce a gentler judge, the amiable and humane Sn Samuel Egerton Brydges, Bart, a poet as well as a critic on poetry

XIX. BRYDGES.

"'Don Juan' is, no doubt, very licentious in parts, which renders it dangerous to praise it very much, and makes it improper for those who have not a cool and correct judgment, and cannot separate the objectionable parts from the numerous beautiful passages intermixed. But nowhere is the poet's mind more elastic, free, and vigorous, and his knowledge of human nature more surprising. It has all sorts of faults, many of which cannot be defended, and some of which are disgusting, but it has, also, almost every sort of poetical ment, there are in it some of the finest passages which Lord Byron ever wrote, there is amazing knowledge of human nature in it, there is exquisite humour; there is freedom, and bound, and vigour of nariative, imagery, sentiment, and style, which are admirable; there is a vast fertility of deep, extensive, and original thought, and, at the same time, there is the profusion of a prompt and most richly-stored memory. The invention is lively and poetical; the descriptions are brilliant and glowing, yet, not overwrought, but fresh from nature, and faithful to her colours; and the prevalent character of the whole (bating too many dark spots) not dispiriting, though gloomy; not misanthropic, though bitter; and not repulsive to the visions of poetical enthusiasm, though indignant and resentful. I know not how to wish he had never written this poem, in spite of all its faults and intermingled muschief! There are parts of it which are among the most brilliant proofs of his genius, and, what is even better, there are parts which throw a blaze of light upon the knowledge of human life "

Our next paragraph is from "Remarks on the Tendencies of 'Don Juan,'" (1822,) by the author of "Lacon; or, Many Things in Few Words," wickedly miscalled by Lord Byron, "Few Things in Many Words."

XX. REV. CALEB COLTON.

"The muse of Byron has mixed her poison with the hand of an adept; it is proffered in a goblet of crystal and of gold, it will please the palate, remain on the stomach, and circulate through the veins We live in an age when orators are tiving how much treason they may talk without being hanged, poets how much nonsense they may write without being neglected, and libertines how much licentiousness they may venture upon without being execrated and despised. We consider 'Don Juan' to be a bold experiment, made by a daring and determined hand, on the moral patience of the public. It is most melancholy to reflect that a man of Lord Byron's stupendous powers should lend himself to such unworthy purposes as these, led thereto by the grovelling gratification of dazzling the fool, or encouraging the knave; of supporting the weakest sophistry by the strongest genrus, and the darkest wickedness by the brightest wit. He applies, alas! the beams of his mighty mind, not to comfort, but to censure us, and, like Nero, gives us nothing but a little harmony to console us for the conflagration he has caused. I shall sum up my opinion of 'Don Juan' in the words of Scaliger on a poem of Cardinal Bembus - 'Hoc poema vocare posses aut obscanissimam elegantram, aut elegantissimam obscunitatem."

The Rev. John Styles, D.D., whom Sidney Smith termed "a silly and sacred gentleman," and who was certainly a very dull and pompous preacher, published a sermon, which was sold by his pew-openers, entitled "Lord Byron's Works, viewed in connexion with Christianity and the Obligations of Social Life." Thus declaims the Doctor with stupifying statchness.—

XXI. STYLES.

"Be assured, my brethren, it is with sorrowful reluctance I feel myself called upon to denounce the greatest genius of the age as the greatest enemy of his species poem is one in which the author has put forth all the energy of his wonderful faculties; nor has he written anything more decisively and triumphantly expressive of the greatness of his genius. It is at once the glory and disgrace of our literature; and will remain to all ages a perpetual monument of the exalted genus and depray d heart of the writer It is devoted to the worst of purposes and passions; and flows on in one continual stream of pollution - Its great design seems to be, to shame the good out of their virtues, and to inspire the wicked with the pinde of depravity. If, for a moment, the author appears to forget himself, and to suffer his muse to breathe of purity and tenderness-it a touch of humanity, a faint gleam of goodness, awaken our sympathy, he turns upon us with a sneer of contempt, or laughs our sensibility to scorn. Indeed, throughout, we discover the heartless despiser of human nature; - a denaturalised being, who, having exhausted every species of sensual gratification, and drained the cup of sin to its bitterest diegs, is resolved to show that he is no longer human, even in his frailties, but a cool, unconcerned fiend, treating, well-nigh with equal derision, the most pure of virtues and the most odious of vices, dead alike to the beauty of the one and the deformity of the other, yet possessing a restless spirit of seduction, -debasing the nobler part of man, that he may more surely bring into action his baser appetites and passions. To accomplish this, he has lavished all the wiles of his wit, all the enchantments of his genius. In every page the poet is a libertine; and the most unexceptionable passages are mildewed with impurity. The cloven foot of the libidinous satyr is monstrously associated with the angel-wing of genius O, my brothien how I wish that the style of this discourse could be less accusatory and severe!"

The "Letter of Cato to Lord Byron" attracted considerable notice; and was ascribed, we believe erroneously, to the Rev. George Croly.

XXII. CATO.

"Whatever your principles, no page of any of your writings has contributed to the security of the adoinment of virtue. Have you not offended against decency? and repudated shame? Have you not represented almost every woman as a harlot? How your fame will stand with posterity, it would be idle to speculate upon. It is not improbable that something like the doubt which clossed the mind of the senate, whether they should prodounce their deceased emperor a tyrant or a god will perplex the judgment of succeeding generations as to the credit and character of your poetry. They will hardly know if they shall defly or descerate a gen us so majestic, degrading itself by subjects and sentiments so repulsive. He who brutabses every feeling that gives dignify to social, every principle that imparts comfort to domestic, life—he who represents all chastity as visionary, and all virtue as vile, is not entitled to be considered as a man—he is a living literary monster."

After much diligence we have failed to discover the full name of a writer who affixed to his criticism the initials W. C —

XXIII. W. C--.

"It is to 'Don Juan,' the last of Lord Byron's productions, that he will owe his immortality. It is his only work which excels by its allurement and delight, by its power of attracting and detailing attention. The wild and daring sallies of sentiment with which it abounds, the miegular and eccentric violence of wit which pervades every cuito, excite at once astomishment and enthusiasm. Indeed, if we except the sixteen satures of Juvenal, there is nothing in antiquity so bitter or decisive, as the sixteen cantos of 'Don Juan' The Roman satirist exhibits a mixture of dignity and aversion. of haired and invective, the English censor displays a contempt of the various relations of society, of the hypocrisies, the tumults, and the agricultons of life. Juvenal distants to wield the feeble weapon of ridicule—Byron delights to mix seriousness with merriment, and thoughts purely jocular with sentiments of exasperation and revenge. Juvenal is never pathetic-Byron, when he arrives at this species of excellence, destroys its effect by effusions of inducile or insensibility. Both poets, however, exhibit the same ebullitions of resentment against the miscrable victims which they sacrifice to their fury-the same scorn for mankind-and the same vehemence in depicting their crimes, passions, and follies. Both attack existing villany, strike at corruption and profigacy, and trample upon the turnitude and baseness of high life. Both are grave, intepnd, and implacable. If at any time they relax the sternness of their manner, they never forget themselves. They sometimes smile, indeed, but their some is more terrilde than their frown. it is never excited but when their indignation is mingled with contempt."

The sarcastic gaiety of "A Letter to Lord Byron, by John Bull," London, 1821, was thought by the poet himself to be extremely clever, and he was curious to learn the name of the author, whom he suspected to be one of his intimate friends.

XXIV. JOHN BULL.

"Stick to 'Don Juan: it is the only sincere thing you have ever written; and it will live many years after all your Harolds have ceased to be, in your own words.

" A school gul's tale-the wonder of an hour "

I consider 'Don Juan' as out of all sight the best of your works it is by far the most spirited, the most straightforward, the most interesting, and the most poetical; and everybody thinks as I do of it, although they have not the heart to say so. Old Gifford's brow relaxed as he gloated over it, Mr Croker chuckled; Dr. Whitaker smirked; Mr. Milman sighed; Mr. Coleridge took it to his bed with him.

"I think the great charm of its style is, that it is not much like the style of any It is utter humbug to say, that it is borrowed from the other poem in the world style of the Italian weavers of merry ottava rima, their meiriment is nothing, because they have nothing but their merriment, yours is everything, because it is delightfully intermingled with, and contrasted by, all manner of serious thingsmurder and lust included - It is also mere humbug to accuse you of having plagiarised it from Mr. Frere's pretty and graceful little Whistlecrafts The measure, to be sure, is the same, but then the measure is as old as the hills. But the spirit of the two poets is as different as can be Mr. Frere writes elegantly, playfully, very like a gentleman, and a scholar, and a respectable man, and his poems never sold, nor ever will sell. Your 'Don Juan,' again, is written strongly, laserviously, fiercely, laughingly, -everybody sees in a moment that nobody could have written it but a man of the first order, both in genius and in dissipation-a real master of all his toolsa profigate permicious, irresistable, chaiming devil;—and accordingly the Don sells. and will sell, to the end of time, whether our good friend, Mr. John Murray, honour it with his imprimatur, or doth not so honour it. I will mention a book, however, from which I do think you have taken a great many hints, nay, a great many pretty full sketches, for your Juan It is one which (with a few more) one never sees mentioned in reviews, because it is a book written on the anti-humbug principle you know it exceedingly well—it is no other than 'Faublas,' a book which contains as much good tun as Gil Blas, or Molière, as much good luscious description as the Héloise, as much fancy and imagination as all the comedies in the English language put together, and less humbug than any one given romance that has been written since Don Quivote—a book which is to be found on the tables of rours, and in the desks of divines, and under the pillows of spin-ters -- a book, in a word, which is read universally-I wish I could add-in the original

"But all this has nothing to do with the chairing style of 'Don Juan,' which is entirely and inmut bly your own—the sweet, fiery, rapid, easy—beautifully easy—anti-humbug style of 'Don Juan.' Ten stanzas of it are worth all your 'Manfred'—anty your 'Manfred' is a noble poem, too, in its way. I had really no idea, what a very elever fellow you were till I read 'Don Juan.' In my humble opinion, there is very little in the literature of the present day that will stand the test of half a century, except the Scotch novels of Sir Walter Scott, and 'Don Juan' They will do so lecause they are written with perfect facility and nature—because their materials are all drawn from life."

Coming once more to men with names, we present the judgments of the biographers of Byron, beginning with this extract from a Life by the novelist—

XXV. GALT.

"Strong objections have been made to the moral tendency of 'Don Juan;' but, in the opinion of many, it is Lord Byron's masterpiece, and undoubtedly it displays all the varieties of his powers, combined with a quaint playfulness not found to an equal digree in any other of his works. The serious and pathetic portions are exquisitely brautiful, the descriptions have all the distinctness of the best pictures in 'Childe

Harold,' and are, moreover, generally drawn from nature; while the satire is for the most part currously asso rated and sparklingly witty. The characters are sketched with amazing firmness and freedom, and, though sometimes grotesque, are yet not It is professedly an epic poem, but it may be more properly ofter overcharged described as a poetical novel. Nor can it be said to inculcate any particular moral, or to do more than unmantle the decorum of society Bold and brownt throughout, it exhibits a free preverent knowledge of the world, laughing or macking as the thought serves, in the most unexpected antitheses to the proprieties of time, place, and encumstance The object of the poem is to describe the progress of a libertine through life, not an unprincipled produgal, whose profligacy, growing with his growth and strengthening with his strength, passes from voluntuous indulgence into the morbid sensuality of systematic debauchery; but a young gentleman who, whirled by the vigour and vivacity of his animal spirits into a world of adventures, in which his stars are chiefly in fault for his liaisons, settles at last into an honourable lawgiver, a moral speaker on divorce bills, and possibly a subscriber to the Society for the Suppression of Vice "

From "Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries," we quote the ungenerous testimony of the poet's guest and debtor Leigh Hunt.

XXVI. LIIGH HUNT.

"His hero in 'Don Juan' was a picture of the better part of his own nature. When the author speaks in his own person, he is erdeavouring to bully himself into a satisfaction with the weise, and courting the culogies of the 'knowing.' His jealousy of Wordsworth and others who were not town poets was not more creditable to him. He pretended to think woise of them than he did"

After depicting the mode of life pursued by Lord Byron at Venice, in 1817-18, thus proceeds his principal biographer—

XXVII. MOORE.

"It was at this time, as the features of the progeny itself would but too plainly indicate, that Lord By10n conceived and wrote part of his poem of 'Don Juan; '—and never did pages more faithfully, and in many respects lamentably, reflect every variety of feeling, and whim, and passion that, like the rack of autumn, swept across the author's mind in writing them. The cool shrewdness of age, with the vivacity and glowing temperament of youth,—the wit of a Voltaire, with the sensibility of a Rousseau,—the minute practical knowledge of a man of society, with the abstract and self-contemplative spirit of the poet,—a susceptibility of all that is grandest and most affecting in human virtue, with a deep, withering experience of all that is most fatal to it,—the two extremes, in short, of man's mixed and inconsistent nature, now rankly smelling of earth, now breathing of heaven,—such was the strange assemblage of contrary elements, all meeting together in the same mind, and all brought to bear, in turn, upon the same task, from which alone could have spring this extraordinary poem—the most powerful and, in many respects, painful display of the versathity of genius that has ever been left for succeeding ages to wonder at and deplore."

In a tribute sent to an Edinburgh newspaper on receiving the news of Lord Byron's death, we have "Don Juan" touched on by

XXVIII. WALTER SCOTT.

"As various in composition as Shakspeare himself (this will be admitted by all who are acquainted with his 'Don Juan'), he has embraced every topic of human life, and

sounded every string on the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones. There is scarce a passion or a situation which has escaped his pen; and he might be drawn, like Garrick, between the weeping and the laughing Muse, although his most powerful efforts have certainly been devoted to Melpomene. His genius seemed as prolific as various. The most prodigal use did not exhaust his powers, nay seemed rather to increase their vigour. Neither 'Childe Harold,' nor any of the most beautiful of Byron's earlier tales, contain more exquisite morsels of poetry than are to be found scattered through the captos of 'Don Juan,' amidst verses which the author appears to have thrown off with an effort as spontaneous as that of a tree resigning its leaves to the wind."

In a little journal conducted by Goethe, and entitled "Kunst und Altherthum," i. e. "Art and Antiquity," (Part III. 1821), there appeared a translation into German of part of the first canto of "Don Juan," with some remarks by the distinguished Editor.

XXIX. GOETHE.

"'Don Juan' is a thoroughly genual work—misanthropical to the bitterest savageness, tender to the most exquisite delicacy of sweet feelings, and when we once understand and appreciate the author, and make up our minds not fretfully and vainly to wish him other than he is, it is impossible not to enjoy what he chooses to pour out before us with such unbounded audicity—with such utter recklessness. The technical execution of the verse is in every respect answerable to the strange, wild simplicity of the conception and plan, the poet no more thinks of polishing his phrase, than he does of flattering his kind, and yet when we examine the piece more narrowly, we feel that English poetry is in possession of what the German has never attained, a classically elegant come style. If I am blanned for recommending this work for translation—for throwing out hints which may serve to introduce so immoral a performance among a quiet and uncorrupted nation—I answer, that I really do no perceive any likelihood of our virtue's sustaining serious damage in this way: Poets and Romancers, bad as they may be, have not yet learned to be more perincious than the daily newspapers which he on every table."

With the judgment of Scott and Goethe we conclude these prolegomena, and will interpose no lesser authority between them and the only genius of their generation who could rank with them in power.

DON JUAN.

CANTO THE FIRST.*

E., un at Venice September 6, functed Nov. 1, 1818 "-B.

FRAGMENT.

On the back of the Poet's MS. of Canto 1.

I would to heaven that I were so much clay,
As I am blood, bone, marrow, passion, feeling—
Because at least the past were pass'd away—
And for the future—(but I write this reeling,
Having got drunk exceedingly to-day,
So that I seem to stand upon the ceiling)

I say—the future is a serious matter—
And so—for God's sake—hock and soda-water I

DEDICATION.

Bob Souther! You're a poet—Poet-laureate,
And representative of all the race;
Although 'tis true that you turn'd out a Tory at
Last,—yours has lately been a common case;
And now, my Epic Renegade! what are ye at?
With all the Lakers, in and out of place?
A nest of tuneful persons, to my eye
Like "four and twenty Blackbirds in a pye;

"Which pye being open'd they began to sing"
(This old song and new simile holds good),
"A dainty dish to set before the King,"
Or Regent, who admires such kind of food;—
And Coleridge, too, has lately taken wing,
But like a hawk encumber'd with his hood,—
Explaining metaphysics to the nation—
I wish he would explain his Explanation.'

You, Bob! are rather insolent, you know,
At being disappointed in your wish
To supersede all warblers here below,
And be the only Blackbird in the dish;
And then you overstrain yourself, or so,
And tumble downward like the flying fish
Gasping on deck, because you soar too high, Bob,
And fall, for lack of moisture quite a-dry, Bob!

ıv.

And Wordsworth, in a rather long "Excursion"
(I think the quarto holds five hundred pages),
Has given a sample from the vasty version
Of his new system to perplex the sages;
"Tis poetry—at least by his assertion,
And may appear so when the dog-star rages—
And he who understands it would be able
To add a story to the Tower of Babel.

You—Gentlemen! by dint of long seclusion
From better company, have kept your own
At Keswick, and, through still continued fusion
Of one another's minds, at last have grown
To deem as a most logical conclusion,
That Poesy has wreaths for you alone:
There is a narrowness in such a notion,
Which makes me wish you'd change your lakes for ocean.

VI.

I would not imitate the petty thought,

Nor coin my self-love to so base a vice,

For all the glory your conversion brought,

Since gold alone should not have been its price.

You have your salary: was't for that you wrought.

And Wordsworth has his place in the Excise?

You're shabby fellows—true—but poets still,

And duly seated on the immortal hill.

Your bays may hide the baldness of your brows—
Perhaps some virtuous blushes;—let them go—
To you I envy neither fruit nor boughs—
And for the fame you would engross below,
The field is universal, and allows
Scope to all such as feel the inherent glow:
Scott, Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and Crabbe, will try
'Gainst you the question with posterity.

VIII.

For me, who, wandering with pedestrian Muses,
Contend not with you on the winged steed,
I wish your fate may yield ye, when she chooses,
The fame you envy, and the skill you need;
And recollect a poet nothing loses
In giving to his brethren their full meed
Of merit, and complaint of present days
Is not the certain path to future praise.

ıx.

He that reserves his laurels for posterity
(Who does not often claim the bright reversion)
Has generally no great crop to spare it, he
Being only injured by his own assertion;
And although here and there some glorious rarity
Arise like Titan from the sca's immersion,
The major part of such appellants go
To—God knows where—for no one clse can know.

X

If, fallen in evil days on evil tongues,
Milton appeal'd to the Avenger, Time,
If Time, the Avenger, execrates his wrongs,
And makes the word "Miltonic" mean "sublime,"
He deign'd not to belie his soul in songs,
Nor turn his very talent to a crime;
He did not loathe the Sire to laud the Son,
But closed the tyrant-hater he begun.

XI.

Think'st thou, could he—the blind Old Man—arise,
Like Samuel from the grave, to freeze once more
The blood of monarchs with his prophecies,
Or be alive again—again all hoar
With time and trials, and those helpless eyes,
And heartless daughters—worn—and pale⁴—and poor;
Would he adore a sultan? he obey
The intellectual eunuch Castlereagh?

XII.

Cold-blooded, smooth-faced, placid miscreant!

Dabbling its sleek young hands in Erin's gore,
And thus for wider carnage taught to pant,
Transferr'd to gorge upon a sister shore,
The vulgarest tool that Tyranny could want,
With just enough of talent, and no more,
To lengthen fetters by another fix'd,
And offer poison long already mix'd.

XIII.

An orator of such set trash of phrase
Ineffably—legitimately vile,
That even its grossest flatterers dare not praise,
Nor foes—all nations—condescend to smile;
Not even a sprightly blunder's spark can blaze
From that Ixion grindstone's ceaseless toil,
That turns and turns to give the world a notion
Of endless torments and perpetual motion.

XIV.

A bungler even in its disgusting trade,
A botching, patching, leaving still behind
Something of which its masters are afraid,
States to be curb'd, and thoughts to be confined,
Conspiracy or Congress to be made—
Cobbling at manacles for all mankind—
A tinkering slave-maker, who mends cld chains,
With God and man's abhorrence for its gains.

XV.

If we may judge of matter by the mind,
Emasculated to the marrow It
Hath but two objects, how to serve, and bind,
Deeming the chain it wears even men may fit,
Eutropius of its many masters,—blind
To worth as freedom, wisdom as to wit,
Fearless—because no feeling dwells in ice,
Its very courage stagnates to a vice.

XVI.

Where shall I turn me not to view its bonds,
For I will never feel them;—Italy!
Thy late reviving Roman soul desponds
Beneath the lie this State-thing breathed o'er thee—
Thy clanking chain, and Erin's yet green wounds,
Have voices—tongues to cry aloud for me.
Europe has slaves, allies, kings, armies stall,
And Southey lives to sing them very ili.

XVII.

Meantime, Sir Laureate, I proceed to dedicate,
In honest simple verse, this song to you.
And, if in flattering strains I do not predicate,
'Tis that I still retain my "buff and blue;"'
My politics as yet are all to educate:
Apostacy's so fashionable, too,
To keep one creed's a task grown quite Herculean;
Is it not so, my Tory, ultra-Julian?"

VERICE, September 16, 1818.

NOTES TO DEDICATION.

- 1 [Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria" appeared in 1817.]
- ² [Mr. Southey is the only poet of the day that ever resided at Keswick. Mr. Wordsworth, who hved at one time on Grasmere, afterwards settled at Mount Rydal, near Ambleside.]
- ³ Wordsworth's place may be in the Customs—it is, I think, in that or the Excise—besides another at Lord Lonsdale's table, where this poetical charlatan and political parasite licks up the crumbs with a hardened alacity, the converted Jacobin having long subsided into the clownish sycophant of the worst prejudices of the aristocracy.
- 4 "Pale, but not cadaverous:"—Milton's two elder daughters are said to have robbed him of his books, besides cheating and plaguing him in the economy of his house, &c. &c His feelings on such an outrage, both as a parent and a scholar, must have been singularly painful Hayley compares him to Lear. See part third, Life of Milton, by W. Hayley (or Hailey, as spelt in the edition before me).

5 Or,-

"Would he subside into a hackney Laurente—
A scribbling, self-sold, soul-hired, scorn'd Iscariot?"

I doubt if "Laureate" and "Iscariot" be good rhymes, but must say, as Ben Jonson did to Sylvester, who challenged him to rhyme with—

"I, John Sylvester, Lay with your sister."

Jonson answered—"I, Ben Jonson, lay with your wife." Sylvester answered,—"That is not rhyme."—"No," said Ben Jonson; "but it is true."

- ⁶ For the character of Eutropius, the eunuch and minister at the court of Arcadius, see Gibbon. ["Eutropius, one of the principal eunuchs of the palace of Constantinople, succeeded the haughty minister whose ruin he had accomplished, and whose vices he soon imitated. He was the first of his artificial sex who dared to assume the character of a Roman magistrate and general. Sometimes, in the presence of the blushing senate, he ascended the tribune to pronounce judgment, or to repeat elaborate harangues; and sometimes appeared on horseback, at the head of his troops, in the dress and armour of a hero. The disregard of custom and decency always betrays a weak and ill-regulated mind. nor does Eutropius seem to have compensated for the folly of the design by any superior merit or ability in the execution. His awkward and unsuccessful attempts provoked the secret contempt of the spectators; the Goths expressed a wish that such a general might always command the armies of Rome, and the name of the minister was branded with ridicule, more pernicious, perhaps, than hatred to a public character."—Gibbon.]
- ⁷ [Mr. Fox and the Whig Club of his time adopted an uniform of blue and buff: hence the coverings of the Edinburgh Review.]
- ⁸ I allude not to our friend Landor's hero, the traitor Count Julian, but to Gibbon's hero, vulgarly yelept "The Apostate."

DON JUAN.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I want a hero: an uncommon want,
When every year and month sends forth a new one,
Till, after cloying the gazettes with cant,
The age discovers he is not the true one:
Of such as these I should not care to vaunt,
I'll therefore take our ancient friend Don Juan—
We all have seen him, in the pantomime,
Sent to the devil somewhat ere his time.

II.

Vernon, the butcher Cumberland, Wolfe, Hawke,
Prince Ferdinand, Granby, Burgoyne, Keppel, Howe,
Evil and good, have had their tithe of talk,
And fill'd their sign-posts then, like Wellesley now;
Each in their turn like Banquo's monarchs stalk,
Followers of fame, "nine farrow" of that sow:
France, too, had Buonaparte," and Dumourier
Recorded in the Moniteur and Courier.

111

Barnave, Brissot, Condorcet, Mirabeau, Mirabeau, Marat, Clootz, Danton, Marat, La Fayette, Mere French, and famous people, as we know;
And there were others, scarce forgotten yet,
Joubert, Marceau, Lannes, Moreau, Moreau, With many of the military set,
Exceedingly remarkable at times,
But not at all adapted to my rhymes.

ıv.

Nelson was once Britannia's god of war,
And still should be so, but the tide is turn'd;
There's no more to be said of Trafalgar,
'Tis with our hero quietly inurn'd;
Because the army's grown more popular,
At which the naval people are concern'd;
Besides, the prince is all for the land-service,
Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jervis.

Brave men were living before Agamemnon ²⁷
And since, exceeding valorous and sage,
A good deal like him too, though quite the same none;
But then they shone not on the poet's page,
And so have been forgotten:—I condemn none,
But can't find any in the present age
Fit for my poem (that is, for my new one);
So, as I said, I'll take my friend Don Juan.

VI.

Most epic poets plunge "in medias res"
(Horace makes this the heroic turnpike-road), "
And then your hero tells, whene'er you please,
What went before—by way of episode,
While seated after dinner at his ease,
Beside his mistress in some soft abode,
Palace, or garden, paradise, or cavern,
Which serves the happy couple for a tavern.

VII.

That is the usual method, but not mine—
My way is to begin with the beginning;
The regularity of my design
Forbids all wandering as the worst of sinning,
And therefore I shall open with a line

(Although it cost me half an hour in spinning)
Narrating somewhat of Don Juan's father,
And also of his mother, if you'd rather.

VIII.

In Seville was he born, a pleasant city,
Famous for oranges and women —he
Who has not seen it will be much to pity,
So says the proverb—and I quite agree;
Of all the Spanish towns is none more pretty,
Cadız perhaps—but that you soon may see:—
Don Juan's parents lived beside the river,
A noble stream, and call'd the Guadalquivir.

His father's name was Jóse—Don, of course,
A true Hidalgo, free from every stain
Of Moor or Hebrew blood, he traced his source
Through the most Gothic gentlemen of Spain;
A better cavalier ne'er mounted horse,
Or, being mounted, e'er got down again,
Than Jóse, who begot our hero, who
Begot—but that's to come—Well, to renew:

His mother was a learned lady, famed
For every branch of every science known—
In every Christian language ever named
With virtues equall'd by her wit alone:
She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,
And even the good with inward envy groan,
Finding themselves so very much exceeded
In their own way by all the things that she did.

XI.

Her memory was a mine: she knew by heart
All Calderon and greater part of Lopé,
So that if any actor miss'd his part
She could have served him for the prompter's copy;
For her Feinagle's were an useless art,³⁰
And he himself obliged to shut up shop—he
Could never make a memory so fine as
That which adorn'd the brain of Donna Inez.

Her favourite science was the mathematical,
Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity,
Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attic all,
Her serious sayings darken'd to sublumity; "
In short, in all things she was fairly what I call
A prodigy—her morning dress was dimity,
Her evening silk, or, in the summer, mushin,
And other stuffs, with which I won't stay puzzling.

XIII.

She knew the Latin—that is, "the Lord's prayer,"
And Greek—the alphabet—I'm nearly sure;
She read some French romances here and there,
Although her mode of speaking was not pure;
For native Spanish she had no great care,
At least her conversation was obscure;
Her thoughts were theorems, her words a problem,
As if she deem'd that mystery would ennoble 'cm...22

She liked the English and the Hebrew tongue,
And said there was analogy between 'em;
She proved it somehow out of sacred song,
But I must leave the proofs to those who've seen 'em,
But this I heard her say, and can't be wrong,
And all may think which way their judgments lean 'em,
"'Tis strange—the Hebrew noun which means 'I am,'
The English always use to govern d—n."

XV.

Some women use their tongues—she look'd a lecture,
Each eye a sermon, and her brow a homily,
An all-in-all sufficient self-director,
Like the lamented late Sir Samuel Romilly,
The Law's expounder, and the State's corrector,
Whose suicide was almost an anomaly—
One sad example more, that "All is vanity,"—
(The jury brought their verdict in "Insanity.")

XVI.

In short, she was a walking calculation,
Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their covers,
Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,
Or "Cœlebs' Wife" set out in quest of lovers,
Morality's prim personification,
In which not Envy's self a flaw discovers;
To others' share let "female errors fall,"
For she had not even one—the worst of all.

Oh! she was perfect past all parallel—
Of any modern female saint's comparison;
So far above the cunning powers of hell,
Her guardian angel had given up his garrison;
Even her minutest motions went as well
As those of the best time-piece made by Harrison:
In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!

Perfect she was, but as perfection is
Insipid in this naughty world of ours,
Where our first parents never learn'd to kiss
Till they were exiled from their earlier bowers,
Where all was peace, and innocence, and bliss,³
(I wonder how they got through the twelve hours),
Don Jóse, like a lineal son of Eve,
Went plucking various fruit without her leave.

XIX.

He was a mortal of the careless kind,
With no great love for learning, or the learn'd,
Who chose to go where'er he had a mind,
And never dream'd his lady was concern'd;
The world, as usual, wickedly inclined
To see a kingdom or a house o'erturn'd,
Whisper'd he had a mistress, some said two,
But for domestic quarrels one will do.

Now Donna Inez had, with all her merit,
A great opinion of her own good qualities;
Neglect, indeed, requires a saint to bear it,
And such, indeed, she was in her moralities;
But then she had a devil of a spirit,
And sometimes mix'd up fancies with realities,
And let few opportunities escape
Of getting her liege lord into a scrape.

This was an easy matter with a man
Oft in the wrong, and never on his guard;
And even the wisest, do the best they can,
Have moments, hours, and days, so unprepared,
That you might "brain them with their lady's fan;
And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,
And fans turn into falchions in fair hands,
And why and wherefore no one understands.

XXII

'Tis pity learned virgins ever wed
With persons of no sort of education,
Or gentlemen, who, though well born and bred,
Grow tired of scientific conversation:
I don't choose to say much upon this head,
I'm a plain man, and in a single station,
But—Oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not hen-peck'd you all?

XXIII.

Don Jose and his lady quarrell'd—why,
Not any of the many could divine,
Though several thousand people chose to try,
'Twas surely no concern of theirs nor mine;
I loathe that low vice—curiosity;
But if there's any thing in which I shine,
'Tis in arranging all my friends' affairs,
Not having, of my own, domestic cares.

And so I interfered, and with the best
Intentions, but their treatment was not kind;
I think the foolish people were possess'd,
For neither of them could I ever find,
Although their porter afterwards confess'd—
But that's no matter, and the worst's behind,
For little Juan o'er me threw, down stairs,
A pail of housemaid's water unawares.

XXV.

A little curly-headed, good-for-nothing,
And mischief-making monkey from his birth;
His parents ne'er agreed except in doting
Upon the most unquiet imp on earth;
Instead of quarrelling, had they been but both in
Their senses, they'd have sent young master forth
To school, or had him soundly whipp'd at home,
To teach him manners for the time to come.

Don Jose and the Donna Inez led
For some time an unhappy sort of life,
Wishing each other, not divorced, but dead;
They lived respectably as man and wife,
Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred,
And gave no outward signs of inward strife,
Until at length the smother'd fire broke out,
And put the business past all kind of doubt.

XXVII.

For Inez call'd some druggists and physicians,
And tried to prove her loving lord was mad,'
But as he had some lucid intermissions,
She next decided he was only bad;
Yet when they ask'd her for her depositions,
No sort of explanation could be had,
Save that her duty both to man and God
Required this conduct—which seem'd very odd.

She kept a journal, where his faults were noted,
And open'd certain trunks of books and letters,
All which might, if occasion served, be quoted;
And then she had all Seville for abettors,
Besides her good old grandmother (who doted);
The hearers of her case became repeaters,
Then advocates, inquisitors, and judges,
Some for amusement, others for old grudges.

And then this best and meekest woman bore
With such serenty her husband's woes,
Just as the Spartan ladies did of yore,
Who saw their spouses kill'd, and nobly chose
Never to say a word about them more—
Calmly she heard each calumny that rose,
And saw his agonies with such sublimity,
That all the world exclaim'd, "What magnanimity!"

No doubt this patience, when the world is damning us, Is philosophic in our former friends; 'Tis also pleasant to be deem'd magnanimous, The more so in obtaining our own ends; And what the lawyers call a "malue animus" Conduct like this by no means comprehends: Revenge in person's certainly no virtue, But then 'tis not my fault, if others hurt you.

XXXI.

And if our quarrels should rip up old stories,
And help them with a lie or two additional,

I'm not to blame, as you well know—no more is
Any one else—they were become traditional;

Besides, their resurrection aids our glories
By contrast, which is what we just were wishing all.

And science profits by this resurrection—

Dead scandals form good subjects for dissection.

Their friends had tried at reconciliation, Then their relations, who made matters worse, (Twere hard to tell upon a like occasion

To whom it may be best to have recourse—
I can't say much for friend or yet relation):

The lawyers did their utmost for divorce, But scarce a fee was paid on either side
Before, unluckily, Don Jose died.

He died: and most unluckily, because,
According to all hints I could collect
From counsel learned in those kinds of laws,
(Although their talk's obscure and circumspect)
His death contrived to spoil a charming cause;
A thousand pities also with respect
To public feeling, which on this occasion
Was manifested in a great sensation.

XXXIV.

But ah! he died; and buried with him lay
The public feeling and the lawyers' fees:
His house was sold, his servants sent away,
A Jew took one of his two mistresses,
A priest the other—at least so they say:
I ask'd the doctors after his disease—
He died of the slow fever called the tertian,
And left his widow to her own aversion.

XXXV.

Yet Jose was an honourable man,
That I must say, who knew him very well;
Therefore his frailties I'll no further scan,
Indeed there were not many more to tell:
And if his passions now and then outran
Discretion, and were not so peaceable
As Numa's (who was also named Pompilius),
He had been ill brought up, and was born bilious.

XXXVI.

Whate'er might be his worthlessness or worth,
Poor fellow! he had many things to wound him,
Let's own—since it can do no good on earth —
It was a trying moment that which found him
Standing alone beside his desolate hearth,
Where all his household gods lay shiver'd round him:
No choice was left his feelings or his pride,
Save death or Doctors' Commons—so he died.

Dying intestate, Juan was sole heir

To a chancery suit, and messuages and lands,
Which, with a long minority and care,
Promised to turn out well in proper hands:
Inez became sole guardian, which was fair,
And answer'd but to nature's just demands;
An only son left with an only mother
Is brought up much more wisely than another.

Sagest of women, even of widows, she
Resolved that Juan should be quite a paragon,
And worthy of the noblest pedigree:
(His sire was of Castile, his dam from Aragon).
Then for accomplishments of chivalry,
In case our lord the king should go to war again,
He learn'd the arts of riding, fencing, gunnery,
And how to scale a fortress—or a nunnery.

But that which Donna Inez most desired,
And saw into herself each day before all
The learned tutors whom for him she hired,
Was, that his breeding should be strictly morat
Much into all his studies she inquired,
And so they were submitted first to her, all,
Arts, sciences, no branch was made a mystery
To Juan's eyes, excepting natural history.

The languages, especially the dead,

The sciences, and most of all the abstruse,
The arts, at least all such as could be said
To be the most remote from common use,
In all these he was much and deeply read;
But not a page of any thing that's loose,
Or hints continuation of the species,
Was ever suffer'd, lest he should grow vicious.

ILI.

His classic studies made a little puzzle,
Because of filthy loves of gods and goddesses,
Who in the earlier ages raised a bustle,
But never put on pantaloons or bodices;
His reverend tutors had at times a tussle,
And for their Æneids, Ihads, and Odysseys,
Were forced to make an odd sort of apology,
For Donna Inez dreaded the Mythology.

Ovid's a rake, as half his verses show him,
Anacreon's morals are a still worse sample,
Catullus scarcely has a decent poem,
I don't think Sappho's Ode a good example,
Although Longinus 11 tells us there is no hymn
Where the sublime soars forth on wings more ample;
But Virgil's songs are pure, except that horrid one
Beginning with "Formosum Pastor Corydon."

XLIII.

Lucretius' irreligion is too strong
For early stomachs, to prove wholesome food;
I can't help thinking Juvenal was wrong,
Although no doubt his real intent was good,
For speaking out so plainly in his song,
So much indeed as to be downright rude;
And then what proper person can be partial
To all those nauseous epigrams of Martial?

Juan was taught from out the best edition,
Expurgated by learned men who place,
Judiciously from out the schoolboy's vision,
The grosser parts; but, fearful to deface
Too much their modest bard by this omission,
And pitning sore his mutilated case,
They only add them all in an appendix,
Which saves, in fact, the trouble of an index;

For there we have them all "at one fell swoop,"
Instead of being scatter'd through the pages;
They stand forth marshall'd in a handsome troop,
To meet the ingenuous youth of future ages,
Till some less rigid editor shall stoop
To call them back into their separate cages,
Instead of standing staring altogether,
Like garden gods—and not so decent either.

The Missal too (it was the family Missal)
Was ornamented in a sort of way
Which ancient mass-books often are, and this all
Kinds of grotesques illumined; and how they,
Who saw those figures on the margin kiss all,
Could turn their optics to the text and pray,
Is more than I know—But Don Juan's mother
Kept this herself, and gave ner son another.

XLVII.

Sermons he read, and lectures he endured,
And homilies, and lives of all the saints;
To Jerome and to Chrysostom inured,
He did not take such studies for restraints;
But how faith is acquired, and then ensured,
So well not one of the aforesaid paints
As Saint Augustine in his fine Confessions,
Which make the reader envy his transgressions.

XLVIII

This, too, was a seal'd book to little Juan—
I can't but say that his mamma was right,
If such an education was the true one.
She scarcely trusted him from out her sight;
Her maids were old, and if she took a new one,
You might be sure she was a perfect fright,
She did this during even her husband's life—
I recommend as much to every wife.

Young Juan wax'd in goodliness and grace;
At six a charming child, and at eleven
With all the promise of as fine a face
As e'er to man's maturer growth was given.
He studied steadily, and grew apace,
And seem'd, at least, in the right road to heaven,
For half his days were pass'd at church, the other
Between his tutors, confessor, and mother.

At six, I said, he was a charming child,
At twelve he was a fine, but quiet boy;
Although in infancy a little wild,
They tamed him down amongst them: to destroy
His natural spirit not in vain they toil'd,—
At least it seem'd so; and his mother's joy
Was to declare how sage, and still, and steady,
Her young philosopher was grown already.

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LI.

I had my doubts, perhaps I have them still,
But what I say is neither here nor there:
I knew his father well, and have some skill
In character—but it would not be fair
From sire to son to augur good or ill:
He and his wife were an ill-sorted pair—
But scandal's my aversion—I protest
Against all evil speaking, even in jest.

For my part I say nothing—nothing—but

This I will say—my reasons are my own—
That if I had an only son to put

To school (as God be praised that I have none),
"Tis not with Donna linez I would shut

Hinn up to learn his catechism alone,
No—no—I'd send him out betimes to college,
For there it was I pick'd up my own knowledge.

For there one learns—'tis not for me to boast,
Though I acquired—but I pass over that,
As well as all the Greek I since have lost:
I say that there's the place—but "Terbum sat,'
I think I pick'd up too, as well as most,
Knowledge of matters—but no matter what—
I never married—but, I think, I know
That sons should not be educated so.

Young Juan now was sixteen years of age,
Tall, handsome, slender, but well knit: he seem'd
Active, though not so sprightly, as a page;
And every body but his mother deem'd
Him almost man; but she flew in a rage
And bit her lips (for else she might have scream'd)
If any said so, for to be precocious
Was in her eyes a thing the most atrocious.

Amongst her numerous acquaintance, all Selected for discretion and devotion,
There was the Donna Julia, whom to call Pretty were but to give a feeble notion
Of many charms in her as natural
As sweetness to the flower, or salt to ocean,
Her zone to Venus, or his bow to Cupid,
(But this last simile is trite and stupid).

The darkness of her Oriental eye
Accorded with her Moorish origin;
(Her blood was not all Spanish, by the by;
In Spain, you know, this is a sort of sin.)
When proud Granada fell, and, forced to fly,
Boabdil wept, of Donna Julia's kin
Some went to Africa, some stay'd in Spain,
Her great great grandmamma chose to remain.

She married (I forget the pedigree)
With an Hidalgo, who transmitted down
His blood less noble than such blood should be;
At such alhances his sires would frown,
In that point so precise in each degree
That they bred in and in, as might be shown,
Marrying their cousins—nay, their aunts, and meces,
Which always spoils the breed, if it increases.

This heathenish cross restored the breed again,
Ruin'd its blood, but much improved its flesh;
For from a root the ughest in Old Spain
Sprung up a branch as beautiful as fresh;
The sons no more were short, the daughters plain:
But there's a rumour which I fain would hush, "Tis said that Donna Julia's grandmamma
Produced her Don more heirs at love than law.

LIX.

However this might be, the race went on Improving still through every generation, Until it centred in an only son,
Who left an only daughter; my narration May have suggested that this single one

Could be but Julia (whom on this occasion I shall have much to speak about), and she Was married, charming, chaste, and twenty-three.

LX.

Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes)
Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire
Until she spoke, then through its soft disguise
Flash'd an expression more of pride than ire,
And love than either; and there would arise
A something in them which was not desire,
But would have been, perhaps, but for the soul
Which struggled through and chasten'd down the whole.

Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair, and smooth;
Her eyebrow's shape was like the aërial bow,
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,
Mounting, at times, to a transparent glow,
As if her veins ran lightning; she, in sooth,
Possess'd an air and grace by no means common:
Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman.

LXII.

Wedded she was some years, and to a man
Of fifty, and such husbands are in plenty;
And yet, I think, instead of such a one
"Twere better to have two of five-and-twenty,
Especially in countries near the sun:
And now I think on't, "m vien in mente,"
Ladies even of the most uneasy virtue
Prefer a spouse whose age is short of thirty."

"Tis a sad thing, I cannot choose but say,
And all the fault of that indecent sun,
Who cannot leave alone our helpless clay,
But will keep baking, broiling, burning on,
That howsoever people fast and pray,
The flesh is frail, and so the soul undone:
What men call gallantry, and gods adultery,
Is much more common where the climate's sultry.

Happy the nations of the moral North!

Where all is virtue, and the winter season

Sends sin, without a rag on, shivering forth

('Twas snow that brought St. Anthony st to reason);

Where juries cast up what a wife is worth,

By laying whate'er sum, in mulet, they please on

The lover, who must pay a handsome price,

Because it is a marketable vice.

Alfonso was the name of Julia's lord,
A man well looking for his years, and who
Was neither much beloved nor yet abhorr'd:
They lived together as most people do,
Suffering each other's foibles by accord,
And not exactly either one or two;
Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it,
For jealousy dislikes the world to know it.

Julia was—yet I never could see why—
With Donna Inez quite a favourite friend;
Between their tastes there was small sympathy,
For not a line had Julia ever penn'd:
Some people whisper (but, no doubt, they lie,
For malice still imputes some private end)
That Inez had, ere Don Alfonso's marriage,
Forgot with him her very prudent carriage;

LXVII.

And that still keeping up the old connection,
Which time had lately render'd much more chaste,
She took his lady also in affection,
And certainly this course was much the best:
She flatter'd Julia with her sage protection,
And complimented Don Alfonso's taste;
And if she could not (who can?) silence scandal,
At least she left it a more slender handle.

I can't tell whether Julia saw the affair
With other people's eyes, or if her own
Discoveries made, but none could be aware
Of this, at least no symptom e'er was shown;
Perhaps she did not know, or did not care,
Indifferent from the first, or callous grown:
I'm really puzzled what to think or say,
She kept her counsel in so close a way.

Juan she saw, and, as a pretty child,
Caress'd him often—such a thing might be
Quite innocently done, and harmless styled,
When she had twenty years, and thirteen he;
But I am not so sure I should have smiled
When he was sixteen, Julia twenty-three;
These few short years make wondrous alterations,
Particularly amongst sun-burnt nations.

Whate'er the cause might be, they had become
Changed; for the dame grew distant, the youth shy,
Their looks cast down, their greetings almost dumb,
And much embarrassment in either eye;
There surely will be little doubt with some
That Donna Julia knew the reason why,
But as for Juan, he had no more notion
Than he who never saw the sea or ocean.



Yet Julia's very coldness still was kind,
And tremulously gentle her small hand
Withdrew itself from his, but left behind
A little pressure, thrilling, and so bland
And slight, so very slight, that to the mind
'Twas but a doubt; but ne'er magician's wand
Wrought change with all Armida's fairy art
Like what this light touch left on Juan's heart.

And if she met him, though she smiled no more,
She look'd a sadness sweeter than her smile,
As if her heart had deeper thoughts in store
She must not own, but cherish'd more the while
For that compression in its burning core;
Even innocence itself has many a wile,
And will not dare to trust itself with truth,
And love is taught hypocrisy from youth.

But passion most dissembles, yet betrays
Even by its darkness; as the blackest sky
Foretells the heaviest tempest, it displays
Its workings through the vamly guarded eye,
And in whatever aspect it arrays
Itself, 'tis still the same hypocrisy;
Coldness or anger, even disdain or hate,
Are masks it often wears, and still too late.

LXXIV

Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression,
And stolen glances sweeter for the theft,
And burning blushes, though for no transgression,
Tremblings when met, and restlessness when left;
All these are little preludes to possession,
Of which young passion cannot be bereft,
And merely tend to show how greatly love is
Embarrass'd at first starting with a novice.

Poor Julia's heart was in an awkward state;
She felt it going, and resolved to make
The noblest efforts for herself and mate,
For honour's, pride's, religion's, virtue's sake:
Her resolutions were most truly great,
And almost might have made a Tarquin quake:
She pray'd the Virgin Mary for her grace,
As being the best judge of a lady's case.

She vow'd she never would see Juan more,
And next day paid a visit to his mother,
And look'd extremely at the opening door,
Which, by the Virgin's grace, let in another;
Grateful she was, and yet a little sore—
Again it opens, it can be no other,
'The surely Juan now—No! I'm afraid
That night the Virgin was no further pray'd.

She now determined that a virtuous woman
Should rather face and overcome temptation,
That flight was base and dastardly, and no man
Should ever give her heart the least sensation;
That is to say, a thought beyond the common
Preference, that we must feel upon occasion,
For people who are pleasanter than others,
But then they only seem so many brothers.

And even if by chance—and who can tell?

'The devil's so very sly—she could discover

That all within was not so very well,

And, if still free, that such or such a lover

Might please perhaps, a virtuous wife can quell

Such thoughts, and be the better when they're over;

And if the man should ask, 'tis but denial:

I recommend joung ladies to make trial.

And then there are such things as love divine,
Bright and immaculate, unmix'd and pure,
Such as the angels think so very fine,
And matrons, who would be no less secure,
Platonic, perfect, "just such love as mme:"
Thus Juha said—and thought so, to be sure
And so I'd have her think, were I the man
On whom her reverses celestal ran.

Such love is innocent, and may exist

Between young persons without any danger:

A hand may first, and then a lip be kist;

For my part, to such doings I'm a stranger,

But hear these freedoms form the utmost list

Of all o'er which such love may be a ranger:

If people go beyond, 'tis quite a crime,

But not my fault—I tell them all in time.

LXXXI.

Love, then, but love within its proper limits,
Was Julia's innocent determination
In young Don Juan's favour, and to him its
Exertion might be useful on occasion;
And, lighted at too pure a shrine to dim its
Ethereal lustre, with what sweet persuasion,
He might be taught, by love and her together—
I really don't know what, nor Julia either.

LXXXII.

Fraught with this fine intention, and well fenced In mail of proof—her purity of soul,⁵⁰
She, for the future of her strength convinced,
And that her honour was a rock, or mole,⁵⁰
Exceeding sagely from that hour dispensed
With any kind of troublesome control;
But whether Julia to the task was equal
Is that which must be mention'd in the sequel.

LXXXIII.

Her plan she deem'd both innocent and feasible,
And, surely, with a stripling of sixteen
Not scandal's fangs could seize on much that's seizable,
Or if they did so, satisfied to mean
Nothing but what was good, her breast was peaceable
A quiet conscience makes one so serene!
Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did.

And if in the mean time her husband died,
But Heaven forbid that such a thought should cross
Her brain, though in a dream! (and then she sigh'd)
Never could she survive that common loss;
But just suppose that moment should betide,
I only say suppose it—inter nos.
(This should be entre nous, for Juha thought
In French, but then the rhyme would go for nought.)

I only say, suppose this supposition:
Juan being then grown up to man's estate
Would fully suit a widow of condition,
Even seven years hence it would not be too late;
And in the interim (to pursue this vision)
The mischief, after all, could not be great,
For he would learn the rudiments of love,
I mean the scraph way of those above.

LXXXVI.

So much for Julia. Now we'll turn to Juan.

Poor little fellow! he had no idea

Of his own case, and never hit the true one;

In feelings quick as Ovid's Miss Medea,

He puzzled over what he found a new one,

But not as yet imagined it could be a

Thing quite in course, and not at all alarming,

Which, with a little patience, might grow charming.

LXXXVII.

Silent and pensive, idle, restless, slow,
His home deserted for the lonely wood,
Tormented with a wound he could not know,
His, like all deep grief, plunged in solitude
I'm fond myself of solitude or so,
But then, I beg it may be understood,
By solitude I mean a Sultan's, not
A hermit's, with a harem for a grot.

"Oh Love! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a god indeed divine."
The bard I quote from does not sing amiss,
With the exception of the second line,
For that same twining "transport and security"
Are twisted to a phrase of some obscurity.

LXXXIX.

The poet meant, no doubt, and thus appeals

To the good sense and senses of mankind,
The very thing which everybody feels,
As all have found on trial, or may find,
That no one likes to be disturb'd at meals
Or love.—I won't say more about "entwined"
Or "transport," as we knew all that before,
But beg "Security" will bolt the door.

Young Juan wander'd by the glassy brooks,
Thinking unutterable things; he threw
Hunself at length within the leafy nooks
Where the wild branch of the cork forest grew;
There poets find materials for their books,
And every now and then we read them through,
So that their plan and prosody are eligible,
Unless, like Wordsworth, they prove unintelligible

He, Juan, (and not Wordsworth) so pursued
His self-communion with his own high soul,
Until his mighty heart, in its great mood,
Had mitigated part, though not the whole
()f its disease; he did the best he could
With things not very subject to control,
And turn'd, without perceiving his condition,
Like Coleridge, into a metaphysician.

He thought about himself, and the whole carth,
Of man the wonderful, and of the stars,
And how the deuce they ever could have birth;
And then he thought of earthquakes, and of wars,
How many miles the moon might have in girth,
Of air-balloons, and of the many bars
To perfect knowledge of the boundless skies;—
And then he thought of Donna Julia's eyes.

In thoughts like these true wisdom may discern Longings sublime, and aspirations high,
Which some are born with, but the most part kearn
To plague themselves withal, they know not why:
"Twas strange that one so young should thus concern
His brain about the action of the sky; "
If you think 'twas philosophy that this did,
1 can't help thinking puberty assisted.

He pored upon the leaves, and on the flowers,
And heard a voice in all the winds; and then
He thought of wood-nymphs and immortal bowers,
And how the goddesses came down to men:
He miss'd the pathway, he forgot the hours,
And when he look'd upon his watch again,
He found how much old Time had been a winner—
He also found that he had lost his dinner.

Sometimes he turn'd to gaze upon his book,
Boscan, or Garcilasso; —by the wind
Even as the page is rustled while we look,
So by the poesy of his own mind
Over the mystic leaf his soul was shook,
As if 'twere one whereon magicians bind
Their spells, and give them to the passing gale,
According to some good old woman's tale.

Thus would he while his lonely hours away
Dissatisfied, nor knowing what he wanted;
Nor glowing reverie, nor poet's lay,
Could yield his spirit that for which it panted,
A bosom whereon he his head might lay,
And hear the heart beat with the love it granted,
With —— several other things, which I forget,
Or which, at least, I need not mention yet.

Those lonely walks, and lengthening reveries,
Could not escape the gentle Julia's eyes;
She saw that Juan was not at his ease;
But that which chiefly may, and must surprise,
Is, that the Donna Inez did not tease
Her only son with question or surmise;
Whether it was she did not see, or would not,
Or, like all very clever people, could not.

XCVIII.

This may seem strange, but yet 'tis very common;
I've instance—gentlemen, whose ladies take
Leave to o'erstep the written rights of woman,
And break the—Which commandment is't they break
(I have forgot the number, and think no man
Should rashly quote, for fear of a mistake.)
I say, when these same gentlemen are jealous,
They make some blunder, which their ladies tell us.

xoix.

A real husband always is suspicious,

But still no less suspects in the wrong place,
Jealous of some one who had no such wishes,

Or pandering blindly to his own disgrace,

By harbouring some dear friend extremely vicious;

The last indeed's infallibly the case:

And when the spouse and friend are gone off wholly

He wonders at their vice, and not his folly.

Thus parents also are at times short-sighted;
Though watchful as the lynx, they ne'er discover,
The while the wicked world beholds delighted,
Young Hopeful's mistress, or Miss Fanny's lover,
Till some confounded escapade has blighted
The plan of twenty years, and all is over;
And then the mother cries, the father swears,
And wonders why the devil he got heirs.

But Inez was so anxious, and so clear
Of sight, that I must think, on this occasion,
She had some other motive much more near
For leaving Juan to this new temptation,
But what that motive was, I shan't say here;
Perhaps to finish Juan's education,
Perhaps to open Don Alfonso's eyes,
In case he thought his wife too great a prize.

It was upon a day, a summer's day;—
Summer's indeed a very dangerous season,
And so is spring about the end of May;
The sun, no doubt, is the prevailing reason;
But whatsoe'er the cause is, one may say,
And stand convicted of more truth than treason,
That there are months which nature grows more merry in,
March has its hares, and May must have its heroine.

. .

'Twas on a summer's day—the sixth of June:—
I like to be particular in dates,
Not only of the age, and year, but moon;
They are a sort of post-house, where the Fates
Change horses, making history change its tune,"
Then spur away o'er empires and o'er states,
Leaving at last not much besides chronology,
Excepting the post-obits of theology."

CIV.

'Twas on the sixth of June, about the hour
Of half-past six—perhaps still nearer seven—
When Julia sate within as pretty a bower
As e'er held houri in that heathenish heaven
Described by Mahomet, and Anacreon Moore, To whom the lyre and laurels have been given
With all the trophies of triumphant song—
He won them well, and may he wear them long!

OY.

She sate, but not alone; I know not well
How this same interview had taken place,
And even if I knew, I should not tell—
People should hold their tongues in any case;
No matter how or why the thing befell,
But there were she and Juan, face to face—
When two such faces are so, 'twould be wise,
But very difficult, to shut their eyes.

CVI.

How beautiful she look'd! her conscious heart
Glow'd in her cheek, and yet she felt no wrong.
Oh Love! how perfect is thy mystic art,
Strengthening the weak, and trampling on the strong,
How self-deceitful is the sagest part
Of mortals whom thy lure hath led along—
The precipice she stood on was immense,
So was her creed in her own innocence."

YOL. Y.

CVII.

She thought of her own strength, and Juan's youth,
And of the folly of all prudish fears,
Victorious virtue, and domestic truth,
And then of Don Alfonso's fifty years:
I wish these last had not occurr'd, in sooth,
Because that number rarely much endears,
And through all climes, the snowy and the sunny,
Sounds ill in love, whate'er it may in money.

cviii.

When people say, "I've told you fifty times,"
They mean to scold, and very often do;
When poets say, "I've written fifty rhymes,"
They make you dread that they'll recite them too;
In gangs of fifty, thieves commit their crimes;
At fifty love for love is rare, 'tis true,
But then, no doubt, it equally as true is,
A good deal may be bought for fifty Louis.

Julia had honour, virtue, truth, and love
For Don Alfonso; and she inly swore,
By all the vows below to powers above,
She never would disgrace the ring she wore,
Nor leave a wish which wisdom might reprove;
And while she ponder'd this, besides much more,
One hand on Juan's carelessly was thrown,
Quite by mistake—she thought it was her own:

OX

Unconsciously she lean'd upon the other,
Which play'd within the tangles of her hair;
And to contend with thoughts she could not smother
She seem'd, by the distraction of her air.
'Twas surely very wrong in Juan's mother
To leave together this imprudent pair,"
She who for many years had watch'd her son so—
I'm very certain mine would not have done so.

The hand which still held Juan's, by degrees
Gently, but palpably confirm'd its grasp,
As if it said, "Detain me, if you please;"
Yet there's no doubt she only meant to clasp
His fingers with a pure Platonic squeeze;
She would have shrunk as from a toad, or asp,
Had she imagined such a thing could rouse
A feeling dangerous to a prudent spouse.

oxii.

I cannot know what Juan thought of this,
But what he did, is much what you would do;
His young lip thank'd it with a grateful kiss,
And then, abash'd at its own joy, withdrew
In deep despair, lest he had done amiss,—
Love is so very timid when 'tis new:
She blush'd, and frown'd not, but she strove to speak,
And held her tongue, her voice was grown so weak.

The sun set, and up rose the yellow moon:

The devil's in the moon for mischief; they
Who call'd her CHASTE, methinks, began too soon
Their nomenclature; there is not a day,
The longest, not the twenty-first of June,
Sees half the business in a wicked way,
On which three single hours of moonshine smile—
And then she looks so modest all the while.

There is a dangerous silence in that hour,

A stillness, which leaves room for the full soul
To open all itself, without the power

Of calling wholly back its self-control;
The silver light which, hallowing tree and tower,

Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws

A loving languor which is not repose.

CTV.

And Julia sat with Juan, half embraced
And half retiring from the glowing arm,
Which trembled like the bosom where 'twas placed;
Yet still she must have thought there was no harm,
Or else 'twere easy to withdraw her waist;
But then the situation had its charm,
And then——God knows what next—I can't go on:
I'm almost sorry that I e'er begun.

Oh Plato! Plato! you have paved the way,
With your confounded fantasies, to more
Immoral conduct by the fancied sway
Your system feigns o'er the controulless core
Of human hearts, than all the long array
Of poets and romancers:—You're a bore,
A charlatan, a coxcomb—and have been,
At best, no better than a go-between.

CXVII.

And Julia's voice was lost, except in sighs,
Until too late for useful conversation;
The tears were gushing from her gentle eyes,
I wish, indeed, they had not had occasion;
But who, alas! can love, and then be wise?
Not that remorse did not oppose temptation;
A little still she strove, and much repented,
And whispering "I will ne'er consent"—consented.

'Tis said that Xerxes offer'd a reward
To those who could invent him a new pleasure
Methinks the requisition's rather hard,
And must have cost his majesty a treasure:
For my part, I'm a moderate-minded bard,
Fond of a little love (which I call leisure);
I care not for new pleasures, as the old
Are quite enough for me, so they but hold.

Oh Pleasure! you're indeed a pleasant thing,
Although one must be damn'd for you, no doubt
I make a resolution every spring
* Of reformation, ere the year run out,
But somehow, this my vestal vow takes wing,
Yet still, I trust, it may be kept throughout:
I'm very sorry, very much ashamed,
And mean, next winter, to be quite reclaim'd.

Here my chaste Muse a liberty must take—
Start not! still chaster reader—she'll be nice henceForward, and there is no great cause to quake;
This liberty is a poetic heence,
Which some irregularity may make
In the design, and as I have a high sense
Of Aristotle and the Rules, 'tis fit
To beg his pardon when I err a bit.

This licence is to hope the reader will
Suppose from June the sixth (the fatal day
Without whose epoch my poetic skill
For want of facts would all be thrown away),
But keeping Julia and Don Juan still
In sight, that several months have pass'd; we'll say
'Twas in November, but I'm not so sure
About the day—the era's more obscure.

We'll talk of that anon.—'The sweet to hear
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep;
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

"Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come;
'Tis sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

CXXIV.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
Purple and gushing; sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth;
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps,
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth,
Sweet is revenge—especially to women,
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to scamen.

CXXV.

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet"

The unexpected death of some old lady,
Or gentleman of seventy years complete,
Who've made "us youth" wait too—too long already
For an estate, or cash, or country seat,
Still breaking, but with stamina so steady,
That all the Israchtes are fit to mob its
Next owner for their double-damn'd post-obits."

CXXVI

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,
By blood or ink; 'tis sweet to put an end
To strife; 'tis sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,
Particularly with a tiresome friend:
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels;
Dear is the helpless creature we defend
Against the world; and dear the schoolboy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

OXXVII.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate love—it stands alone,
Like Adam's recollection of his fall;
The tree of knowledge has been pluck'd—all's known—
And life yields nothing further to recall
Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
Fire which Prometheus filch'd for us from heaven.

Man's a strange animal, and makes strange use
Of his own nature, and the various arts,
And likes particularly to produce
Some new experiment to show his parts;
This is the age of oddities let loose,
Where different talents find their different marts;
You'd best begin with truth, and when you've lost your
Labour, there's a sure market for imposture.

CXXIX.

What opposite discoveries we have seen!
(Signs of true genius, and of empty pockets.)
One makes new noses, one a guillotine,
One breaks your bones, one sets them in their sockets;
But vaccination certainly has been
A kind antithesis to Congreve's rockets,
With which the Doctor paid off an old pox,
By borrowing a new one from an ox.

CXXX.

Bread has been made (indifferent) from potatoes;
And galvanism has set some corpses grinning,
But has not answered like the apparatus
Of the Humane Society's beginning,
By which men are unsuffocated gratis:
What wondrous new machines have late been spinning!
I said the small-pox had gone out of late;
Perhaps it may be followed by the great.

oxxxi.

'Tis said the great came from America
Perhaps it may set out on its return,—
The population there so spreads, they say
'Tis grown high time to thin it in its turn,
With war, or plague, or famine, any way,
So that civilisation they may learn;
And which in ravage the more loathsome evil is—
Their real lues, or our pseudo-syphilis?

This is the patent age of new inventions

For killing bodies, and for saving souls,
All propagated with the best intentions;
Sir Humphry Davy's lantern, by which coals
Are safely mined for in the mode he mentions,
Tombuctoo travels, voyages to the Poles, Are ways to benefit mankind, as true,
Perhaps, as shooting them at Waterloo.

OXXXIII.

Man's a phenomenon, one knows not what,
And wonderful beyond all wondrous measure;
'Tis pity though, in this sublime world, that
Pleasure's a sin, and sometimes sin's a pleasure;''
Few mortals know what end they would be at,
But whether glory, power, or love, or treasure,
The path is through perplexing ways, and when
The goal is gain'd, we die, you know—and then——

CXXXIV.

What then?—I do not know, no more do you—And so good night.—Return we to our story 'Twas in November, when fine days are few, And the far mountains wax a little hoary, And clap a white cape on their mantles blue; And the sea dashes round the promontory, And the loud breaker boils against the rock, And sober suns must set at five o'clock.

OXXXV.

'Twas, as the watchmen say, a cloudy night;"

No moon, no stars, the wind was low or loud

By gusts, and many a sparkling hearth was bright

With the piled wood, round which the family crowd;

There's something cheerful in that sort of light,

Even as a summer sky's without a cloud:

I'm fond of fire, and crickets, and all that,

A lobster-salad, and champagne, and chat.*

'Twas midnight—Donna Julia was in bed,
Sleeping, most probably,—when at her door
Arose a clatter might awake the dead,
If they had never been awoke before,
And that they have been so we all have read,
And are to be so, at the least, once more;—
The door was fasten'd, but with voice and fist
First knocks were heard, then "Madam—Madam—hist!

CXXXVII.

"For God's sake, Madam—Madam—here's my master,"
With more than half the city at his back—
Was ever heard of such a curst disaster!

"Tis not my fault—I kept good watch—Alack!
Do pray undo the bolt a little faster—
They're on the stair just now, and in a crack
Will all be here; perhaps he yet may fly—
Surely the window's not so very high!"

CXXXVIII.

By this time Don Alfonso was arrived,
With torches, friends and servants in great number;
The major part of them had long been wived,
And therefore paused not to disturb the slumber
Of any wicked woman, who contrived
By stealth her husband's temples to encumber:
Examples of this kind are so contagious,
Were one not punish'd all would be outrageous.

I can't tell how, or why, or what suspicion
Could enter into Don Alfonso's head;
But for a cavalier of his condition
It surely was exceedingly ill-bred,
Without a word of previous admonition,
To hold a levee round his lady's bed,
And summon lackeys, arm'd with fire and sword,
To prove himself the thing he most abhorr'd.

Poor Donna Julia! starting as from sleep,
(Mind—that I do not say—she had not slept)
Began at once to scream, and yawn, and weep;
Her maid, Antonia, who was an adept,
Contrived to fling the bed-clothes in a heap,
As if she had just now from out them crept:
I can't tell why she should take all this trouble
To prove her mistress had been sleeping double.

But Julia mistress, and Antenna maid,
Appear'd like two poor harmless women, who
Of goblins, but still more of men afraid,
Had thought one man might be deterr'd by two,
And therefore side by side were gently laid,
Until the hours of absence should run through,
And truant husband should return, and say,
"My dear, I was the first who came away."

Now Julia found at length a voice, and cried,
"In heaven's name, Don Alfonso, what d'ye mean?
Has madness seized you? would that I had died
Ere such a monster's victim I had been!
What may this midnight violence betide,
A sudden fit of drunkenness or spleen?
Dare you suspect me, whom the thought would kill?
Search, then, the room!" Alfonso said, "I will."

He search'd, they search'd, and rummaged everywhere,
Closet and clothes-press, chest and window-seat,
And found much linen, lace, and several pair
Of stockings, slippers, brushes, combs, complete,
With other articles of ladies fair,
To keep them beautiful, or leave them neat:

Arras they prick'd and curtains with their swords, And wounded several shutters, and some boards.

CXLIV.

Under the bed they search'd, and there they found—
No matter what—it was not that they sought;
They open'd windows, gazing if the ground
Had signs or footmarks, but the earth said nought;
And then they stared each other's faces round:
"The odd, not one of all these seckers thought,
And seems to me almost a sort of blunder,
Of looking in the bed as well as under.

CXLV.

During this inquisition Julia's tongue was was not asleep—"Yes, search and search," she cried, "Insult on insult heap, and wrong on wrong! It was for this that I became a bride! For this in silence I have suffer'd long A husband like Alfonso at my side; But now I'll bear no more, nor here remain, If there be law or lawyers, in all Spain.

"Yes, Don Alfonso! husband now no more,
If ever you indeed deserved the name,
Is't worthy of your years?—you have threescore—
Fifty, or sixty, it is all the same—
Is't wise or fitting, causeless to explore
For facts against a virtuous woman's fame?
Ungrateful, perjured, barbarous Don Alfonso,
How dare you think your lady would go on so?

CXLVII.

"Is it for this I have disdain'd to hold
The common privileges of my sex?
That I have chosen a confessor so old
And deaf, that any other it would vex,
And never once he has had cause to scold,
But found my very innocence perplex
So much, he always doubted I was married—
How sorry you will be when I've miscarried!

"Was it for this that no Cortejo" e'er
I yet have chosen from out the youth of Seville?
Is it for this I scarce went anywhere,
Except to bull-fights, mass, play, rout, and revel?
Is it for this, whate'er my suitors were,
I favour'd none—nay, was almost uncivil?
Is it for this that General Count O'Relly,
Who took Algiers," declares I used him vilely?

"Did not the Italian Musico Cazzani
Sing at my heart six months at least in vain?
Did not his countryman, Count Corniani,
Call me the only virtuous wife in Spain?
Were there not also Russians, English, many?
The Count Strongstroganoff I put in pain,
And Lord Mount Coffeehouse, the Irish peer,
Who kill'd himself for love (with wine) last year.

"Have I not had two bishops at my feet?
The Duke of Ichar, and Don Fernan Nunez;
And is it thus a faithful wife you treat?
I wonder in what quarter now the moon is:
I praise your vast forbearance not to beat
Me also, since the time so opportune is—
Oh, valiant man! with sword drawn and cock'd trigger,
Now, tell me, don't you cut a pretty figure?

CLI.

317

"Was it for this you took your sudden journey,
Under pretence of business indispensable,
With that sublime of rascals your attorney,
Whom I see standing there, and looking sensible
Of having play'd the fool? though both I spurn, he
Deserves the worst, his conduct's less defensible,
Because, no doubt, 'twas for his dirty fee,
And not from any love to you nor me.

"If he comes here to take a deposition,
By all means let the gentleman proceed;
You've made the apartment in a fit condition:—
There's pen and ink for you, sir, when you need—
Let every thing be noted with precision,
I would not you for nothing should be fee'd—
But as my maid's undrest, pray turn your spies out."
"Oh!" sobb'd Antonia, "I could tear their eyes out."

CLIII.

"There is the closet, there the toilet, there
The antechamber—search them under, over;
There is the sofa, there the great arm-chair,
The chimney—which would really hold a lover."

I wish to sleep, and beg you will take care
And make no further noise, till you discover
The secret cavern of this lurking treasure—
And when 'tis found, let me, too, have that pleasure.

CLIV.

"And now, Hidalgo! now that you have thrown Doubt upon me, confusion over all,
Pray have the courtesy to make it known
Who is the man you search for? how d'ye call
Him? what's his lineage? let him but be shown—
I hope he's young and handsome—is he tall?
Tell me—and be assured, that since you stain
Mine honour thus, it shall not be in vain.

"At least, perhaps, he has not sixty years,
At that age he would be too old for slaughter,
Or for so young a husband's jealous fears—
(Antonia! let me have a glass of water.)
I am ashamed of having shed these tears,
They are unworthy of my father's daughter;
My mother dream'd not in my natal hour,
That I should fall into a monster's power.

"Perhaps 'tis of Antonia you are jealous,
You saw that she was sleeping by my side,
When you broke in upon us with your fellows
Look where you please—we've nothing, sir, to hide;
Only another time, I trust, you'll tell us,
Or for the sake of decency abide
A moment at the door, that we may be
Drest to receive so much good company.

"And now, sir, I have done, and say no more;
The little I have said may serve to show
The guileless heart in silence may grieve o'er
The wrongs to whose exposure it is slow:—
I leave you to your conscience as before,
"Twill one day ask you, why you used me so?
God grant you feel not then the bitterest grief!—
Antonia! where's my pocket-handkerchief?"

She ceased, and turn'd upon her pillow; pale
She lay, her dark eyes flashing through their tears,
Like skies that rain and lighten; as a veil,
Waved and o'ershading her wan cheek, appears
Her streaming hair; the black curls strive, but fail,
To hide the glossy shoulder, which uprears
Its snow through all;—her soft lips lie apart,
And louder than her breathing beats her heart.

CLIX.

The Senhor Don Alfonso stood confused;
Antonia bustled round the ransack'd room,
And, turning up her nose, with looks abused
Her master, and his myrmidons, of whom
Not one, except the attorney, was amused;
He, like Achates, faithful to the tomb,
So there were quarrels, cared not for the cause,
Knowing they must be settled by the laws.

CLX.

With prying snub-nose, and small eyes, he stood, Following Antonia's motions here and there, With much suspicion in his attitude;
For reputations he had little care;
So that a suit or action were made good,
Small pity had he for the young and fair,
And ne'er believed in negatives, till these
Were proved by competent false witnesses.

CLXI.

But Don Alfonso stood with downcast looks,
And, truth to say, he made a foolish figure;
When, after searching in five hundred nooks,
And treating a young wife with so much rigour,
He gain'd no point, except some self-rebukes,
Added to those his lady with such vigour
Had pour'd upon him for the last half-hour,
Quick, thick, and heavy—as a thunder-shower.

CLXII.

At first he tried to hammer an excuse,

To which the sole reply was tears, and sobs,
And indications of hysterics, whose

Prologue is always certain throes, and throbs,
Gasps, and whatever else the owners choose:

Alfonso saw his wife, and thought of Job's;
He saw too, in perspective, her relations,
And then he tried to muster all his patience.

CLXIII

He stood in act to speak, or rather stammer,
But sage Antonia cut him short before
The anvil of his speech received the hammer,
With "Pray, sir, leave the room, and say no more,
Or madam dies."—Alfonso mutter'd, "D—n her,"
But nothing else, the time of words was o'er;
He cast a rueful look or two, and did,
He knew not wherefore, that which he was bid.

CLXIV.

With him retired his "posse comitatus,"

The attorney last, who linger'd near the door
Reluctantly, still tarrying there as late as

Antonia let him—not a little sore

At this most strange and unexplain'd "hiatus"

In Don Alfonso's facts, which just now wore
An awkward look; as he revolved the case,
The door was fasten'd in his legal face.

OLXV.

No sooner was it bolted, than—Oh shame!
Oh sin! Oh sorrow! and Oh womankind!
How can you do such things and keep your fame,
Unless this world, and t'other too, be blind?
Nothing so dear as an unfilch'd good name!
But to proceed—for there is more behind:
With much heartfelt reluctance be it said,
Young Juan slipp'd, half-smother'd, from the bed.

OLXVI.

He had been hid—I don't pretend to say
How, nor can I indeed describe the where—
Young, slender, and pack'd easily, he lay,
No doubt, in little compass, round or square;
But pity him I neither must nor may
His suffocation by that pretty pair;
'Twere better, sure, to die so, than be shut
With maudlin Clarence in his Malmsey butt."

CLX VII.

And, secondly, I pity not, because

He had no business to commit a sin,
Forbid by heavenly, fined by human laws,
At least 'twas rather early to begin;
But at sixteen the conscience rarely gnaws
So much as when we call our old debts in
At sixty years, and draw the accompts of evil,
And find a deuced balance with the devil.

CLXVIII.

Of his position I can give no notion:

"Tis written in the Hebrew Chromcle,
How the physicians, leaving pill and potion,
Prescribed, by way of blister, a young belle,
When old King Qavid's blood grew dull in motion,
And that the medicine answer'd very well;
Perhaps 'twas in a different way applied,
For David lived, but Juan nearly died.

What's to be done? Alfonso will be back
The moment he has sent his fools away.
Antonia's skill was put upon the rack,
But no device could be brought into play—
And how to parry the renew'd attack?
Besides, it wanted but few hours of day:
Antonia puzzled; Julia did not speak,
But press'd her bloodless lip to Juan's cheek.

CLXX.

He turn'd his lip to hers, and with his hand
Call'd back the tangles of her wandering hair;
Even then their love they could not all command,
And half forgot their danger and despair:
Antonia's patience now was at a stand—
"Come, come, 'tis no time now for fooling there,'
She whisper'd, in great wrath—"I must deposit
This pretty gentleman within the closet:
vol. v.

CLXXT.

"Pray, keep your nonsense for some luckier night—
Who can have put my master in this mood?
What will become on't—I'm in such a fright,
The Devil's in the urchin, and no good—
Is this a time for giggling? this a plight?
Why, don't you know that it may end in blood?
You'll lose your life, and I shall lose my place,
My mistress all, for that half-girlish face.

CLXXII.

"Had it but been for a stout cavalier
Of twenty-five or thirty—(come, make haste)
But for a child, what piece of work is here!
I really, madam, wonder at your taste—
(Come, sir, get in)—my master must be near:
There, for the present, at the least, he's fast,
And if we can but till the morning keep
Our counsel—(Juan, mind, you must not sleep)."

Now, Don Alfonso entering, but alone,
Closed the oration of the trusty maid:
She loiter'd, and he told her to be gone,
'An order somewhat sullenly obey'd;
However, present remedy was none,
And no great good seem'd answer'd if she staid;
Regarding both with slow and sidelong view,
She snuff'd the candle, curtsied, and withdrew.

CLXXIV.

Alfonso paused a minute—then begun
Some strange excuses for his late proceeding;
He would not justify what he had done,
To say the best, it was extreme ill-breeding;
But there were ample reasons for it, none
Of which he specified in this his pleading:
His speech was a fine sample, on the whole,
Of rhetoric, which the learn'd call "rigmarole."

Julia said nought; though all the while there rose A ready answer, which at once enables A matron, who her husband's foible knows, By a few timely words to turn the tables, Which, if it does not silence, still must pose,—Even if it should comprise a pack of fables; 'Tis to retort with firmness, and when he Suspects with one, do you reproach with three.

Julia, in fact, had tolerable grounds,—
Alfonso's loves with Inez were well known;
But whether 'twas that one's own guilt confounds—
But that can't be, as has been often shown,
A lady with apologies abounds;—
It might be that her silence sprang alone
From delicacy to Don Juan's ear,
To whom she knew his mother's fame was dear.

There might be one more motive, which makes two, Alfonso ne'er to Juan had alluded,—
Mention'd his jealousy, but never who
Had been the happy lover, he concluded,
Conceal'd amongst his premises; 'tis true,
His mind the more o'er this its mystery brooded;
To speak of Inez now were, one may say,
Like throwing Juan in Alfonso's way.

A hint, in tender cases, is enough;
Silence is best, besides there is a tact—
(That modern phrase appears to me sad stuff,
But it will serve to keep my verse compact)—
Which keeps, when push'd by questions rather rough,
A lady always distant from the fact:
The charming creatures lie with such a grace,
There's nothing so becoming to the face.

CLXXIX.

They blush, and we believe them; at least I
Have always done so; 'tis of no great use,
In any case, attempting a reply,
For then their eloquence grows quite profuse;
And when at length they're out of breath, they sigh,
And cast their languid eyes down, and let loose
A tear or two, and then we make it up;
And then—and then—and then—sit down and sup.

CLXXX.

Alfonso closed his speech, and begg'd her pardon,
Which Julia half withheld, and then half granted,
And laid conditions, he thought very hard, on,
Denying several little things he wanted:
He stood like Adam lingering near his garden,
With useless penitence perplex'd and haunted,"
Besecching she no further would refuse,
When, lo! he stumbled o'er a pair of shocs.

CLXXXI.

A pair of shoes!—what then? not much, if they
Are such as fit with ladies' feet, but these
(No one can tell how much I grieve to say)
Were masculine; to see them, and to seize,
Was but a moment's act.—Ah! well-a-day!
My teeth begin to chatter, my veins freeze—
Alfonso first examined well their fashion,
And then flew out into another passion.

CLXXXII.

He left the room for his relinquish'd sword,
And Julia instant to the closet flew.

"Fly, Juan, fly! for heaven's sake—not a word—
The door is open—you may yet slip through
The passage you so often have explored—
Here is the garden-key—Fly—fly—Adieu!
Haste—haste! I hear Alfonso's hurrying feet—
Day has not broke—there's no one in the street."

None can say that this was not good advice,

The only mischief was, it came too late;

Of all experience 'tis the usual price,

A sort of income-tax laid on by fate:

Juan had reach'd the room-door in a trice,

And might have done so by the garden-gate,

But met Alfonso in his dressing-gown,

Who threaten'd death—so Juan knock'd him down.

Dire was the scuffle, and out went the light;
Antonia cried out "Rape!" and Julia "Fire!'
But not a servant stirr'd to aid the fight.
Alfonso, pommell'd to his heart's desire,
Swore lustily he'd be revenged this night;
And Juan, too, blasphemed an octave higher;
His blood was up: though young, he was a Tartar,
And not at all disposed to prove a martyr.

CLXXXV.

Alfonso's sword had dropp'd ere he could draw it,
And they continued battling hand to hand,
For Juan very luckily ne'er saw it;
His temper not being under great command,
If at that moment he had chanced to claw it,
Alfonso's days had not been in the land
Much longer.—Think of husbands', lovers' lives!
And how ye may be doubly widows—wives!

Alfonso grappled to detain the foe,

And Juan throttled him to get away,

And blood ('twas from the nose) began to flow;

At last, as they more faintly wrestling lay,

Juan contrived to give an awkward blow,

And then his only garment quite gave way;

He fled, like Joseph, leaving it; but there,

1 doubt, all likeness ends between the pair.

CLXXXVII.

Lights came at length, and men, and maids, who found An awkward spectacle their eyes before; Antonia in hysterics, Julia swoon'd,
Alfonso leaning, breathless, by the door;
Some half-torn drapery scatter'd on the ground,
Some blood, and several footsteps, but no more:
Juan the gate gain'd, turn'd the key about,
And liking not the inside, lock'd the out.

CLXXXVIII.

Here ends this canto.—Need I sing, or say,
How Juan, naked, favour'd by the night,
Who favours what she should not, found his way,*
And reach'd his home in an unseemly plight?
The pleasant scandal which arose next day,
The nine days' wonder which was brought to light,
And how Alfonso sued for a divorce,
Were in the English newspapers, of course.

If you would like to see the whole proceedings,
The depositions and the cause at full,
The names of all the witnesses, the pleadings
Of counsel to nonsuit, or to annul,
There's more than one edition, and the readings
Are various, but they none of them are dull;
The best is that in short-hand ta'en by Gurney, who to Madrid on purpose made a journey.

exc.

But Donna Inez, to divert the train
Of one of the most circulating scandals
That had for centuries been known in Spain,
At least since the retirement of the Vandals,⁵⁰
First vow'd (and never had she vow'd in vain)
To Virgin Mary several pounds of candles;
And then, by the advice of some old ladies,
She sent her son to be shipp'd off from Cadiz.

oxoi.

She had resolved that he should travel through All European climes, by land or sea,
To mend his former morals, and get new,
Especially in France and Italy,
(At least this is the thing most people do.)
Julia was sent into a convent: she
Grieved, but, perhaps, her feelings may be better
Shown in the following copy of her Letter:—

"They tell me 'tis decided you depart:
 "Tis wise—'tis well, but not the less a pain;
 I have no further claim on your young heart,
 Mine is the victim, and would be again:
 To love too much has been the only art
 I used;—I write in haste, and if a stain
 Be on this sheet, 'tis not what it appears;
 My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.

"I loved, I love you, for this love have lost
State, station, heaven, mankind's, my own esteem,
And yet cannot regret what it hath cost,
So dear is still the memory of that dream;
Yet, if I name my guilt, 'tis not to boast,
None can deem harshlier of me than I deem:
I trace this scrawl because I cannot rest—
I've nothing to reproach or to request.

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
"Tis woman's whole existence; man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
And few there are whom these cannot estrange;
Men have all these resources, we but one, "
To love again, and be again undone."

"You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,
Beloved and loving many; all is o'er
For me on earth, except some years to hide
My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core:
These I could bear, but cannot cast aside
The passion which still rages as before,—
And so farewell—forgive me, love me—No,
That word is idle now—but let it go."

"My breast has been all weakness, is so yet;
But still I think I can collect my mind; "My blood still rushes where my spirit's set,
As roll the waves before the settled wind;
My heart is feminine, nor can forget—
To all, except one image, madly blind;
So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,
As vibrates my fond heart to my fix'd soul."

"I have no more to say, but hnger still,
And dare not set my seal upon this sheet,
And yet I may as well the task fulfil,
My misery can scarce be more complete:
I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill;
Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would meet,
And I must even survive this last adieu,
And bear with life, to love and pray for you!"

OXCVIII.

This note was written upon gilt-edged paper
With a neat little crow-quill, slight and new; **
Her small white hand could hardly reach the taper,
It trembled as magnetic needles do,
And yet she did not let one tear escape her;
The seal a sun-flower: "Elle vous suit partout,"**
The motto, cut upon a white cornelian;
The wax was superfine, its hue vermilion.



This was Don Juan's earliest scrape; but whether I shall proceed with his adventures is Dependent on the public altogether; We'll see, however, what they say to this, Their favour in an author's cap's a feather, And no great mischief's done by their caprice; And if their approbation we experience, Perhaps they'll have some more about a year hence.

cc.

My poem's epic, and is meant to be
Divided in twelve books; each book containing,
With love, and war, a heavy gale at sea,
A list of ships, and captains, and kings reigning,
New characters; the episodes are three:
A panoramic view of hell's in training,
After the style of Virgil and of Homer,
So that my name of Epic's no misnomer.

oor.

All these things will be specified in time,
With strict regard to Aristotle's rules,
The Vade Mecum of the true sublime,
Which makes so many poets, and some fools:
Prose poets like blank-verse, I'm fond of rhyme,
Good workmen never quarrel with their tools;
I've got new mythological machinery,
And very handsome supernatural scenery.

CCII.

There's only one slight difference between
Me and my epic brethren gone before,
And here the advantage is my own, I ween
(Not that I have not several merits more,
But this will more peculiarly be seen);
They so embellish, that 'tis quite a bore
Their labyrinth of fables to thread through,
Whereas this story's actually true.

CCIII.

If any person doubt it, I appeal
To history, tradition, and to facts,
To newspapers whose truth all know and feel,
To plays in five, and operas in three acts; 101
All these confirm my statement a good deal,
But that which more completely faith exacts
Is, that myself, and several now in Seville,
Saw Juan's last elopement with the devil.

COLV.

If ever I should condescend to prose,
I'll write poetical commandments, which
Shall supersede beyond all doubt all those
That went before; in these I shall enrich
My text with many things that no one knows,
And carry precept to the highest pitch:
I'll call the work "Longinus o'er a Bottle,"
Or, Every Poet his own Aristotle."

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope;
Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey;
Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,
The second drunk, the third so quaint and mouthy:
With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope,
And Campbell's Hippocrene is somewhat drouthy:
Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers, nor
Commit—flirtation with the muse of Moore.

Thou shalt not covet Mr. Sotheby's Muse,
His Pegasus, nor any thing that's his;
Thou shalt not bear false witness like "the Blues"—
(There's one, at least, is very fond of this);
Thou shalt not write, in short, but what I choose;
This is true criticism, and you may kiss—
Exactly as you please, or not,—the rod;
But if you don't, I'll lay it on, by G—!

COVII.

If any person should presume to assert
This story is not moral, first, I pray,
That they will not cry out before they're hurt,
Then that they'll read it o'er again, and say
(But doubtless, nobody will be so pert),
That this is not a moral tale, though gay;
Besides, in Canto Twelfth, I mean to show
The very place where wicked people go.

CUVIII.

If, after all, there should be some so blind
To their own good this warning to despise,
Led by some tortuosity of mind,
Not to believe my verse and their own eyes,
And cry that they "the moral cannot find,"
I tell him, if a clergyman, he hes;
Should captains the remark, or critics, make,
They also lie too—under a mistake.

CCIX.

The public approbation I expect,
And beg they'll take my word about the moral,
Which I with their amusement will connect
(So children cutting teeth receive a coral);
Meantime they'll doubtless please to recollect
My epical pretensions to the laurel:
For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish
I've bribed my grandmother's review—the British.

COX.

I sent it in a letter to the Editor,
Who thank'd me duly by return of post—
I'm for a handsome article his creditor;
Yet, if my gentle Muse he please to roast,
And break a promise after having made it her,
Denying the receipt of what it cost,
And smear his page with gall instead of honey,
All I can say is—that he had the money.

I think that with this holy new alliance
I may ensure the public, and defy
All other magazines of art or science,
Daily, or monthly, or three monthly; I
Have not essay'd to multiply their clients,
Because they tell me 'twere in vain to try,
And that the Edinburgh Review and Quarterly
Treat a dissenting author very martyrly.

"Non ego hoc ferrem calida juventa"

Consule Planco," Hovace said, and so
Say I; by which quotation there is meant a

Hint that some six or seven good years ago
(Long ere I dreamt of dating from the Brenta)

I was most ready to return a blow,
And would not brook at all this sort of thing
In my hot youth—when George the Third was King

But now at thirty years my hair is gray—
(I wonder what it will be like at forty?
I thought of a peruke the other day—¹⁰⁴)
My heart is not much greener; and, in short, l
Have squander'd my whole summer while 'twas May,
And feel no more the spirit to retort; I
Have spent my life, both interest and principal,
And deem not, what I deem'd, my soul invincible.

ccxiv.

No more—no more—Oh! never more on me
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
Which out of all the lovely things we see
Extracts emotions beautiful and new;
Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee
Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew?
Alas! 'twas not in them, but in thy power
To double even the sweetness of a flower.

***)**

CCXV.

No more—no more—Oh! never more, my heart,
Canst thou be my sole world, my universe!
Once all in all, but now a thing apart,
Thou canst not be my blessing or my curse:
The illusion's gone for ever, and thou art
Insensible, I trust, but none the worse,
And in thy stead I've got a deal of judgment,
Though heaven knows how it ever found a lodgment.

My days of love are over; me no more 105

The charms of maid, wife, and still less of widow,
Can make the fool of which they made before,—
In short, I must not lead the life I did do;
The credulous hope of mutual minds is o'er,
The copious use of claret is forbid too,
So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice. 106

Ambition was my idol, which was broken
Before the shrines of Sorrow, and of Pleasure;
And the two last have left me many a token
O'er which reflection may be made at leisure;
Now, like Friar Bacon's brazen head, I've spoken,
"Time is, Time was, Time's past:"
—a chymic treasure
Is ghttering youth, which I have spent betimes—
My heart in passion, and my head on rhymes.

COXVIII.

What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper:
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour;
For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
And bards burn what they call their "midnight taper;"
To have, when the original is dust,
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

COTIX.

What are the hopes of man? Old Egypt's King Cheops erected the first pyramid

And largest, thinking it was just the thing

To keep his memory whole, and mummy hid:
But somebody or other rummaging,

Burglariously broke his coffin's lid:
Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops. 100

CCXX.

But I being fond of true philosophy,
Say very often to myself, "Alas!

All things that have been born were born to die,
And flesh (which Death mows down to hay) is grass;
You've pass'd your youth not so unpleasantly,
And if you had it o'er again—'twould pass—
So thank your stars that matters are no worse,
And read your bible, sir, and mind your purse."

CCXXI.

But for the present, gentle reader! and
Still gentler purchaser! the bard—that's I—
Must, with permission, shake you by the hand, "
And so your humble servant, and good-b'ye!
We meet again, if we should understand
Each other; and if not, I shall not try
Your patience further than by this short sample—
"Twere well if others follow'd my example.

OUXXII.

"Go, little book, from this my solitude!
I cast thee on the waters—go thy ways!
And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,
The world will find thee after many days."
When Southey's read, and Wordsworth understood,
I can't help putting in my claim to praise—
The four first rhymes are Southey's every line:
For God's sake, reader! take them not for mine!

DON JUAN.

CANTO THE SECOND.*

["Begun at Venice, December 13, 1818,—finished Jan. 20, 1819"—B.]

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THE SECOND.

Before Lord Byron had heard from England the opinions of his literary friends on the opening canto of Don Juan, he had completed Canto the Second. This was on the 20th of January, 1819, and on the 1st of February, he wrote to Mr. Murray that he had not yet begun to copy it out, partly from laziness and partly from the discouragement of the milk and water thrown upon its predecessor. He finished the transcript at the commencement of April, and notwithstanding what he said of discouragements and misgivings, refused to hear a word about suppression or curtail-"You may as well," he wrote to Mr. Murray, "talk to the wind, and better-for it will at least convey your accents a little further than they would otherwise have gone; whereas I shall neither echo nor acquiesce in your exquisite reasons" The poctry was even finer than before, but in the tone of the continuation there was no improvement on the condemned canto. The loves of Juan and Hadée, which are told in the sweetest strain of verse, he wantonly tainted by the sensual turn he gave to their passion. The sublimity and pathos of the shipwreck are marred by another wilful offence against taste and feeling—the attempt to lead off tragic emotions into the lowest farce. Mr. Murray reported to him the colloquial criticism of a literary friend, "That we are never scorched and drenched at the same time." "Blessings on his experience," retorted Lord Byron; "did he never play at cricket, or walk a mile in hot weather. Did he never spill a dish of tea over himself in handing the cup to his charmer, to the great shame of his nankeen breeches? Did he never swim in the sea at noonday with the sun in his eyes and on his head, which all the foam of ocean could not cool?" But though by a string of such ingenious interrogations he disposed successfully of the metaphor, he could only reply upon the merits of the question, "that the gravity heightened the fun."-forgetful that the fun was itself the objection when founded upon subjects too serious for mirth Nor did it answer its end, for that which revolts can never amuse. Replete as is "Don Juan" with various wit, and with the most natural transitions from grave to gay, there would have seemed to be no temptation to aim at what we must term the suicidal success of extinguishing in laughter the refined emotions he had raised. Some of his antagonists directed their attacks to a point where Lord Byron's harness was without a joint. Every detail in the shipwreck was, as he has stated, taken from fact, and mostly from wellknown published narratives. He was absurdly charged with plagiarism in consequence, when the very merit of the performance was in the literal versification of nautical prose which appeared to defy the resources of rhyme. In the parts which owe their excellence to the conception or expression, the poet will be found to have forsaken his authorities, and to be a debtor to nothing except his own genius.

CANTO THE SECOND.

OH ye! who teach the ingenuous youth of nations, Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain, I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,

It mends their morals, never mind the pain:

The best of mothers and of educations

In Juan's case were but employ'd in vain, Since, in a way that's rather of the oddest, he Became divested of his native modesty.'

Had he but been placed at a public school, In the third form, or even in the fourth, His daily task had kept his fancy cool,

At least, had he been nurtured in the north; Spain may prove an exception to the rule,

But then exceptions always prove its worth—A lad of sixteen causing a divorce
Puzzled his tutors very much, of course.

III.

1 can't say that it puzzles me at all,
If all things be consider'd: first, there was
His lady-mother, mathematical,

A —— never mind;—his tutor, an old ass;
A pretty woman—(that's quite natural,
Or else the thing had hardly come to pass)
A husband rather old, not much in unity
With his young wife—a time, and opportunity.

IV.

Well—well; the world must turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live and die, make love and pay our taxes,
And as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails;
The king commands us, and the doctor quacks us,
The priest instructs, and so our life exhales,
A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,
Fighting, devotion, dust,—perhaps a name.

٧.

I said, that Juan had been sent to Cadiz—
A pretty town, I recollect it well—
'Tis there the mart of the colonial trade is,
(Or was, before Peru learn'd to rebel,)
And such sweet girls—I mean, such graceful ladies,
Their very walk would make your bosom swell;
I can't describe it, though so much it strike,
Nor liken it—I never saw the like:

VI.

An Arab horse, a stately stag, a barb
New broke, a cameleopard, a gazelle,
No—none of these will do;—and then their garb,
Their veil and petticoat—Alas! to dwell
Upon such things would very near absorb
A canto—then their feet and ankles,—well,
Thank Heaven I've got no metaphor quite ready,
(And so, my sober Muse—come, let's be steady—

VII.

Chaste Muse!—well, if you must, you must)—the veil
Thrown back a moment with the glancing hand,
While the o'erpowering eye, that turns you pale,
Flashes into the heart:—All sunny land
Of love! when I forget you, may I fail
To —— say my prayers—but never was there plann'd
A dress through which the eyes give such a volley
Excepting the Venetian Fazzioli.

VIII.

But to our tale: the Donna Inez sent
Her son to Cadiz only to embark;
To stay there had not answer'd her intent,
But why?—we leave the reader in the dark'Twas for a voyage the young man was meant,
As if a Spanish ship were Noah's ark,
To wean him from the wickedness of earth,
And send him like a dove of promise forth.

Don Juan bade his valet pack his things
According to direction, then received
A lecture and some money: for four springs
He was to travel; and though Inez grieved
(As every kind of parting has its stings),
She hoped he would improve—perhaps believed
A letter, too, she gave (he never read it)
Of good advice—and two or three of credit.

In the mean time, to pass her hours away,
Brave Inez now set up a Sunday school
For naughty children, who would rather play
(Like truant rogues) the devil, or the fool;
Infants of three years old were taught that day,
Dunces were whipt, or set upon a stool:
The great success of Juan's education
Spurr'd her to teach another generation.

Juan embark'd—the ship got under way,
The wind was fair, the water passing rough;
A devil of a sea rolls in that bay,
As I, who've cross'd it oft, know well enough;
And, standing upon deck, the dashing spray
Flies in one's face, and makes it weather-tough;
And there he stood to take, and take again,
His first—perhaps his last—farewell of Spain.

XII.

I can't but say it is an awkward sight
To see one's native land receding through
The growing waters; it unmans one quite,
Especially when life is rather new:
I recollect Great Britain's coast looks white,
But almost every other country's blue,
When gazing on them, mystified by distance,
We enter on our nautical existence.

XIII.

So Juan stood, bewilder'd on the deck:

The wind sung, cordage strain'd, and sailors swore,
And the ship creak'd, the town became a speck,
From which away so fair and fast they bore.

The best of remedies is a beef-steak
Against sea-sickness: 'try it, sir, before
You sneer, and I assure you this is true,
For I have found it answer—so may you.

Don Juan stood, and, gazing from the stern,
Beheld his native Span receding far:
First partings form a lesson hard to learn,
Even nations feel this when they go to war;
There is a sort of unexprest concern,
A kind of shock that sets one's heart ajar:
At leaving even the most unpleasant people
And places, one keeps looking at the steeple.

xv.

But Juan had got many things to leave,
His mother, and a mistress, and no wife,
So that he had much better cause to grieve,
Than many persons more advanced in life;
And if we now and then a sigh must heave
At quitting even those we quit in strife,
No doubt we weep for those the heart endears—
That is, till deeper griefs congeal our tears.

XVI.

So Juan wept, as wept the captive Jews
By Babel's waters, still remembering Sion;
I'd weep,—but mine is not a weeping Muse,
And such light griefs are not a thing to die on;
Young men should travel, if but to amuse
Themselves; and the next time their servants the on
Behind their carriages their new portmanteau,
Perhaps it may be lined with this my canto.

XVII.

And Juan wept, and much he sigh'd and thought,
While his salt tears dropp'd mto the salt sea,
"Sweets to the sweet;" (I like so much to quote;
You must excuse this extract,—'tis where she,
The Queen of Denmark, for Opheha brought.
Flowers to the grave;) and, sobbing often, he
Reflected on his present situation,
And seriously resolved on reformation.

XVIII.

"Farewell, my Spain! a long farewell!" he cried, "Perhaps I may revisit thee no more, But die, as many an exiled heart hath died, Of its own thirst to see again thy shore: Farewell, where Guadalquivir's waters glide! Farewell, my mother! and, since all is o'er, Farewell, too, dearest Julia!—(here he drew Her letter out again, and read it through.)

XIX

"And oh! if e'er I should forget, I swear—
But that's impossible, and cannot be—
Sooner shall this blue ocean melt to air,
Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,
Than I resign thine image, oh, my fair!
Or think of any thing, excepting thee;
A mind diseased no remedy can physic—
(Here the ship gave a lurch, and he grew sea-sick.)

XX.

"Sooner shall heaven kiss earth—(here he fell sicker)
Oh, Julia! what is every other woe?—
(For God's sake let me have a glass of liquor;
Pedro, Battista, help me down below.)
Julia, my love—(you rascal, Pedro, quicker)—
Oh, Julia!—(this curst vessel pitches so)—
Beloved Julia, hear me still beseeching!"
(Here he grew inarticulate with retching.)

XXI.

He felt that chilling heaviness of heart,
Or rather stomach, which, alas! attends,
Beyond the best apothecary's art,
The loss of love, the treachery of friends,
Or death of those we dote on, when a part
Of us dies with them as each fond hope ends:
No doubt he would have been much more pathetic,
But the sea acted as a strong emetic.

XXII.

Love's a capricious power: I've known it hold
Out through a fever caused by its own heat,
But be much puzzled by a cough and cold,
And find a quinsy very hard to treat;
Against all noble maladies he's bold,
But vulgar illnesses don't like to meet,
Nor that a sneeze should interrupt his sigh,
Nor inflammations redden his blind eye.

XXIII.

But worst of all is nausea, or a pain
About the lower region of the bowels;
Love, who heroically breathes a vein,
Shrinks from the application of hot towels,
And purgatives are dangerous to his reign,
Sea-sickness death: his love was perfect, how else
Could Juan's passion, while the billows roar,
Resist his stomach, ne'er at sea before?

XXIV.

The ship, call'd the most holy "Trinadada,"
Was steering duly for the port Leghorn;
For there the Spanish family Moncada
Were settled long ere Juan's sire was born
They were relations, and for them he had a
Letter of introduction, which the morn
Of his departure had been sent him by
His Spanish friends for those in Italy.

xxv.

His suite consisted of three servants and
A tutor, the licentiate Pedrillo,
Who several languages did understand,
But now lay sick and speechless on his pillow,
And, rocking in his hammock, long'd for land,
His headache being increased by every billow;
And the waves oozing through the port-hole made
His berth a little damp, and him afraid.

XXVI.

'Twas not without some reason, for the wind Increased at night, until it blew a gale; And though 'twas not much to a naval mind, Some landsmen would have look'd a little pale, For sailors are, in fact, a different kind:

At sunset they began to take in sail, For the sky show'd it would come on to blow, And carry away, perhaps, a mast or so.

XXVII.

At one o'clock the wind with sudden shift
Threw the ship right into the trough of the sea,
Which struck her aft, and made an awkward rift,
Started the stern-post, also shatter'd the
Whole of her stern-frame, and, ere she could lift
Herself from out her present jeopardy,
The rudder tore away: 'twas time to sound
The pumps, and there were four feet water found.'

XXVIII.

One gang of people instantly was put
Upon the pumps, and the remainder set
To get up part of the cargo, and what not;
But they could not come at the leak as yet;
At last they did get at it really, but
Still their salvation was an even bet:
The water rush'd through in a way quite puzzling,
While they thrust sheets, shirts, jackets, bales of muslin,

XXIX.

Into the opening; but all such ingredients
Would have been vain, and they must have gone down.

Despite of all their efforts and expedients,
But for the pumps: I'm glad to make them known

To all the brother tars who may have need hence,
For fifty tons of water were upthrown

By them per hour, and they had all been undone,
But for the maker, Mr. Mann, of London.'

XXX.

As day advanced the weather seem'd to abate,
And then the leak they reckon'd to reduce,
And keep the ship afloat, though three feet yet
Kept two hand and one chain-pump still in use.
The wind blew fresh again: as it grew late
A squall came on, and while some guns broke loose,
A gust—which all descriptive power transcends—
Laid with one blast the ship on her beam ends.

XXXI.

There she lay motionless, and seem'd upset;
The water left the hold, and wash'd the decks,
And made a scene men do not soon forget;
For they remember battles, fires, and wrecks,
Or any other thing that brings regret,
Or breaks their hopes, or hearts, or heads, or necks
Thus drownings are much talk'd of by the divers,
And swimmers, who may chance to be survivors.

XXXII.

Immediately the masts were cut away,
Both main and mizen: first the mizen went,
The main-mast follow'd; but the ship still lay
Like a mere log, and baffled our intent.
Foremast and bowsprit were cut down, and they
Eased her at last (although we never meant
To part with all till every hope was blighted),
And then with violence the old ship righted."

XXXIII.

It may be easily supposed, while this
Was going on, some people were unquict,
That passengers would find it much amiss
To lose their lives, as well as spoil their diet;
That even the able seaman, deeming his
Days nearly o'er, might be disposed to riot,
As upon such occasions tars will ask
For grog, and sometimes drink rum from the cask.

XXXIV.

There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
As rum and true religion: thus it was,
Some plunder'd, some drank spirits, some sung psalms,
'The high wind made the treble, and as bass
The hoarse harsh waves kept time; fright cured the qualms
Of all the luckless landsmen's sea-sick maws:
Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devotion,
Clamour'd in chorus to the roaring ocean.¹²

xxxv.

Perhaps more mischief had been done, but for ¹⁸
Our Juan, who, with sense beyond his years,
Got to the spirit-room, and stood before
It with a pair of pistols; and their fears,
As if Death were more dreadful by his door
Of fire than water, spite of oaths and tears,
Kept still aloof the crew, who, ere they sunk,
Thought it would be becoming to die drunk.¹⁴

XXXVI.

"Give us more grog," they cried, "for it will be All one an hour hence." Juan answer'd "No! "Tis true that death awaits both you and me, But let us die like men, not sink below Like brutes:"—and thus his dangerous post kept he," And none liked to anticipate the blow; And even Pedrillo, his most reverend tutor, Was for some rum a disappointed suitor.

XXXVII.

The good old gentleman was quite aghast,
And made a loud and pious lamentation;
Repented all his sins, and made a last
Irrevocable vow of reformation;
Nothing should tempt him more (this peril past)
To quit his academic occupation,
In cloisters of the classic Salamanca,
To follow Juan's wake, like Sancho Panca.

XXXVIII.

But now there came a flash of hope once more;
Day broke, and the wind lull'd: the masts were gone;
The leak increased; shoals round her, but no shore,
The vessel swam, yet still she held her own.
They tried the pumps again, and though before
Their desperate efforts seem'd all useless grown,
A glimpse of sunshine set some hands to bale—
The stronger pump'd, the weaker thrumm'd a sail.

XXXIX.

Under the vessel's keel the sail was past,
And for the moment it had some effect;"
But with a leak, and not a stick of mast,
Nor rag of canvass, what could they expect?
But still 'tis best to struggle to the last,
'Tis never too late to be wholly wreck'd:
And though 'tis true that man can only die once,
'Tis not so pleasant in the Gulf of Lyons."

XL.

There winds and waves had hurl'd them, and from thence, Without their will, they carried them away;
For they were forced with steering to dispense,
And never had as yet a quiet day
On which they might repose, or even commence
A jurymast or rudder, or could say
The ship would swim an hour, which, by good luck,
Still swam—though not exactly like a duck.

XLI.

The wind, in fact, perhaps, was rather less,
But the ship labour'd so, they scarce could hope
To weather out much longer; the distress
Was also great with which they had to cope
For want of water, and their solid mess 19
Was scant enough: in vain the telescope
Was used—nor sail nor shore appear'd in sight,
Nought but the heavy sea, and coming night.

XLII.

Again the weather threaten'd,—again blew 20 A gale, and in the fore and after hold
Water appear'd; yet, though the people knew
All this, the most were patient, and some bold,
Until the chains and leathers were worn through
Of all our pumps:—a wreck complete she roll'd,
At mercy of the waves, whose mercies are
Like human beings during civil war.

XLIII.

Then came the carpenter, at last, with tears
In his rough eyes, and told the captain, he
Could do no more: he was a man in years,
And long had voyaged through many a stormy sea,
And if he wept at length, they were not fears
That made his eyelids as a woman's be,
But he, poor fellow, had a wife and children,
Two things for dying people quite bewildering.

The ship was evidently settling 'now "

Fast by the head; and, all distinction gone,

Some went to prayers again, and made a vow

Of candles to their saints "—but there were none

To pay them with; and some look'd o'er the bow;

Some hoisted out the boats; and there was one

That begg'd Pedrillo for an absolution,

Who told him to be damn'd—in his confusion."

XLV.

Some lash'd them in their hammocks; some put on Their best clothes, as if going to a fair; Some cursed the day on which they saw the sun, And gnash'd their teeth, and, howling, tore their hair; And others went on as they had begun, Getting the boats out, being well aware That a tight boat will live in a rough sea, Unless with breakers close beneath her lec.*

XLVI.

The worst of all was, that in their condition,
Having been several days in great distress,
'Twas difficult to get out such provision
As now might render their long suffering less:
Men, even when dying, dishke inanition;

Their stock was damaged by the weather's stress:
Two casks of biscuit, and a keg of butter,
Were all that could be thrown into the cutter.

XLVII

But in the long-boat they contrived to stow
Some pounds of bread, though injured by the wet;
Water, a twenty-gallon cask or so;
Six flasks of wine: and they contrived to get
A portion of their beef up from below,"
And with a piece of pork, moreover, met,
But scarce enough to serve them for a luncheon—
Then there was rum, eight gallons in a puncheon.

TIVITI

The other boats, the yawl and pinnace, had
Been stove in the beginning of the gale;

And the long-boat's condition was but bad,
As there were but two blankets for a sail,

And one oar for a mast, which a young lad

Threw in by good luck over the ship's rail;

And two boats could not hold, far less be stored,

To save one half the people then on board.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters; like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail.⁵⁰
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep: twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

Some trial had been making at a raft,
With little hope in such a rolling sea,
A sort of thing at which one would have laugh'd, "
If any laughter at such times could be,
Unless with people who too much have quaff'd,
And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,
Half epileptical, and half hysterical:—
Their preservation would have been a miracle.

LI.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,³²
For yet they strove, although of no great use:
There was no light in heaven but a few stars,
The boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews;
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short.³³

1 3

LII.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,—
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,⁵⁴
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

LIII.

And first one universal shrick there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shrick, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

LIV.

The boats, as stated, had got off before,
And in them crowded several of the crew;
And yet their present hope was hardly more
Than what it had been, for so strong it blew
There was slight chance of reaching any shore;
And then they were too many, though so few—
Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,
Were counted in them when they got afloat.

All the rest perish'd; near two hundred souls
Had left their bodies; and what's worse, alas!
When over Catholics the ocean rolls,
They must wait several weeks before a mass
Takes off one peck of purgatorial coals,
Because, till people know what's come to pass,
They won't lay out their money on the dead—
It costs three francs for every mass that's said.

Juan got into the long boat, and there
Contrived to help Pedrillo to a place;
It seem'd as if they had exchanged their care,
For Juan wore the magisterial face
Which courage gives, while poor Pedrillo's pair
Of eyes were crying for their owner's case:
Battista, though (a name call'd shortly Tita)
Was lost by getting at some aqua-vita.

LVII.

Pedro, his valet, too, he tried to save,
But the same cause, conducive to his loss,
Left him so drunk, he jump'd into the wave
As o'er the cutter's edge he tried to cross,
And so he found a wine-and-watery grave;
They could not rescue him although so close,
Because the sea ran higher every minute,
And for the boat—the crew kept crowding in it.

LVIII.

A small old spaniel,—which had been Don Jóse's,
His father's, whom he loved, as ye may think,
For on such things the memory reposes
With tenderness—stood howling on the brink,
Knowing, (dogs have such intellectual noses!)
No doubt, the vessel was about to sink;
And Juan caught him up, and ere he stepp'd
Off, threw him in, then after him he leap'd. 35

He also stuff'd his money where he could
About his person, and Pedrillo's too,
Who let him do, in fact, whate'er he would,
Not knowing what himself to say, or do,
As every rising wave his dread renew'd;
But Juan, trusting they might still get through,
And deeming there were remedies for any ill,
Thus re-embark'd his tutor and his spaniel.

LX.

'Twas a rough night, and blew so stiffly yet,
That the sail was becalm'd between the seas,
Though on the wave's high top too much to set,
They dared not take it in for all the breeze:
Each sea curl'd o'er the stern, and kept them wet,
And bade them bale without a moment's ease,
So that themselves as well as hopes were damp'd,
And the poor little cutter quickly swamp'd.

Nine souls more went in her: the long-boat still Kept above water, with an oar for mast,
Two blankets stitch'd together, answering ill
Instead of sail, were to the oar made fast:
Though every wave roll'd menacing to fill,
And present peril all before surpass'd,"
They grieved for those who perish'd with the cutter,
And also for the biscuit-casks and butter.

The sun rose red and fiery, a sure sign
Of the continuance of the gale: to run
Before the sea until it should grow fine,
Was all that for the present could be done:
A few tea-spoonfuls of their rum and wine
Were served out to the people, who begun **
To faint, and damaged bread wet through the bags,
And most of them had little clothes but rags.

LXIII.

They counted thirty, crowded in a space
Which left scarce room for motion or exertion;
They did their best to modify their case,
One half sate up, though numb'd with the immersion,
While t'other half were laid down in their place,
At watch and watch; thus, shivering like the tertian
Ague in its cold fit, they fill'd their boat,
With nothing but the sky for a great coat.

LXIV.

'Tis very certain the desire of life
Prolongs it: this is obvious to physicians,
When patients, neither plagued with friends nor wife
Survive through very desperate conditions,
Because they still can hope, nor shines the knife
Nor shears of Atropos before their visions:
Despair of all recovery spoils longevity,
And makes men's miseries of alarming brevity.

LXV.

'Tis said that persons living on annuities
Are longer lived than others,—God knows why,
Unless to plague the grantors,—yet so true it is,
That some, I really think, do never die;
Of any creditors the worst a Jew it is,
And that's their mode of furnishing supply:
In my young days they lent me cash that way,
Which I found very troublesome to pay.

LXVI

'Tis thus with people in an open boat,

They live upon the love of life, and bear

More than can be believed, or even thought,

And stand like rocks the tempest's wear and tear;

And hardship still has been the sailor's lot,

Since Noah's ark went cruising here and there;

She had a curious crew as well as cargo,

Like the first old Greek privateer, the Argo.

LXVII.

But man is a carnivorous production,
And must have meals, at least one meal a day:
He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,
But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey;
Although his anatomical construction
Bears vegetables, in a grumbling way,
Your labouring people think beyond all question
Beef, veal, and mutton, better for digestion.

LXVIII.

And thus it was with this our hapless crew;
For on the third day there came on a calm,
And though at first their strength it might renew,
And lying on their weariness like balm,
Lull'd them like turtles sleeping on the blue
Of ocean, when they woke they felt a qualm,
And fell all ravenously on their provision,
Instead of hoarding it with due precision.

LXIX.

The consequence was easily foreseen—
They are up all they had, and drank their wine,
In spite of all remonstrances, and then
On what, in fact, next day were they to dine?
They hoped the wind would rise, these foolish men!
And carry them to shore; these hopes were fine,
But as they had but one oar, and that brittle,
It would have been more wise to save their victual.

The fourth day came, but not a breath of air, and Ocean slumber'd like an unwean'd child:
The fifth day, and their boat lay floating there,
The sea and sky were blue, and clear, and mild—
With their one oar (I wish they had had a pair)
What could they do? and hunger's rage grew wild
So Juan's spaniel, spite of his entreating,
Was kill'd, and portion'd out for present eating.

LXXI.

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,
And Juan, who had still refused, because
The creature was his father's dog that died,
Now feeling all the vulture in his jaws,
With some remorse received (though first denied)
As a great favour one of the fore-paws,
Which he divided with Pedrillo, who
Devour'd it, longing for the other too.

LXXII.

255

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning sun Blister'd and scorch'd, and, stagnant on the sea, They lay like carcasses; and hope was none, Save in the breeze that came not; savagely They glared upon each other—all was done, Water, and wine, and food,—and you might see The longings of the cannibal arise (Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes.

At length one whisper'd his companion, who
Whisper'd another, and thus it went round,
And then into a hoarser murmur grew,
An ominous, and wild, and desperate sound;
And when his comrade's thought each sufferer knew,
"Twas but his own, suppress'd till now, he found:
And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,
And who should die to be his fellow's food."

LXXIV.

But ere they came to this, they that day shared Some leathern caps, and what remain'd of shoes; And then they look'd around them, and despair'd, And none to be the sacrifice would choose; At length the lots were torn up, and prepared, But of materials that must shock the Muse—Having no paper, for the want of better, They took by force from Juan Julia's letter.

The lots were made, and mark'd, and mix'd, and handed
In silent horror," and their distribution
Lull'd even the savage hunger which demanded,
Like the Promethean vulture, this pollution;
None in particular had sought or plann'd it,
'Twas nature gnaw'd them to this resolution,
By which none were permitted to be neuter—
And the lot fell on Juan's luckless tutor.

He but requested to be bled to death:

The surgeon had his instruments, and bled **
Pedrillo, and so gently ebb'd his breath,
You hardly could perceive when he was dead.
He died as born, a Catholic in faith,
Like most in the belief in which they're bred,
And first a little crucifix he kiss'd,
And then held out his jugular and wrist.

The surgeon, as there was no other fee,

Had his first choice of morsels for his pains;
But being thirstiest at the moment, he

Preferr'd a draught from the fast-flowing veins:

Part was divided, part thrown in the sea,

And such things as the entrails and the brains

Regaled two sharks, who follow'd o'er the billow—

The sailors ate the rest of poor Pedrillo.

The sailors ate him, all save three or four,
Who were not quite so fond of animal food;
To these was added Juan, who, before
Refusing his own spaniel, hardly could
Feel now his appetite increased much more;
"Twas not to be expected that he should,
Even in extremity of their disaster,
Dine with them on his pastor and his master.

LXXIX.

'Twas better that he did not; for, in fact,
The consequence was awful in the extreme;
For they, who were most ravenous in the act,
Went raging mad "—Lord! how they did blaspheme!
And foam, and roll, with strange convulsions rack'd,
Drinking salt-water like a mountain-stream;
Tearing, and grinning, howling, screeching, swearing,
And, with hyæna-laughter, died despairing.

LYXX

Their numbers were much thinn'd by this infliction,
And all the rest were thin enough, Heaven knows:
And some of them had lost their recollection,
Happier than they who still perceived their woes;
But others ponder'd on a new dissection,
As if not warn'd sufficiently by those
Who had already perish'd, suffering madly,
For having used their appetites so sadly.

And next they thought upon the master's mate,
As fattest; but he saved himself, because,
Besides being much averse from such a fate,
There were some other reasons: the first was,
He had been rather indisposed of late;
And that which chiefly proved his saving clause,
Was a small present made to him at Cadiz,
By general subscription of the ladies.

LXXXII.

Of poor Pedrillo something still remain'd,
But was used sparingly,—some were afraid,
And others still their appetites constrain'd,
Or but at times a little supper made;
All except Juan, who throughout abstain'd,
Chewing a piece of bamboo, and some lead:

At length they caught two boobies, and a noddy,
And then they left off eating the dead body.

LXXXIII.

And if Pedrillo's fate should shocking be,
Remember Ugolino of condescends
To eat the head of his arch-enemy
The moment after he politely ends
His tale: if foes be food in hell, at sea
'Tis surely fair to dine upon our friends,
When shipwreck's short allowance grows too scanty,
Without being much more horrible than Dante.

LXXXIV.

And the same night there fell a shower of rain,

For which their mouths gaped, like the cracks of earth
When dried to summer dust; till taught by pain,

Men really know not what good water's worth;
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,

Or with a famish'd boat's-crew had your berth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
You'd wish yourself where Truth is—in a well.

LXXXV.

It pour'd down torrents, but they were no richer,
Until they found a ragged piece of sheet,
Which served them as a sort of spongy pitcher,
And when they deem'd its moisture was complete,
They wrung it out, and though a thirsty ditcher '2'
Might not have thought the scanty draught so sweet
As a full pot of porter, to their thinking
They ne'er till now had known the joys of drinking.

LXXXVI.

And their baked inps, with many a bloody crack,
Suck'd in the moisture, which like nectar stream'd;
Their throats were ovens, their swoln tongues were black
As the rich man's in hell, who vainly scream'd
To beg the beggar, who could not rain back
A drop of dew, when every drop had seem'd
To taste of heaven—If this be true, indeed,
Some Christians have a comfortable creed.

LXXXVII.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view,
But he died early; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance on him, and said, "Heaven's will be done!
I can do nothing," and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan."

LXXXVIII.

The other father had a weaklier child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate; **
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought, that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,
And when the wish'd-for shower at length was come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And look'd upon it long, and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watch'd it wistfully, until away
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast;
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

XCI

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through
The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the dark sea,
Resting its bright base on the quivering blue;
And all within its arch appear'd to be
Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
Wax'd broad and waving, like a banner free,
Then changed like to a bow that's bent, and then
Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwreck'd men.

XCII.

It changed, of course; a heavenly cameleon,
The airy child of vapour and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion,
Baptised in molten gold, and swathed in dun,
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
And blending every colour into one,
Just like a black eye in a recent scuffle
(For sometimes we must box without the muffle).

XCITI.

Our shipwreck'd seamen thought it a good omen—
It is as well to think so, now and then;
'Twas an old custom of the Greek and Roman,
And may become of great advantage when
Folks are discouraged; and most surely no men
Had greater need to nerve themselves again
Than these, and so this rainbow look'd like hope—
Quite a celestial kaleidoscope.⁵⁷

XCIV.

About this time a beautiful white bird,
Web-footed, not unlike a dove in size
And plumage (probably it might have err'd
Upon its course), pass'd oft before their eyes,
And tried to perch, although it saw and heard
The men within the boat, and in this guise
It came and went, and flutter'd round them till
Night fell:—this seem'd a better omen still.**

xcv.

But in this case I also must remark,

"Twas well this bird of promise did not perch,
Because the tackle of our shatter'd bark

Was not so safe for roosting as a church;
And had it been the dove from Noah's ark,

Returning there from her successful search,
Which in their way that moment chanced to fall,
They would have eat her, olive-branch and all.

XOVI.

With twilight it again came on to blow,

But not with violence; the stars shone out,

The boat made way; yet now they were so low,

They knew not where nor what they were about;

Some fancied they saw land, and some said "No!"

The frequent fog-banks gave them cause to doubt—

Some swore that they heard breakers, others guns, "

And all mistook about the latter once.

xcvII.

As morning broke, the light wind died away,

When he who had the watch sung out and swore,

If 'twas not land that rose with the sun's ray,

He wish'd that land he never might see more:

And the rest rubb'd their eyes, and saw a bay,

Or thought they saw, and shaped their course for shore;

For shore it was, and gradually grew

Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

XCVIII.

And then of these some part burst into tears,
And others, looking with a stupid stare, and could not yet separate their hopes from fears,
And seem'd as if they had no further care;
While a few pray'd—(the first time for some years)—
And at the bottom of the boat three were
Asleep: they shook them by the hand and head,
And tried to awaken them, but found them dead.

XCIX.

The day before, fast sleeping on the water,

They found a turtle of the hawk's-bill kind,

And by good fortune, gliding softly, caught her,

Which yielded a day's life, and to their mind

Proved even still a more nutritious matter,

Because it left encouragement behind:

They thought that in such perils, more than chance

Had sent them this for their deliverance.

O.

The land appear'd a high and rocky coast,
And higher grew the mountains as they drew,
Set by a current, toward it: they were lost
In various conjectures, for none knew
To what part of the earth they had been tost,
So changeable had been the winds that blew;
Some thought it was Mount Ætna, some the highlands
Of Candia, Cyprus, Rhodes, or other islands.

CI.

Meantime the current, with a rising gale,
Still set them onwards to the welcome shore,
Like Charon's bark of spectres, dull and pale:
Their living freight was now reduced to four,
And three dead, whom their strength could not avail
To heave into the deep with those before,
Though the two sharks still follow'd them, and dash'd
The spray into their faces as they splash'd.

OII.

Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat, had done
Their work on them by turns, and thinn'd them to
Such things a mother had not known her son
Amidst the skeletons of that gaunt crew; "
By night chill'd, by day scorch'd, thus one by one
They perish'd, until wither'd to these few,
But chiefly by a species of self-slaughter,
In washing down Pedrillo with salt water.

CIII.

As they drew nigh the land, which now was seen Unequal in its aspect here and there,
They felt the freshness of its growing green,
That waved in forest-tops, and smooth'd the air,
And fell upon their glazed eyes like a screen
From glistening waves, and skies so hot and bare—
Lovely seem'd any object that should sweep
Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep.

CIV.

The shore look'd wild, without a trace of man,
And girt by formidable waves; but they
Were mad for land, and thus their course they ran,
Though right ahead the roaring breakers lay:
A reef between them also now began
To show its boiling surf and bounding spray,
But finding no place for their landing better,
They ran the boat for shore,—and overset her.

ov.

But in his native stream, the Guadalquivir,
Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont;
And having learnt to swim in that sweet river,
IIad often turn'd the art to some account:
A better swimmer you could scarce see ever,
He could, perhaps, have pass'd the Hellespont,
As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did.

CVI.

So here, though faint, emaciated, and stark,
He buoy'd his boyish limbs, and strove to ply
With the quick wave, and gain, ere it was dark,
The beach which lay before him, high and dry:
The greatest danger here was from a shark,
That carried off his neighbour by the thigh;
As for the other two, they could not swim,
So nobody arrived on shore but him.

GAII

Nor yet had he arrived but for the oar,
Which, providentially for him, was wash'd
Just as his feeble arms could strike no more,
And the hard wave o'erwhelm'd him as 'twas dash'd
Within his grasp; he clung to it, and sore
The waters beat while he thereto was lash'd
At last, with swimming, wading, scrambling, he
Roll'd on the beach, half senseless, from the sea:

CVIII.

There, breathless, with his digging nails he clung
Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,
From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,
Should suck him back to her insatiate grave:
And there he lay, full length, where he was flung,
Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,
With just enough of life to feel its pain,
And deem that it was saved, perhaps, in vain.

OIX.

With slow and staggering effort he arose,
But sunk again upon his bleeding knee
And quivering hand; and then he look'd for those
Who long had been his mates upon the sea;
But none of them appear'd to share his woes,
Save one, a corpse, from out the famish'd three,
Who died two days before, and now had found
An unknown barren beach for burial-ground.

CX.

And as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast,
And down he sunk; and as he sunk, the sand
Swam round and round, and all his senses pass'd:
He fell upon his side, and his stretch'd hand
Droop'd dripping on the oar (their jury-mast),
And, like a wither'd hly, on the land
His slender frame and pallid aspect lay,
As fair a thing as e'er was form'd of clay.

OXI.

How long in his damp trance young Juan lay
He knew not, for the earth was gone for him,
And time had nothing more of night nor day
For his congealing blood, and senses dim;
And how this heavy faintness pass'd away
He knew not, till each painful pulse and limb,
And tingling vein, seem'd throbbing back to life,
For Death, though vanquish'd, still retired with strife.

His eyes he open'd, shut, again unclosed,
For all was doubt and dizziness; he thought
He still was in the boat, and had but dozed,
And felt again with his despair o'erwrought,
And wish'd it death in which he had reposed,
And then once more his feelings back were brought,
And slowly by his swimming eyes were seen
A lovely female face of seventeen.

OXIII.

'Twas bending close o'er his, and the small mouth Seem'd almost prying into his for breath; And chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth Recall'd his answering spirits back from death; And, bathing his chill temples, tried to soothe Each pulse to animation, till beneath Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh To these kind efforts made a low reply.

CXIV.

Then was the cordial pour'd, and mantle flung
Around his scarce-clad limbs; and the fair arm
Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung;
And her transparent check, all pure and warm,
Pillow'd his death-like forehead; then she wrung
His dewy curls, long drench'd by every storm;
And watch'd with eagerness each throb that drew
A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers, too.

CXV

And lifting him with care into the cave,
The gentle girl, and her attendant,—one
Young, yet her elder, and of brow less grave,
And more robust of figure—then begun
To kindle fire, and as the new flames gave
Light to the rocks that roof'd them, which the sun
Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoe'er
She was, appear'd distinct, and tall, and fair.

CXVI.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,

'That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,

Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd

In braids behind; and though her stature were

Even of the highest for a female mould,

They nearly reach'd her heel; and in her air

They nearly reach'd her heel; and in her air There was a something which bespoke command, As one who was a lady in the land.

CXVII.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction; for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew;
'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

CXVIII.

Her brow was white and low, her check's pure dye Like twilight rosy still with the set sun; Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh Ever to have seen such; for she was one Fit for the model of a statuary

(A race of mere impostors, when all's done—I've seen much finer women, ripe and real, Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).

I'll tell you why I say so, for 'tis just
One should not rail without a decent cause:
There was an Irish lady, to whose bust
I ne'er saw justice done, and yet she was
A frequent model; and if e'er she must
Yield to stern Time and Nature's wrinkling laws,
They will destroy a face which mortal thought
Ne'er compass'd, nor less mortal chisel wrought.

oxx.

And such was she, the lady of the cave:

Her dress was very different from the Spanish,
Simpler, and yet of colours not so grave;

For, as you know, the Spanish women banish
Bright hues when out of doors, and yet, while wave

Around them (what I hope will never vanish)
The basquiña and the mantilla, they
Seem at the same time mystical and gay.

CXXI.

But with our damsel this was not the case:

Her dress was many-colour'd, finely spun;

Her locks curl'd negligently round her face,

But through them gold and gems profusely shone

Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace

Flow'd in her veil, and many a precious stone

Flash'd on her little hand; but, what was shocking,

Her small snow feet had slippers, but no stocking.

The other female's dress was not unlike,
But of inferior materials: she
Had not so many ornaments to strike,
Her hair had silver only, bound to be
Her dowry; and her veil, in form alike,
Was coarser; and her air, though firm, less free;
Her hair was thicker, but less long; her eyes
As black, but quicker, and of smaller size.

CXXIII.

And these two tended him, and cheer'd him both
With food and raiment, and those soft attentions,
Which are—(as I must own)—of female growth,
And have ten thousand delicate inventions:
They made a most superior mess of broth,
A thing which poesy but seldom mentions,
But the best dish that e'er was cook'd since Homer's
Achilles order'd dinner for new comers.

CXXIV.

I'll tell you who they were, this female pair,
Lest they should seem princesses in disguise;
Besides, I hate all mystery, and that air
Of clap-trap, which your recent poets prize;
And so, in short, the girls they really were
They shall appear before your curious eyes,
Mistress and maid; the first was only daughter
Of an old man, who lived upon the water.

CXXV.

A fisherman he had been in his youth,
And still a sort of fisherman was he;
But other speculations were, in sooth,
Added to his connection with the sea,
Perhaps not so respectable, in truth:
A little smuggling, and some piracy,
Left him, at last, the sole of many masters
Of an ill-gotten million of piastres.

CXXVI.

A fisher, therefore, was he,—though of men,
Like Peter the Apostle,—and he fish'd
For wandering merchant vessels, now and then,
And sometimes caught as many as he wish'd;
The cargoes he confiscated, and gain
He sought in the slave-market too, and dish'd
Full many a morsel for that Turkish trade,
By which, no doubt, a good deal may be made.

CXXVII.

He was a Greek, and on his isle had built
(One of the wild and smaller Cyclades)
A very handsome house from out his guilt,
And there he lived exceedingly at ease;
Heaven knows what cash he got, or blood he spilt,
A sad old fellow was he, if you please;
But this I know, it was a spacious building,
Full of barbaric carving, paint, and gilding.

CXXVIII.

He had an only daughter, call'd Haidée,
The greatest heiress of the Eastern Isles;
Besides, so very beautiful was she,
Her dowry was as nothing to her smiles:
Still in her teens, and like a lovely tree
She grew to womanhood, and between whiles
Rejected several suitors, just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn.

CXXIX.

And walking out upon the beach, below
The cliff, towards sunset, on that day she found,
Insensible,—not dead, but nearly so,—
Don Juan, almost famish'd, and half drown'd;
But being naked, she was shock'd, you know,
Yet deem'd herself in common pity bound,
As far as in her lay, "to take him in,
A stranger" dying, with so white a skin.

CXXX

But taking him into her father's house

Was not exactly the best way to save,
But like conveying to the cat the mouse,
Or people in a trance into their grave;
Because the good old man had so much "vovs,"
Unlike the honest Arab thieves so brave,
He would have hospitably cured the stranger,
And sold him instantly when out of danger.

CXXXI.

And therefore, with her maid, she thought it best
(A virgin always on her maid relies)
To place him in the cave for present rest:
And when, at last, he open'd his black eyes,
Their charity increased about their guest;
And their compassion grew to such a size,
It open'd half the turnpike gates to heaven—
(St. Paul says, 'tis the toll which must be given.)

OXXXII.

They made a fire,—but such a fire as they
Upon the moment could contrive with such
Materials as were cast up round the bay,—
Some broken planks, and oars, that to the touch
Were nearly tinder, since so long they lay
A mast was almost crumbled to a crutch;
But, by God's grace, here wrecks were in such plenty,
That there was fuel to have furnish'd twenty.

CXXXIII

He had a bed of furs, and a pelisse,
For Haidée stripp'd her sables off to make
His couch; and, that he might be more at ease,
And warm, in case by chance he should awake,
They also gave a petticoat apiece,
She and her maid,—and promised by daybreak
To pay him a fresh visit, with a dish
For breakfast, of eggs, coffee, bread, and fish.

CXXXIV.

And thus they left him to his lone repose:

Juan slept like a top, or like the dead,

Who sleep at last, perhaps, (God only knows,)

Just for the present; and in his lull'd head

Not even a vision of his former woes

Throbb'd in accursed dreams, which sometimes spread

Unwelcome visions of our former years,

Till the eye, cheated, opens thick with tears.

CXXXV.

Young Juan slept all dreamless:—but the maid,
Who smooth'd his pillow, as she left the den
Look'd back upon him, and a moment stand,
And turn'd, believing that he call'd again.
He slumber'd; yet she thought, at least she said
(The heart will slip, even as the tongue and pen),
He had pronounced her name—but she forgot
That at this moment Juan knew it not.

CXXXVI.

And pensive to her father's house she went,
Enjoining silence strict to Zoe, who
Better than her knew what, in fact, she meant,
She being wiser by a year or two:
A year or two's an age when rightly spent,
And Zoe spent hers, as most women do,
In gaining all that useful sort of knowledge
Which is acquired in Nature's good old college.

CXXXVII.

The morn broke, and found Juan slumbering still
Fast in his cave, and nothing clash'd upon
His rest: the rushing of the neighbouring rill,
And the young beams of the excluded sun,
Troubled him not, and he might sleep his fill;
And need he had of slumber yet, for none
Had suffer'd more—his hardships were comparative. To those related in my grand-dad's "Narrative." a

CXXXVIII.

Not so Haidée: she sadly toss'd and tumbled,
And started from her sleep, and, turning o'er,
Dream'd of a thousand wrecks, o'er which she stumbled,
And handsome corpses strew'd upon the shore;
And woke her maid so early that she grumbled,
And call'd her father's old slaves up, who swore
In several oaths—Armenian, Turk, and Greek—
They knew not what to think of such a freak.

OXXXIX.

But up she got, and up she made them get,
With some pretence about the sun, that makes
Sweet skies just when he rises, or is set;
And 'tis, no doubt, a sight to see when breaks
Bright Phœbus, while the mountains still are wet
With mist, and every bird with him awakes,
And night is flung off like a mourning suit
Worn for a husband,—or some other brute.*

271

OXL.

I say, the sun is a most glorious sight:
I've seen him rise full oft, indeed of late
I have sat up on purpose all the night, Which hastens, as physicians say, one's fate;
And so all ye, who would be in the right
In health and purse, begin your day to date
From daybreak, and when coffin'd at fourscore,
Engrave upon the plate, you rose at four.

OXLI.

And Haidée met the morning face to face;
Her own was freshest, though a feverish flush
Had dyed it with the headlong blood, whose race
From heart to cheek is curb'd into a blush,
Like to a torrent which a mountain's base,
That overpowers some Alpine river's rush,
Checks to a lake, whose waves in circles spread;
Or the Red Sea—but the sea is not red.⁷⁰

OXLII.

And down the cliff the island virgin came,
And near the cave her quick light footsteps drew,
While the sun smiled on her with his first flame,
And young Aurora kiss'd her lips with dew,
Taking her for a sister; just the same
Mistake you would have made on seeing the two,
Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,
Had all the advantage, too, of not being air."

And when into the cavern Haidée stepp'd
All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw
That like an infant Juan sweetly slept;
And then she stopp'd, and stood as if in awe
(For sleep is awful), and on tiptoe crept
And wrapt him closer, lest the air, too raw,
Should reach his blood, then o'er him still as death
Bent, with hush'd lips, that drank his scarce-drawn breath.

CXLIV.

And thus like to an angel o'er the dying
Who die in righteousness, she lean'd; and there
All tranquilly the shipwreck'd boy was lying,
As o'er him lay the calm and stirless air:
But Zoe the meantime some eggs was frying,
Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair
Must breakfast, and betimes—lest they should ask it,
She drew out her provision from the basket.

CXLV.

She knew that the best feelings must have victual,
And that a shipwreck'd youth would hungry be;
Besides, being less in love, she yawn'd a little,
And felt her veins chill'd by the neighbouring sea;
And so, she cook'd their breakfast to a tittle;
I can't say that she gave them any tea,
But there were eggs, fruit, coffec, bread, fish, honey,
With Scio wine,—and all for love, not money.

CXLVI.

And Zoe, when the eggs were ready, and
The coffee made, would fain have waken'd Juan;
But Haidée stopp'd her with her quick small hand,
And without word, a sign her finger drew on
Her lip, which Zoe needs must understand;
And, the first breakfast spoilt, prepared a new one,
Because her mistress would not let her break
That sleep which seem'd as it would ne'er awake.

OXLVII.

For still he lay, and on his thin worn cheek
A purple hectic play'd like dying day
On the snow-tops of distant hills; the streak
Of sufferance yet upon his forehead lay,
Where the blue veins look'd shadowy, shrunk, and weak;
And his black curls were dewy with the spray,
Which weigh'd upon them yet, all damp and salt,
Mix'd with the stony vapours of the vault.

CXLVIII.

And she bent o'er him, and he lay beneath,
Hush'd as the babe upon its mother's breast,
Droop'd as the willow when no winds can breathe,
Lull'd like the depth of ocean when at rest,⁷²
Fair as the crowning rose of the whole wreath,
Soft as the callow cygnet in its nest;
In short, he was a very pretty fellow,
Although his woes had turn'd him rather yellow.

CXLIX.

He woke and gazed, and would have slept again,
But the fair face which met his eyes forbade
Those eyes to close, though weariness and pain
Had further sleep a further pleasure made;
For woman's face was never form'd in vain
For Juan, so that even when he pray'd
He turn'd from grisly saints, and martyrs hairy,
To the sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary.

CL

And thus upon his elbow he arose.

And look'd upon the lady, in whose cheek
The pale contended with the purple rose,
As with an effort she began to speak;
Her eyes were eloquent, her words would pose,
Although she told him, in good modern Greek,
With an Ionian accent, low and sweet,
That he was faint, and must not talk, but eat.

OLI.

Now Juan could not understand a word,
Being no Grecian; but he had an ear,
And her voice was the warble of a bird,
So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear,
That finer, simpler music ne'er was heard;
The sort of sound we echo with a tear,
Without knowing why—an overpowering tone,
Whence melody descends as from a throne.

CLII.

And Juan gazed as one who is awoke
By a distant organ, doubting if he be
Not yet a dreamer, till the spell is broke
By the watchman, or some such reality,
Or by one's early valet's cursed knock;
At least it is a heavy sound to me,
Who like a morning slumber—for the night
Shows stars and women in a better light.

CLIII.

And Juan, too, was help'd out from his dreat Or sleep, or whatsoe'er it was, by feeling A most prodigious appetite; the steam Of Zoe's cookery no doubt was stealing Upon his senses, and the kindling beam Of the new fire, which Zoe kept up, kneeli'To stir her viands, made him quite awake And long for food, but chiefly a beef-steak.

CLIV.

But beef is rare within these oxless isles;
Goat's flesh there is, no doubt, and kid, and mutton,
And, when a holiday upon them smiles,
A joint upon their barbarous spits they put on;
But this occurs but seldom, between whiles,
For some of these are rocks with scarce a hut on:
Others are fair and fertile, among which
This, though not large, was one of the most rich.

CLV.

I say that beef is rare, and can't help thinking
That the old fable of the Minotaur—
From which our modern morals, rightly shrinking,
Condemn the royal lady's taste who wore
A cow's shape for a mask—was only (sinking
The allegory) a mere type, no more,
That Pasiphae promoted breeding cattle,
To make the Cretans bloodier in battle.

CLVI.

For we all know that English people are
Fed upon beef—I won't say much of beer,
Because 'tis liquor only, and being far
From this my subject, has no business here;
We know, too, they are very fond of war,
A pleasure—like all pleasures—rather dear;
So were the Cretans—from which I infer
That beef and battles both were owing to her.

CLVII.

But to resume. The languid Juan raised
His head upon his elbow, and he saw
A sight on which he had not lately gazed,
As all his latter meals had been quite raw,
Three or four things, for which the Lord he praised,
And, feeling still the famish'd vulture gnaw,
He fell upon whate'er was offer'd, like
A priest, a shark, an alderman, or pike.

OLVIII.

He ate, and he was well supplied; and she,
Who watch'd him like a mother, would have fed
Him past all bounds, because she smiled to see
Such appetite in one she had deem'd dead:
But Zoe, being older than Haidée,
Knew (by tradition, for she ne'er had read)
That famish'd people must be slowly nurst,
And fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst.

GLIX

And so she took the liberty to state,
Rather by deeds than words, because the case
Was urgent, that the gentleman, whose fate
Had made her mistress quit her bed to trace
The sea-shore at this hour, must leave his plate,
Unless he wish'd to die upon the place—
She snatch'd it, and refused another morsel,
Saying, he had gorged enough to make a horse ill.

Next they—he being naked, save a tatter'd
Pair of scarce decent trowsers—went to work,
And in the fire his recent rags they scatter'd,
And dress'd him, for the present, like a Turk,
Or Greek—that is, although it not much matter'd,
Omitting turban, slippers, pistols, dirk,—
They furnish'd him, entire, except some stitches,
With a clean shirt, and very spacious breeches.

CLXI.

And then fair Haidée tried her tongue at speaking, But not a word could Juan comprehend,
Although he listen'd so that the young Greek in
Her earnestness would ne'er have made an end;
And, as he interrupted not, went eking
Her speech out to her protégé and friend,
'Till pausing at the last her breath to take,
She saw he did not understand Romaic.

CLXII.

And then she had recourse to nods, and signs,
And smiles, and sparkles of the speaking eye,
And read (the only book she could) the lines
Of his fair face, and found, by sympathy,
The answer eloquent, where the soul shines
And darts in one quick glance a long reply;
And thus in every look she saw exprest
A world of words, and things at which she guess'd.

CLXIII.

And now, by dint of fingers, and of eyes,
And words repeated after her, he took
A lesson in her tongue; but by surmise,
No doubt, less of her language than her look:
As he who studies fervently the skies
Turns oftener to the stars than to his book,
Thus Juan learn'd his alpha beta better
From Haidée's glance than any graven letter.

CLXIV.

'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean,
When both the teacher and the taught are young,
As was the case, at least, where I have been;"
They smile so when one's right, and when one's wrong
They smile still more, and then there intervene
Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss;—
I learn'd the little that I know by this:

CLXV.

That is, some words of Spanish, Turk, and Greek,
Italian not at all, having no teachers;
Much English I cannot pretend to speak,
Learning that language chiefly from its preachers,
Barrow, South, Tillotson, whom every week
I study, also Blair, the highest reachers
Of eloquence in piety and prose—
I hate your poets, so read none of those.

CLXVI.

As for the ladies, I have nought to say,

A wanderer from the British world of fashion,⁷⁶
Where I, like other "dogs, have had my day,"

Like other men, too, may have had my passion—
But that, like other things, has pass'd away,

And all her fools whom I could lay the lash on:
Foes, friends, men, women, now are nought to me
But dreams of what has been, no more to be.⁷⁶

CLXVII.

Return we to Don Juan. He begun
To hear new words, and to repeat them—but
Some feelings, universal as the sun,
Were such as could not in his breast be shut
More than within the bosom of a nun:
He was in love,—as you would be, no doubt,
With a young benefactress,—so was she,

Just in the way we very often see.

CLXVIII.

And every day by daybreak—rather early
For Juan, who was somewhat fond of rest—
She came into the cave, but it was merely
To see her bird reposing in his nest;
And she would softly stir his locks so curly,
Without disturbing her yet slumbering guest,
Breathing all gently o'er his cheek and mouth,
As o'er a bed of roses the sweet south.

CLXIX

And every morn his colour freshlier came,
And every day help'd on his convalescence;
'Twas well, because health in the human frame
Is pleasant, besides being true love's essence,
For health and idleness to passion's flame
Are oil and gunpowder; and some good lessons
Are also learnt from Ceres and from Bacchus,
Without whom Venus will not long attack us.

CLXX.

While Venus fills the heart (without heart really Love, though good always, is not quite so good,) Ceres presents a plate of vermicelli,—

For love must be sustain'd like flesh and blood, While Bacchus pours out wine, or hands a jelly:

Eggs, oysters, too, are amatory food;"
But who is their purveyor from above

Heaven knows,—it may be Neptune, Pan, or Jove.

CLXXI.

When Juan woke he found some good things ready,
A bath, a breakfast, and the finest eyes
That ever made a youthful heart less steady,
Besides her maid's, as pretty for their size;
But I have spoken of all this already—
And repetition's tiresome and unwise,—
Well—Juan, after bathing in the sea,
Came always back to coffee and Haidée.

CLXXII.

Both were so young, and one so innocent,

That bathing pass'd for nothing; Juan seem'd

To her, as 'twere, the kind of being sent,

Of whom these two years she had nightly dream'd,

A something to be loved, a creature meant

To be her happiness, and whom she deem'd

To render happy: all who joy would win

Must share it,—Happiness was born a twin.

CLXXIII.

It was such pleasure to behold him, such Enlargement of existence to partake

Nature with him, to thrill beneath his touch,

To watch him slumbering, and to see him wake

To live with him for ever were too much;

But then the thought of parting made her quake

He was her own, her occan-treasure, cast

Like a rich wreck—her first love, and her last."

CLXXIV.

And thus a moon roll'd on, and fair Haidée
Paid daily visits to her boy, and took
Such plentiful precautions, that still he
Remain'd unknown within his craggy nook
At last her father's prows put out to sea,
For certain merchantmen upon the look,
Not as of yore to carry off an Io,
But three Ragusan vessels bound for Scio.

CLXXV.

Then came her freedom, for she had no mother,
So that, her father being at sea, she was
Free as a married woman, or such other
Female, as where she likes may freely pass,
Without even the incumbrance of a brother,
The freest She that ever gazed on glass:
I speak of Christian lands in this comparison,
Where wives, at least, are seldom kept in garrison.

CLXXVI.

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Now she prolong'd her visits and her talk
(For they must talk), and he had learnt to say
So much as to propose to take a walk,—
For little had he wander'd since the day
On which, like a young flower snapp'd from the stalk,
Drooping and dewy on the beach he lay,—
And thus they walk'd out in the afternoon,
And saw the sun set opposite the moon.

CLXXVII.

It was a wild and breaker-beaten coast,
With cliffs above, and a broad sandy shore,
Guarded by shoals and rocks as by an host,
With here and there a creek, whose aspect wore
A better welcome to the tempest-tost;
And rarely ceased the haughty billow's roar,
Save on the dead long summer days, which make
The outstretch'd ocean glitter like a lake.

CLXXVIII.

And the small ripple spilt upon the beach
Scarcely o'erpass'd the cream of your champagne,
When o'er the brim the sparkling bumpers reach,
That spring-dew of the spirit! the heart's rain!
Few things surpass old wine; and they may preach
Who please,—the more because they preach in vain,
Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after.

CLXXIX.

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;
The best of life is but intoxication:
Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are sunk
The hopes of all men, and of every nation;
Without their sap, how branchless were the trunk
Of life's strange tree, so fruitful on occasion:
But to return,—Get very drunk; and when
You wake with headache, you shall see what then.

CLXXX.

Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring
Some hock and soda-water, then you'll know
A pleasure worthy Xerxes the great king;
For not the blest sherbet, sublimed with snow,
Nor the first sparkle of the desert spring,
Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow, 79
After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,
Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water.

CLXXXI.

The coast—I think it was the coast that I
Was just describing—Yes it was the coast—
Lay at this period quiet as the sky,
The sands untumbled, the blue waves untost,
And all was stillness, save the sea-bird's cry,
And dolphin's leap, and little billow crost
By some low rock or shelve, that made it fret
Against the boundary it scarcely wet.

CLXXXII.

And forth they wander'd, her sire being gone,
As I have said, upon an expedition;
And mother, brother, guardian, she had none,
Save Zoe, who, although with due precision
She waited on her lady with the sun,
Thought daily service was her only mission,
Bringing warm water, wreathing her long tresses,
And asking now and then for cast-off dresses.

CLXXXIII

It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill, Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded, Circling all nature, hush'd, and dim, and still With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill Upon the other, and the rosy sky, With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

CLXXXIV.

And thus they wander'd forth, and hand in hand,
Over the shining pebbles and the shells,
Glided along the smooth and harden'd sand,
And in the worn and wild receptacles
Work'd by the storms, yet work'd as it were plann'd
In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,
They turn'd to rest; and, each clasp'd by an arm,
Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm.

CLXXXV.

They look'd up to the sky, whose floating glow
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight;
They heard the wave's splash, and the wind so low,
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
Into each other—and, beholding this,
Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss;

CLXXXVI.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,
And beauty, all concentrating like rays
Into one focus, kindled from above;
Such kisses as belong to early days,
Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert move,
And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
Each kiss a heart-quake,—for a kiss's strength,
I think it must be reckon'd by its length.

CLXXXVII.

By length I mean duration; theirs endured

Heaven knows how long—no doubt they never reckon'd;

And if they had, they could not have secured

The sum of their sensations to a second:

They had not spoken; but they felt allured,

As if their souls and lips each other beckon'd,

Which, being join'd, like swarming bees they clung—

Their hearts the flowers from whence the honey sprung.**

CLXXXVIII.

They were alone, but not alone as they
Who shut in chambers think it loneliness;
The silent ocean, and the starlight bay,
The twilight glow, which momently grew less,
The voiceless sands, and dropping caves, that lay
Around them, made them to each other press,
As if there were no life beneath the sky
Save theirs, and that their life could never die.

CLXXXIX.

They fear'd no eyes nor ears on that lone beach,
They felt no terrors from the night; they were
All in all to each other; though their speech
Was broken words, they thought a language there,
And all the burning tongues the passions teach
Found in one sigh the best interpreter
Of nature's oracle—first love,—that all
Which Eve has left her daughters since her fall.

CXO.

Haidée spoke not of scruples, ask'd no vows,
Nor offer'd any; she had never heard
Of plight and promises to be a spouse,
Or perils by a loving maid incurr'd;
She was all which pure ignorance allows,
And flew to her young mate like a young bird,
And never having dreamt of falsehood, she
Had not one word to say of constancy.

She loved, and was beloved—she adored,
And she was worshipp'd; after nature's fashion,
Their intense souls, into each other pour'd,
If souls could die, had perish'd in that passion,—
But by degrees their senses were restored,
Again to be o'ercome, again to dash on
And, beating 'gainst his bosom, Haidée's heart
Felt as if never more to beat apart.

Alas! they were so young, so beautiful,
So lonely, loving, helpless, and the hour
Was that in which the heart is always full,
And, having o'er itself no further power,
Prompts deeds eternity can not annul,
But pays off moments in an endless shower
Of hell-fire—all prepared for people giving
Pleasure or pain to one another living.

excur

Alas! for Juan and Haidée! they were
So loving and so lovely—till then never,
Excepting our first parents, such a pair
Had run the risk of being damn'd for ever;
And Haidée, being devout as well as fair,
Had, doubtless, heard about the Stygian river,
And hell and purgatory—but forgot
Just in the very crisis she should not.

OXCIV.

They look upon each other, and their eyes
Gleam in the moonlight; and her white arm clasps
Round Juan's head, and his around her lies
Half buried in the tresses which it grasps;
She sits upon his knee, and drinks his sighs,
He hers, until they end in broken gasps;
And thus they form a group that's quite antique,
Half naked, loving, natural, and Greek.

CXCV.

And when those deep and burning moments pass'd,
And Juan sunk to sleep within her arms,
She slept not, but all tenderly, though fast,
Sustain'd his head upon her bosom's charms;
And now and then her eye to heaven is cast,
And then on the pale cheek her breast now warms,
Pillow'd on her o'erflowing heart, which pants
With all it granted, and with all it grants."

OXOVI.

An infant when it gazes on a light,

A child the moment when it drains the breast,

A devotee when soars the Host in sight,

An Arab with a stranger for a guest,

A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,

A miser filling his most hoarded chest,

Feel rapture; but not such true joy are reaping

As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.

CXCVII.

For there it lies so tranquil, so beloved,
All that it hath of life with us is living;
So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved,
And all unconscious of the joy 'tis giving;
All it hath felt, inflicted, pass'd, and proved,
Hush'd into depths beyond the watcher's diving;
There lies the thing we love with all its errors
And all its charms, like death without its terrors.

CXCVIII.

The lady watch'd her lover—and that hour
Of Love's, and Night's, and Ocean's solitude,
O'erflow'd her soul with their united power;
Amidst the barren sand and rocks so rude
She and her wave-worn love had made their bower,
Where nought upon their passion could intrude,
And all the stars that crowded the blue space
Saw nothing happier than her glowing face.

Alas! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone,
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet, as real
Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel.

They are right; for man, to man so oft unjust,
Is always so to women; one sole bond
Awaits them, treachery is all their trust;
Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts despond
Over their idol, till some wealther lust
Buys them in marriage—and what rests beyond?
A thankless husband, next a faithless lover,
Then dressing, nursing, praying, and all's over.

OCI.

Some take a lover, some take drams or prayers,
Some mind their household, others dissipation,
Some run away, and but exchange their cares,
Losing the advantage of a virtuous station;
Few changes e'er can better their affairs,
Theirs being an unnatural situation,
From the dull palace to the dirty hovel:

Some play the devil, and then write a novel.

COII.

Haidée was Nature's bride, and knew not this:
Haidée was Passion's child, born where the sun
Showers triple light, and scorches even the kiss
Of his gazelle-eyed daughters; she was one
Made but to love, to feel that she was his
Who was her chosen: what was said or done
Elsewhere was nothing. She had nought to fear,
Hope, care, nor love beyond,—her heart beat here.

And oh! that quickening of the heart, that beat!

How much it costs us! yet each rising throb

Is in its cause as its effect so sweet,

That Wisdom, ever on the watch to rob

Joy of its alchemy, and to repeat

Fine truths; even Conscience, too, has a tough job

To make us understand each good old maxim,

So good—I wonder Castlereagh don't tax 'em.

COLV.

And now 'twas done—on the lone shore were plighted
Their hearts; the stars, their nuptial torches, shed
Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted:
Ocean their witness; and the cave their bed,
By their own feelings hallow'd and united,
Their priest was Solitude, and they were wed:

And they were happy, for to their young eyes

ccv.

Oh, Love! of whom great Cæsar was the suitor,
Titus the master, Antony the slave,
Horace, Catullus, scholars, Ovid tutor,
Sappho the sage blue-stocking, in whose grave
All those may leap who rather would be neuter—
(Leucadia's rock still overlooks the wave)—
Oh, Love! thou art the very god of evil,
For, after all, we cannot call thee devil.

Each was an angel, and earth paradise.

CCVI.

Thou mak'st the chaste connubial state precarious,
And jestest with the brows of mightiest men:
Cæsar and Pompey, Mahomet, Belisarius,
Have much employ'd the muse of history's pen:
Their lives and fortunes were extremely various,
Such worthies Time will never see again;
Yet to these four in three things the same luck holds,
They all were heroes, conquerors, and cuckolds.

COVII.

Thou mak'st philosophers; there's Epicurus
And Aristippus, a material crew!

Who to immoral causes would allure us
By theories quite practicable too;

If only from the devil they would insure us,
How pleasant were the maxim (not quite new),

"Eat, drink, and love, what can the rest avail us?"
So said the royal sage Sardanapalus.

COVIET.

But Juan! had he quite forgotten Julia?

And should he have forgotten her so soon?

I can't but say it seems to me most truly a

Perplexing question; but, no doubt, the moon

Does these things for us, and whenever newly a

Strong palpitation rises, 'tis her boon,

Else how the devil is it that fresh features

Have such a charm for us poor human creatures?

CCIX.

I hate inconstancy—I loathe, detest,
Abhor, condemn, abjure the mortal made
Of such quicksilver clay that in his breast
No permanent foundation can be laid;
Love, constant love, has been my constant guest,
And yet last night, being at a masquerade,
I saw the prettiest creature, fresh from Milan,
Which gave me some sensations like a villain.

CCX.

But soon Philosophy came to my aid,
And whisper'd "Think of every sacred tie!"
"I will, my dear Philosophy!" I said,
"But then her teeth, and then, oh, Heaven! her eye
I'll just enquire if she be wife or maid,
Or neither—out of curiosity."
"Stop!" cried Philosophy, with air so Grecian,
(Though she was masqued then as a fair Venetian;)

°OUXI.

"Stop!" so I stopp'd.—But to return: that which
Men call inconstancy is nothing more
Than admiration due where nature's rich
Profusion with young beauty covers o'er
Some favour'd object; and as in the niche
A lovely statue we almost adore,
This sort of adoration of the real
Is but a heightening of the "beau ideal."

coxII.

'Tis the perception of the beautiful,
A fine extension of the faculties,
Platonic, universal, wonderful,
Drawn from the stars, and filter'd through the skies,
Without which life would be extremely dull;
In short, it is the use of our own eyes,
With one or two small senses added, just
To hint that flesh is form'd of fiery dust.

CCXIII.

Yet 'tis a painful feeling, and unwilling,
For surely if we always could perceive
In the same object graces quite as killing
As when she rose upon us like an Eve,
'Twould save us many a heart-ache, many a shilling,
(For we must get them anyhow, or grieve,)
Whereas, if one sole lady pleased for ever,
How pleasant for the heart, as well as hver!

OCXIV.

The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven,
But changes night and day, too, like the sky;
Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be driven,
And darkness and destruction as on high:
But when it hath been scorch'd, and pierced, and riven,
Its storms expire in water-drops; the eye
Pours forth at last the heart's blood turn'd to tears,
Which make the English climate of our years.

coxv.

The liver is the lazaret of bile,
But very rarely executes its function,
For the first passion stays there such a while,
That all the rest creep in and form a junction,
Like knots of vipers on a dunghill's soil,
Rage, fear, hate, jealousy, revenge, compunction,
So that all mischiefs spring up from this entrail,
Like earthquakes from the hidden fire call'd "central."

CCXVI.

In the mean time, without proceeding more
In this anatomy, I've finish'd now
Two hundred and odd stanzas as before,
That being about the number I'll allow
Each canto of the twelve, or twenty-four;
And, laying down my pen, I make my bow,
Leaving Don Juan and Haidée to plead
For them and theirs with all who deign to read.

DON JUAN.

CANTO THE THIRD

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THE THIRD.

WHILE the two first cantos of "Don Juan" were passing through the press, Lord Byron appeared to exult in the anticipation of the coming storm. "I am glad," he wrote to his publisher, "you think the poesy good; and as to thinking of the effect, think you of the sale, and leave me to pluck the porcupines who may point their quills at you." A letter from Mr. Murray the day after publication, informed him that the gale was beginning to blow, and he replied with animation—"Don't be alarmed. You will see me defend myself gaily—that is, if I happen to be in spirits, and by spirits I don't mean your meaning of the word, but the spirit of a bull-dog when punched, or a bull when pinned; it is then that they make best sport, and as my sensations under an attack are probably a happy compound of the united energies of those annable animals, you may perhaps see what Marrall calls 'rare sport,' and some good tossing and goring in the course of the controversy. But I must be in the right cue first, and I doubt I am almost too far off to be in a sufficient fury for the purpose" The only fruit of these warlike resolutions was the facetious letter to the solemn Roberts, which was written in August, 1819, and the animated "Remarks upon an article in Blackwood's Magazine," which were penned in March, 1820, but not published till after his death. With all his eagerness to throw down the gauntlet to the public, he was invariably annoyed when they took it up. Accordingly he was discouraged where he expected to have been roused, and on commencing the third cauto in October, 1819, he found his usual ardour of composition gone. He had not, he said, been frightened, but hurt by the outcry, and though he proceeded sufficiently fast to have completed two hundred stanzas by the end of November, he always believed that they partook of the tameness of his spirits. His confidence in his poem had sunk so low, that when one Saunders at Venice, -a man whom he calls "a saltfish seller,"-pronounced "Don Juan" to be all "Grub Street," he was too much depressed by the Billingsgate criticism to compose a line for several days. here," he said, to his friend Mr. Bankes, as he pointed to the MS. which he had put away in a drawer, 'this is all Mr. Saunders's 'Grub Street!'" The low opinion which the poet had formed of the third canto, induced him to cut it in halves, and style the second portion canto four, from an idea that the reader would feel the journey less toilsome if divided into stages. In due time canto the fifth was added, and the three appeared together in August, 1821, Mr. Murray paying £1525 for a merely nominal copyright. The names of author and publisher were still suppressed, for notwithstanding they were known to all the world, Lord Byron fancied that to withhold the avowal gave him something of the advantage which Jack the Giant-Killer derived from his invisible coat, and enabled him to fight with better effect against his manyheaded foe.

CANTO THE THIRD.

IIAIL, Muse! et cætera.—We left Juan sleeping, Pıllow'd upon a fair and happy breast, And watch'd by eyes that never yet knew weeping, And loved by a young heart, too deeply blest To feel the poison through her spirit creeping, Or know who rested there, a foe to rest, Had soil'd the current of her sinless years, And turn'd her pure heart's purest blood to tears!

II.

Oh, Love! what is it in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah why
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?
As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,
And place them on their breast—but place to die—
Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.

III.

In her first passion woman loves her lover,
In all the others all she loves is love,
Which grows a habit she can ne'er get over,
And fits her loosely—like an easy glove,
As you may find, whene'er you like to prove her:
One man alone at first her heart can move;
She then prefers him in the plural number,
Not finding that the additions much encumber.

I know not if the fault be men's or theirs;
But one thing's pretty sure; a woman planted
(Unless at once she plunge for life in prayers)—
After a decent time must be gallanted;
Although, no doubt, her first of love affairs
Is that to which her heart is wholly granted;
Yet there are some, they say, who have had none,
But those who have ne'er end with only one.

'Tis melancholy, and a fearful sign
Of human frailty, folly, also crime,
That love and marriage rarely can combine,
Although they both are born in the same clime
Marriage from love, like vinegar from wine—
A sad, sour, sober beverage—by time
Is sharpen'd from its high celestial flavour,
Down to a very homely household savour.

There's something of antipathy, as 'twere,
Between their present and their future state;
A kind of flattery that's hardly fair
Is used until the truth arrives too late—
Yet what can people do, except despair?
The same things change their names at such a rate,
For instance—passion in a lover's glorious,
But in a husband is pronounced uxorious.

VII.

Men grow ashamed of being so very fond;
They sometimes also get a little tired
(But that, of course, is rare), and then despond:
The same things cannot always be admired,
Yet 'tis " so nominated in the bond,"
That both are tied till one shall have expired.
Sad thought! to lose the spouse that was adorning
Our days, and put one's servants into mourning.



VIII.

There's doubtless something in domestic doings Which forms, in fact, true love's antithesis; Romances paint at full length people's wooings, But only give a bust of marriages; For no one cares for matrimonial cooings.

There's nothing wrong in a connubial kiss: Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife, He would have written sonnets all his life?

IX.

All tragedies are finish'd by a death,
All comedies are ended by a marriage;
The future states of both are left to faith,
For authors fear description might disparage
The worlds to come of both, or fall beneath,
And then both worlds would punish their miscarriage;
So leaving each their priest and prayer-book ready,
They say no more of Death or of the Lady.

x.

The only two that in my recollection

Have sung of heaven and hell, or marriage, are

Dante and Milton, and of both the affection

Was hapless in their nuptials, for some bar

Of fault or temper ruin'd the connection

(Such things, in fact, it don't ask much to mar);

But Dante's Beatrice and Milton's Eve

Were not drawn from their spouses, you conceive.

XI.

Some persons say that Dante meant theology
By Beatrice, and not a mistress—I,
Although my opinion may require apology,
Deem this a commentator's phantasy,
Unless indeed it was from his own knowledge he
Decided thus, and show'd good reason why;
I think that Dante's more abstruse ecstatics
Meant to personify the mathematics.'

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TIT.

Haidée and Juan were not married, but
The fault was theirs, not mine: it is not fair,
Chaste reader, then, in any way to put
The blame on me, unless you wish they were;
Then if you'd have them wedded, please to shut
The book which treats of this erroneous pair,
Before the consequences grow too awful;
'Tis dangerous to read of loves unlawful.

XIII.

Yet they were happy,—happy in the illicit
Indulgence of their innocent desires;
But more imprudent grown with every visit,
Haidée forgot the island was her sire's:
When we have what we like, 'tis hard to miss it,
At least in the beginning, ere one tires;
Thus she came often, not a moment losing,
Whilst her piratical papa was cruising.

XIV.

Let not his mode of raising cash seem strange,
Although he fleeced the flags of every nation,
For into a prime minister but change
His title, and 'tis nothing but taxation;
But he, more modest, took an humbler range
Of life, and in an honester vocation
Pursued o'er the high seas his watery journey,
And merely practised as a sea-attorney.

XV.

The good old gentleman had been detain'd

By winds and waves, and some important captures;
And, in the hope of more, at sea remain'd,

Although a squall or two had damp'd his raptures,
By swamping one of the prizes; he had chain'd

His prisoners, dividing them like chapters
In number'd lots; they all had cuffs and collars,
And averaged each from ten to a hundred dollars.

XVI.

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Some he disposed of off Cape Matapan,
Among his friends, the Mainots; some he sold
To his Tunis correspondents, save one man
Toss'd overboard unsaleable (being old);
The rest—save here and there some richer one,
Reserved for future ransom in the hold,
Were link'd alike, as for the common people he
Had a large order from the Dev of Tripoli.

XVII.

The merchandise was served in the same way,
Pieced out for different marts in the Levant,
Except some certain portions of the prey,
Light classic articles of female want,
French stuffs, lace, tweezers, toothpicks, teapot, tray,
Guitars and castanets from Alicant,
All which selected from the spoil he gathers,
Robb'd for his daughter by the best of fathers.

xvIII.

A monkey, a Dutch mastiff, a mackaw,
Two parrots, with a Persian cat and kittens,
He chose from several animals he saw—
A terrier, too, which once had been a Briton's,
Who dying on the coast of Ithaca,
The peasants gave the poor dumb thing a pittance.
These to secure in this strong blowing weather,
He caged in one huge hamper altogether.

Then having settled his marine affairs,
Despatching single cruisers here and there,
His vessel having need of some repairs,
He shaped his course to where his daughter fair
Continued still her hospitable cares;
But that part of the coast being shoal and bare,
And rough with reefs which ran out many a mile,

His port lay on the other side o' the isle.

хx

And there he went ashore without delay,

Having no custom-house nor quarantine
To ask him awkward questions on the way,

About the time and place where he had been:
He left his ship to be hove down next day,

With orders to the people to careen;
So that all hands were busy beyond measure,
In getting out goods, ballast, guns, and treasure.

XXI.

Arriving at the summit of a hill
Which o'erlook'd the white walls of his home,
He stopp'd.—What singular emotions fill
Their bosoms who have been induced to roam!
With fluttering doubts if all be well or ill—
With love for many, and with fears for some;
All feelings which o'erleap the years long lost,
And bring our hearts back to their starting-post.

XXII.

The approach of home to husbands and to sires,
After long travelling by land or water,
Most naturally some small doubt inspires—
A female family's a serious matter;
(None trusts the sex more, or so much admires—
But they hate flattery, so I never flatter;)
Wives in their husbands' absences grow subtler,
And daughters sometimes run off with the butler.

XXIII

An honest gentleman at his return
May not have the good fortune of Ulysses;
Not all lone matrons for their husbands mourn,
Or show the same dislike to suitors' kisses;
The odds are that he finds a handsome urn
To his memory—and two or three young misses
Born to some friend, who holds his wife and riches;
And that his Argus bites him by—the breeches.



λλίν.

If single, probably his plighted fair Has in his absence wedded some rich miser: But all the better, for the happy pair May quarrel, and the lady growing wiser, He may resume his amatory care As cavalier servente, or despise her: And that his sorrow may not be a dumb one. Write odes on the Inconstancy of Woman.

xxv.

And oh! ye gentlemen who have already Some chaste *liaison* of the kind—I mean An honest friendship with a married lady— The only thing of this sort ever seen To last—of all connexions the most steady, And the true Hymen, (the first's but a screen)— Yet for all that keep not too long away; I've known the absent wrong'd four times a day.

XXVI.

Lambro, our sea-solicitor, who had Much less experience of dry land than ocean, On seeing his own chimney-smoke, felt glad; But not knowing metaphysics, had no notion Of the true reason of his not being sad, Or that of any other strong emotion; He loved his child, and would have wept the loss of her, But knew the cause no more than a philosopher.

He saw his white walls shining in the sun, His garden trees all shadowy and green; He heard his rivulet's light bubbling run, The distant dog-bark; and perceived between The umbrage of the wood so cool and dun, The moving figures, and the sparkling slicen Of arms (in the East all arm)—and various dyes Of colour'd garbs, as bright as butterflies.

And a. the spot where they appear he nears,
Surprised at these unwonted signs of idling,
He hears—alas! no music of the spheres,
But an unhallow'd, earthly sound of fiddling!
A melody which made him doubt his ears,
The cause being past his guessing or unriddling;
A pipe, too, and a drum, and shortly after,
A most unoriental roar of laughter.

xxix.

And still more nearly to the place advancing,
Descending rather quickly the declivity,
Through the waved branches, o'er the greensward glancing
'Midst other indications of festivity,
Seeing a troop of his domestics dancing
Like dervises, who turn as on a pivot, he
Perceived it was the Pyrrhic dance of so martial,
To which the Levantines are very partial.

xxx.

And further on a group of Grecian girls,"
The first and tallest her white kerchief waving,
Were strung together like a row of pearls,
Link'd hand in hand, and dancing: each too having
Down her white neck long floating auburn curls—
(The least of which would set ten poets raving)
Their leader sang—and bounded to her song,
With choral step and voice, the virgin throng.

TYYI.

And here, assembled cross-legg'd round their trays,
Small social parties just begun to dine;
Pilaus and meats of all sorts met the gaze,
And flasks of Samian and of Chian wine,
And sherbet cooling in the porous vase;
Above them their dessert grew on its vine,
The orange and pomegranate nodding o'er
Dropp'd in their laps, scarce pluck'd, their mellow store.

A band of children, round a snow-white ram,
There wreathe his venerable horns with flowers;
While peaceful as if still an unwean'd lamb,
The patriarch of the flock all gently cowers
His sober head, majestically tame,
Or eats from out the palm, or playful lowers
His brow, as if in act to butt, and then
Yielding to their small hands, draws back again.

XXXIII.

Their classical profiles, and gluttering dresses,
Their large black eyes, and soft seraphic checks,
Crimson as eleft pomegranates, their long tresses,
The gesture which enchants, the eye that speaks,
The innocence which happy childhood blesses,
Made quite a picture of these little Greeks;
So that the philosophical beholder
Sigh'd for their sakes—that they should e'er grow older.

XXXIV

Afar, a dwarf buffoon stood telling tales
To a sedate grey circle of old smokers,
Of secret treasures found in hidden vales,
Of wonderful replies from Arab jokers,
Of charms to make good gold and cure bad ails,
Of rocks bewitch'd that open to the knockers,
Of magic ladies who, by one sole act,
Transform'd their lords to beasts (but that's a fact).

xxxv

Here was no lack of innocent diversion

For the imagination or the senses,
Song, dance, wine, music, stories from the Persian,
All pretty pastimes in which no offence is;
But Lambro saw all these things with aversion,
Perceiving in his absence such expenses,
Dreading that climax of all human ills,
The inflammation of his weekly bills.

XXXVI.

Ah! what is man? what perils still environ
The happiest mortals even after dinner—
A day of gold from out an age of iron
Is all that life allows the luckiest sinner;
Pleasure (whene'er she sings, at least)'s a siren,
That lures, to flay alive, the young beginner;
Lambro's reception at his people's banquet
Was such as fire accords to a wet blanket.

XXXVII.

He—being a man who seldom used a word
Too much, and wishing gladly to surprise
(In general he surprised men with the sword)
His daughter—had not sent before to advise
Of his arrival, so that no one stirr'd;
And long he stood to re-assure his eyes,
In fact much more astonish'd than delighted,
To find so much good company invited.

XXXVIII.

He did not know (alas! how men will lie)

That a report (especially the Greeks)

Avouch'd his death (such people never die),

And put his house in mourning several weeks,—

But now their eyes and also lips were dry;

The bloom, too, had return'd to Haidée's checks.

Her tears, too, being return'd into their fount,

She now kept house upon her own account.

XXXXX

Hence all this rice, meat, dancing, wine, and fiddling,
Which turn'd the isle into a place of pleasure;
The servants all were getting drunk or idling,
A life which made them happy beyond measure.
Her father's hospitality seem'd middling,
Compared with what Haidée did with his treasure;
'Twas wonderful how things went on improving,

While she had not one hour to spare from loving."

XL.

Perhaps you think, in stumbling on this feast,
He flew into a passion, and in fact
There was no mighty reason to be pleased;
Perhaps you prophesy some sudden act,
The whip, the rack, or dungeon at the least,
To teach his people to be more exact,
And that, proceeding at a very high rate,
He show'd the royal penchants of a pirate.

XLI.

You're wrong.—He was the mildest manner'd man
'That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat,
With such true breeding of a gentleman,
You never could divine his real thought;
No courtier could, and scarcely woman can
Gird more deceit within a petticoat;
Pity he loved adventurous life's variety,
He was so great a loss to good society.'

XLII.

Advancing to the nearest dinner tray,

Tapping the shoulder of the nighest guest,
With a peculiar smile, which, by the way,
Boded no good, whatever it express'd,
He ask'd the meaning of this holiday;
The vinous Greek to whom he had address'd
His question, much too merry to divine
The questioner, fill'd up a glass of wine,

XLIII.

And without turning his facetious head,
Over his shoulder, with a Bacchant air,
Presented the o'erflowing cup, and said,
"Talking's dry work, I have no time to spare."
A second hiccupp'd, "Our old master's dead,
You'd better ask our mistress who's his heir."
"Our mistress!" quoth a third: "Our mistress!—pooliYou mean our master—not the old, but new."

XLIV.

These rascals, being new comers, knew not whom
They thus address'd—and Lambro's visage fell—
And o'er his eye a momentary gloom
Pass'd, but he strove quite courteously to quell
The expression, and endeavouring to resume
His smile, requested one of them to tell
The name and quality of his new patron,
Who seem'd to have turn'd Haidée into a matron.

XLV

"I know not," quoth the fellow, "who or what
He is, nor whence he came—and little care;
But this I know, that this roast capon's fat,
And that good wine ne'er wash'd down better fare;
And if you are not satisfied with that,
Direct your questions to my neighbour there;
He'll answer all for better or for worse,
For none likes more to hear himself converse."

LVI.

I said that Lambro was a man of patience,
And certainly he show'd the best of breeding,
Which scarce even France, the paragon of nations,
E'er saw her most polite of sons exceeding;
He bore these sneers against his near relations,
His own anxiety, his heart, too, bleeding,
The insults, too, of every servile glutton,
Who all the time was eating up his mutton.

XLVII.

Now in a person used to much command—
To bid men come, and go, and come again—
To see his orders done, too, out of hand—
Whether the word was death, or but the chain—
It may seem strange to find his manners bland;
Yet such things are, which I cannot explain,
Though doubtless he who can command himself
Is good to govern—almost as a Guelf.

XLVIII.

Not that he was not sometimes rash or so,
But never in his real and serious mood;
Then calm, concentrated, and still, and slow,
He lay coul'd like the boa in the wood;
With him it never was a word and blow,
His angry word once o'er he shed no bloo

His angry word once o'er, he shed no blood, But in his silence there was much to rue, And his one blow left little work for two.

XLIX.

He ask'd no further questions, and proceeded
On to the house, but by a private way,
So that the few who met him hardly heeded,
So little they expected him that day;
If love paternal in his bosom pleaded
For Haidée's sake, is more than I can say,
But certainly to one deem'd dead returning,
This revel seem'd a curious mode of mourning.

Ŀ,

If all the dead could now return to life,

(Which God forbid!) or some, or a great many,

For instance, if a husband or his wife

(Nuptial examples are as good as any),

No doubt whate'er might be their former strife,

The present weather would be much more rainy—

Tears shed into the grave of the connection

Would share most probably its resurrection.

LI.

He enter'd in the house no more his home,

A thing to human feelings the most trying,
And harder for the heart to overcome,

Perhaps, than even the mental pangs of dying;
To find our hearthstone turn'd into a tomb,

And round its once warm precincts palely lying
The ashes of our hopes, is a deep grief,
Beyond a single gentleman's belief.

He enter'd in the house—his home no more,

For without hearts there is no home;—and felt
The solitude of passing his own door

Without a welcome: there he long had dwelt, There his few peaceful days Time had swept o'er,

There his warm bosom and keen eye would melt Over the innocence of that sweet child, His only shrine of feelings undefiled.

LIII.

He was a man of a strange temperament,
Of mild demeanour though of savage mood,
Moderate in all his habits, and content
With temperance in pleasure, as in food,
Quick to perceive, and strong to bear, and meant
For something better, if not wholly good;
His country's wrongs and his despair to save her
Had stung him from a slave to an enslaver.

LIV.

The love of power, and rapid gain of gold,

The hardness by long habitude produced,

The dangerous life in which he had grown old,

The mercy he had granted oft abused,

The sights he was accustomed to behold,

The wild seas, and wild men with whom he cruise

Had cost his enemies a long repentance,

And made him a good friend, but bad acquaintance

LV.

But something of the spirit of old Greece
Flash'd o'er his soul a few heroic rays,
Such as lit onward to the Golden Fleece
His predecessors in the Colchian days;
'Tis true he had no ardent love for peace—
Alas! his country show'd no path to praise:
Hate to the world and war with every nation
He waged, in vengeance of her degradation.

Still o'er his mind the influence of the clime
Shed its Ionian elegance, which show'd
Its power unconsciously full many a time,—
A taste seen in the choice of his abode,
A love of music and of scenes sublime,
A pleasure in the gentle stream that flow'd
Past him in crystal, and a joy in flowers,
Bedew'd his spirit in his calmer hours.

LVII

But whatsoe'er he had of love reposed
On that beloved daughter; she had been
The only thing which kept his heart unclosed
Amidst the savage deeds he had done and seen,
A lonely pure affection unopposed:
There wanted but the loss of this to wean
His feelings from all milk of human kindness,
And turn him like the Cyclops 16 mad with blindness.

LVIII.

The cubless tigress in her jungle raging
Is dreadful to the shepherd and the flock;
The ocean when its yeasty war is waging
Is awful to the vessel near the rock;
But violent things will sooner bear assuaging,
Their fury being spent by its own shock,
Than the stern, single, deep, and worldless ire "
Of a strong human heart, and in a sire.

111

It is a hard although a common case

To find our children running restive—they
In whom our brightest days we would retrace,
Our little selves re-formed in finer clay,
Just as old age is creeping on apace,
And clouds come o'er the sunset of our day,
They kindly leave us, though not quite alone,
But in good company—the gout or stone.

T.X.

Yet a fine family is a fine thing
(Provided they don't come in after dinner);

'Tis beautiful to see a matron bring
Her children up (if nursing them don't thin her);
Like cherubs round an altar-piece they cling
To the fire-side (a sight to touch a sinner).
A lady with her daughters or her nieces
Shine like a guinea and seven-shilling pieces.

LXI.

Old Lambro pass'd unseen a private gate,
And stood within his hall at eventide;
Meantime the lady and her lover sate
At wassail in their beauty and their pride:
An ivory inlaid table spread with state
Before them, and fair slaves on every side; 100
Gems, gold, and silver, form'd the service mostly
Mother of pearl and coral the less costly. 200

LXII,

The dinner made about a hundred dishes;
Lamb and pistachio nuts—in short, all meats,
And saffron soups, and sweetbreads; and the fishes
Were of the finest that c'er flounced in nets,
Drest to a Sybarite's most pamper'd wishes;
The beverage was various sherbets
Of raisin, orange, and pomegranate juice,
Squeezed through the rind, which makes it best for use."

LXIII

These were ranged round, each in its crystal ewer,
And fruits, and date-bread loaves closed the repast,
And Mocha's berry, from Arabia pure,
In small fine China cups, came in at last;
Gold cups of filigree made to secure
The hand from burning underneath them placed,
Cloves; cinnamon, and saffron too were boil'd
Up with the coffee, which (I think) they spoil'd."

LXIV.

The hangings of the room were tapestry, made Of velvet panels, each of different hue, And thick with damask flowers of silk inlaid; And round them ran a yellow border too; The upper border, richly wrought, display'd, Embroider'd delicately o'er with blue, Soft Persian sentences, in lilac letters, From poets, or the moralists their betters.

LλV

These Oriental writings on the wall,
Quite common in those countries, are a kind
Of monitors adapted to recall,
Like skulls at Memphian banquets, to the mind
The words which shook Belshazzar in his hall,
And took his kingdom from him: You will find,
Though sages may pour out their wisdom's treasure,
There is no sterner moralist than Pleasure.

LXVI.

A beauty at the season's close grown heetic,
A genius who has drunk himself to death,
A rake turn'd methodistic, or Eclectic 24—
(For that's the name they like to pray beneath) 25—
But most, an alderman struck apoplectic,
Are things that really take away the breath,—
And show that late hours, wine, and love are able
To do not much less damage than the table.

LXVII.

Haidée and Juan carpeted their feet
On crimson satin, border'd with pale blue;
Their sofa occupied three parts complete
Of the apartment—and appear'd quite new;
The velvet cushions (for a throne more meet)—
Were scarlet, from whose glowing centre grew
A sun emboss'd in gold, whose rays of tissue,
Meridian-like, were seen all light to issue."

LXVIII.

Crystal and marble, plate and porcelain,

Had done their work of splendour; Indian mats

And Persian carpets, which the heart bled to stain,

Over the floors were spread; gazelles and cats,

And dwarfs and blacks, and such like things, that gain

Their bread as ministers and favourites—(that's

To say, by degradation)—mingled there

As plentiful as in a court or fair.

LXIX.

There was no want of lofty mirrors, and
The tables, most of ebouy inlaid
With mother of pearl or ivory, stood at hand,
Or were of tortoise-shell or rare woods made,
Fretted with gold or silver:—by command,
The greater part of these were ready spread
With viands and sherbets in ice—and wine—
Kept for all comers at all hours to dine.

LXX.

Of all the dresses I select Haidée's:
She wore two jelicks—one was of pale yellow;
Of azure, pink, and white was her chemise—*
'Neath which her breast heaved like a little billow;
With buttons form'd of pearls as large as peas,
All gold and crimson shone her jelick's fellow,
And the striped white gauze baracan that bound her,
Like fleecy clouds about the moon, flow'd round her.

LXXI.

One large gold bracelet clasp'd each lovely arm,
Lockless—so pliable from the pure gold
That the hand stretch'd and shut it without harm,
The limb which it adorn'd its only mould;
So beautiful—its very shape would charm,
And clinging as if loath to lose its hold,
The purest ore enclosed the whitest skin
That ere by precious metal was held in.

LXXII.

Around, as princess of her father's land,
A like gold bar above her instep roll'd **
Announced her rank; twelve rings were on her hand;
Her hair was starr'd with gems; her veil's fine fold
Below her breast was fasten'd with a band
Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce be told;
Her orange silk full Turkish trousers furl'd
About the prettiest ankle in the world.

LXXIII.

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her heel Flow'd like an Alpine torrent which the sun Dyes with his morning light,—and would conceal Her person if allow'd at large to run, And still they seem'd resentfully to feel The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun Their bonds whene'er some Zephyr caught began To offer his young pinion as her fan.

LXXIV.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,

The very air seem'd lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife

With all we can imagine of the skies,
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—

Too pure even for the purest human ties;
Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel.³²

LXXV.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged (It is the country's custom ³³), but in vain; For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed, . The glossy rebels mock'd the jetty stain, And in their native beauty stood avenged:

Her naïls were touch'd with henna; but again The power of art was turn'd to nothing, for They could not look more rosy than before.

LXXVI.

The henna should be deeply dyed to make

The skin relieved appear more fairly fair;

She had no need of this, day ne'er will break

On mountain tops more heavenly white than her:

The eye might doubt if it were well awake,

She was so like a vision; I might err,

But Shakspeare also says, 'tis very silly

"To gild refined gold, or paint the lily."

LXXVII.

Juan had on a shawl of black and gold,
But a white baracan, and so transparent
The sparkling gems beneath you might behold,
Luke small stars through the mulky way apparent;
His turban furl'd in many a graceful fold,
An emerald aigrette with Haidée's hair in't
Surmounted, as its clasp, a growing crescent,
Whose rays shone ever trembling, but incessant.

LXXVIII.

And now they were diverted by their suite,
Dwarfs, dancing-girls, black eunuchs, and a poet,
Which made their new establishment complete;
The last was of great fame, and liked to show it
His verses rarely wanted their due feet—
And for his theme—he seldom sung below it,
He being paid to satirise or flatter,
As the psalm says, "inditing a good matter."

LXXIX.

He praised the present, and abused the past,
Reversing the good custom of old days,
An Eastern anti-jacobin at last
He turn'd, preferring pudding to no praise—
For some few years his lot had been o'ercast
By his seeming independent in his lays,
But now he sung the Sultan and the Pacha
With truth like Southey, and with verse like Crashaw.

IXXX.

He was a man who had seen many changes,
And always changed as true as any needle;
His polar star being one which rather ranges,
And not the fix'd—he knew the way to wheedle:
So vile he 'scaped the doom which oft avenges;
And being fluent (save indeed when fee'd ill),
He lied with such a fervour of intention—
There was no doubt he earn'd his laureate pension.

LXXXI.

But he had genius,—when a turncoat has it,
The "Vates irritabilis" takes care
That without notice few full moons shall pass it;
Even good men like to make the public stare:—
But to my subject—let me see—what was it?—
Oh!—the third canto—and the pretty pair—
Their loves, and feasts, and house, and dress, and mode
Of living in their insular abode.

LXXXII.

Their poet, a sad trimmer, but no less
In company a very pleasant fellow,
Had been the favourite of full many a mess
Of men, and made them speeches when half mellow;
And though his meaning they could rarely guess,
Yet still they deign'd to hiccup or to bellow
The glorious meed of popular applause,
Of which the first ne'er knows the second cause.

LXXXIII.

But now being lifted into high society,
And having pick'd up several odds and ends
Of free thoughts in his travels, for variety,
He deem'd, being in a lone isle, among friends,
That without any danger of a riot, he
Might for long lying make himself amends;
And singing as he sung in his warm youth,
Agree to a short armistice with truth.

LXXXIV.

He had travell'd 'mongst the Arabs, Turks, and Franks,
And knew the self-loves of the different nations;
And having lived with people of all ranks,
Had something ready upon most occasions—
Which got him a few presents and some thanks.
He varied with some skill his adulations;
To "do at Rome as Romans do," a piece
()f conduct was which he observed in Greece.

LXXXV.

Thus, usually, when he was asked to sing,

He gave the different nations something national;
"Twas all the same to him—"God save the king,"

Or "Ça ira," according to the fashion all:
His muse made increment of any thing,

From the high lyric down to the low rational:
If Pindar sang horse-races, what should hinder

Himself from being as pliable as Pindar?

LXXXVI.

In France for instance, he would write a chanson;
In England a six canto quarto tale;
In Spain he'd make a ballad or romance on
The last war—much the same in Portugal;
In Germany, the Pegasus he'd prance on
Would be old Goethe's—(see what says de Staël);
In Italy he'd ape the "Trecentisti;" so
In Greece, he'd sing some sort of hymn like this t' ye:

1.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian³⁰ and the Tcian muse,³⁰
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

3

The mountains look on Marathon—³⁰
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free for standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

4

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?

5.

And where are they? and where art thou
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

•

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?

Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled.

Earth! render back from out thy breast

A remnant of our Spartan dead!

Of the three hundred grant but three,

To make a new Thermopylæ!

8

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one hving head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!"
"Its but the living who are dumb.

9.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

10.

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

11.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these:
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

12

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!

Such chains as his were sure to bind.

13.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

14

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells:
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

15

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;

But gazing on each glowing maid,

My own the burning tear-drop laves,

To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

16

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

LXXXVII.

Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have sung,
The modern Greek, in tolerable verse;
If not like Orpheus quite, when Greece was young,
Yet in these times he might have done much worse:
His strain display'd some feeling—right or wrong;
And feeling, in a poet, is the source
Of others' feeling; but they are such liars,
And take all colours—like the hands of dyers.

LXXXVIII.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think;
'Tis strange, the shortest letter which man uses
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
Of ages; to what straits old Time reduces
Frail man, when paper—even a rag like this,
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's his.

LXXXIX.

And when his bones are dust, his grave a blank,
His station, generation, even his nation,
Become a thing, or nothing, save to rank
In chronological commemoration,
Some dull MS. oblivion long has sank,
Or graven stone found in a barrack's station
In digging the foundation of a closet,
May turn his name up, as a rare deposit.

XO

And glory long has made the sages smile;
'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion, wind—
Depending more upon the historian's style
Than on the name a person leaves behind:
Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to Hoyle:
The present century was growing blind
To the great Marlborough's skill in giving knocks,
Until his late Life by Archdeacon Coxe.

XOI.

Milton's the prince of poets—so we say;
A little heavy, but no less divine:
An independent being in his day—
Learn'd, pious, temperate in love and wine;
But his life falling into Johnson's way,
We're told this great high priest of all the Nine
Was whipt at college—a harsh sire—odd spouse,
For the first Mrs. Milton left his house."

XCII.

All these are, certes, entertaining facts,
Like Shakspeare's stealing deer, Lord Bacon's bribes;
Like Titus' youth, and Cæsar's earliest acts;
Like Burns (whom Doctor Curne well describes);
Like Cromwell's pranks;—but although truth exacts
These amiable descriptions from the scribes,
As most essential to their hero's story,
They do not much contribute to his glory.

XCIII.

All are not moralists, like Southey, when
He prated to the world of "Pantisocrasy;"
Or Wordsworth unexcised, unlined, who then
Scason'd his pedlar poems with democracy; "
Or Coleridge," long before his flighty pen
Let to the Morning Post its aristocracy; "
When he and Southey, following the same path,
Espoused two partners (milliners of Bath).

XCIV

Such names at present cut a convict figure,
The very Botany Bay in moral geography;
Their loyal treason, renegado rigour,
Are good manure for their more bare biography,
Wordsworth's last quarto, by the way, is bigger
Than any since the birthday of typography;
A drowzy frowzy poem, call'd the "Excursion,"
Writ in a manner which is my aversion.

He there builds up a formidable dyke

Between his own and others' intellect;

But Wordsworth's poem, and his followers, like

Joanna Southcote's Shiloh, and her sect,

Are things which in this century don't strike

The public mind,—so few are the elect;

And the new births of both their stale virginities

Have proved but dropsies, taken for divinities.

ACVI.

But let me to my story: I must own,
If I have any fault, it is digression,
Leaving my people to proceed alone,
While I soliloquize beyond expression:
But these are my addresses from the throne,
Which put off business to the ensuing session:
Forgetting each omission is a loss to
The world, not quite so great as Ariosto.

XCVII.

I know that what our neighbours call "longueurs,"
(We've not so good a word, but have the thing,
In that complete perfection which ensures
An epic from Bob Southey every Spring—)
Form not the true temptation which allures
The reader; but 'twould not be hard to bring
Some fine examples of the epopée,
To prove its grand ingredient is ennui."

XCVIII.

We learn from Horace, "Homer sometimes sleeps;"
We feel without him, Wordsworth sometimes wakes,—
To show with what complacency he creeps,
With his dear "Waggoners," around his lakes."
He wishes for "a boat" to sail the deeps—
Of ocean?—No, of air; and then he makes
Another outcry for "a little boat,"
And drivels seas to set it well afloat."

XCIX.

If he must fain sweep o'er the ethereal plain,
And Pegasus runs restive in his "Waggon,"
Could he not beg the loan of Charles's Wain?
Or pray Medea for a single dragon?
Or if, too classic for his vulgar brain,
He fear'd his neck to venture such a nag on,
And he must needs mount nearer to the moon,
Could not the blockhead ask for a balloon?

"Pedlars," and "Boats," and "Waggons!" Oh! ye shades
Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?
That trash of such sort not alone evades
Contempt, but from the bathos' vast abyss
Floats scumbke uppermost, and these Jack Cades
Of sense and song above your graves may hiss—
The "little boatman" and his "Peter Bell"
Can sneer at him who drew "Achitophel!"

OI.

T' our tale. The feast was over, the slaves gone,
The dwarfs and dancing-girls had all retired;
The Arab lore and poet's song were done,
And every sound of revelry expired;
The lady and her lover, left alone,
The rosy flood of twilight's sky admired;
Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea,
That heavenhest hour of Heaven is worthiest thee!

CIT.

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!

The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,

Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.

CIII.

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy son's above!
Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove—
What though 'tis but a pictured image strike,
That painting is no idol,—'tis too like.

CIV.

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,
In nameless print —that I have no devotion;
But set those persons down with me to pray,
And you shall see who has the properest notion
Of getting into heaven the shortest way;
My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
Earth, air, stars,—all that springs from the great Whole,
Who hath produced, and will receive the soul.

CV.

Sweet hour of twilight! in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er,
To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

OVI.

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,

Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,

Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,

And vesper bell's that rose the boughs along;

The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,

His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng

Which learn'd from this example not to fly

From a true lover,—shadow'd my mind's eye.

OVII.

Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good things —
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

OVIII

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart Of those who sail the seas, on the first day When they from their sweet friends are torn apart; Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way As the far bell of vesper makes him start, Seeming to weep the dying day's decay; Is this a fancy which our reason scorns? Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns!

orx.

When Nero perish'd by the justest doom
Which ever the destroyer yet destroy'd,
Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,
Of nations freed, and the world overjoy'd,
Some hands unseen strew'd flowers upon his tomb:
Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void
Of feeling for some kindness done, when power
Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour.

σx.

But I'm digressing; what on earth has Nero,
Or any such like sovereign buffoons,**
To do with the transactions of my hero,
More than such madmen's fellow man—the moon's?
Sure my invention must be down at zero,
And I grown one of many "wooden spoons"
Of verse (the name with which we Cantabs please
To dub the last of honours in degrees).

I feel this tediousness will never do—
'Tis being too epic, and I must cut down
(In copying) this long canto into two;
They'll never find it out, unless I own
The fact, excepting some experienced few;
And then as an improvement 'twill be shown:
I'll prove that such the opinion of the critic is
From Aristotle passim.—See Ποιητικηs.

NOTES TO CANTO THE FIRST.

- 1 [Remodelled under the names of "Don Juan," "The Libertine," &c &c., the old Spanish spiritual play, entitled "Atheista Fulminato," formerly acted in the churches and monasteries, has had its day-of favour in every country throughout Europe. It was first introduced upon the régular stage, under the title of "El Bolador de Sevilla y Combidado de Pierra," by Gabriel Tellez, the cotemporary of Calderon. It was soon translated into Italian by Cicognini, and performed with so much success in this language, not only in Italy but even at Paris, that Molber, shortly before his death, produced a comedy in five acts, called "Don Juan: ou Le Festin de Pierra." This piece was, in 1677, put into verse by T. Corneille: and thus it has been performed on the French stage ever since. In 1676, Shadwell, the successor of Dryden in the laureaceship, introduced the subject into this country, in his tragedy of the "Libertine," but he made his hero so unboundedly wicked, as to exceed the limits of probability. In all these works, as well as in Mozart's celebrated opera, the Don is uniformly represented as a travelling rake, who practises everywhere the arts of seduction, and who, for his numerous delinquencies, is finally consumed by famics corain populo, or, as Lord Byron has it.—"Sent to the devil somewhat ere his time."]
- ² [General Vernon, who served with considerable distinction in the navy, particularly in the capture of Porto Bello, died in 1757]
- ³ [Second for of George II., distinguished himself at the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy, and still more so at that of Culloden, where he defeated the Chevalier, in 1746. The Duke, however, obscured his fame by the cruel abuse which he made, or suffered his soldiers to make, of the victory. He died in 1765]
- 4 [General Wolfe, the brave commander of the expedition against Quebec, terminated his career in the moment of victory, whilst fighting against the French in 1759.]
- ⁵ [In 1759, Admiral Lord Hawke totally defeated the French fleet equipped at Brest for the invasion of England. In 1765 he was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty; and died, full of honours, in 1781.]
- ⁶ [Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, who gained the victory of Minden. In 1762 he drove the French out of Hesse. He died in 1792.]
- 7 [Son of the third Duke of Rutland—signalised himself in 1745, on the invasion by Prince Charles; and was constituted, in 1759, commander of the British forces in Germany. He died in 1770.]
- ⁸ [An English general officer and dramatist, who distinguished himself in the defence of Portugal, in 1762, against the Spaniards, and also in America by the capture

of Ticonderoga; but was at last obliged to surrender, with his army, to General Gates. Died in 1792.1

- ⁹ [Second son of the Earl of Albemarle. Placed at the head of the Channel fleet, he partially engaged, in 1778, the French fleet off Ushant, which contrived to escape: he was, in consequence, tried by a court martial, and honourably acquitted. He died in 1786.]
- ¹⁰ [Lord Howe distinguished himself on many occasions during the American war. On the breaking out of the French war, he took the command of the English fleet, and bringing the enemy to an action on the 1st of June, 1794, obtained a splendid victory. He died in 1799.1
 - 11 [We find on Lord Byron's MS. the following note to this stanza -

"In the eighth and concluding lecture of Mr. Hazlitt's canons of criticism, delivered at the Surrey Institution, I am accused of having 'lauded Buonaparte to the skies in the hour of his success, and then peevishly wreaking my disappointment on the god of my idolatry.' The first lines I ever wrote upon Buonaparte were the 'Ode on Napoleon,' after his abdication in 1814. All that I have ever written on that subject has been done since his decline;—I never 'met him in the hour of his success.' I have considered his character at different periods, in its strength and in its weakness; by his zealots I am accused of injustice—by his enemies as his warmest partian; in

many publications both English and foreign.

- "For the accuracy of my delineation I have high authority. A year and some months ago, I had the pleasure of seeing at Venice my friend the Honourable Douglas Kinnaird In his way through Germany, he told me that be had been honoured with a presentation to, and some interviews with, one of the nearest family connexions of Napoleon (Eugène Beauharnais). During one of these, he read and translated the lines alluding to Buonaparte, in the third Canto of Childe Harold. He informed me, that he was authorised by the illustrious personage—(still recognised as such by the Legitimacy in Europe)—to whom they were read, to say, that 'the delineation was complete,' or words to this effect. It is no puerile vanity which induces me to publish this fact;—but Mr. Hazlitt accuses my inconsistency, and infers my inaccuracy. Perhaps he will admit that, with regard to the latter, one of the most intimate family connexions of the Emperor may be equally capable of deciding on the subject. I tell Mr. Hazlitt, that I never flattered Napoleon on the throne, nor maligned him since his fall. I wrote what I think are the incredible antitheses of his character.
- "Mr. Hazlitt accuses me further of delineating myself in Childe Harold, &c. &c. I have demed this long ago—but, even were it true, Locke tells us, that all his knowledge of human understanding was derived from studying his own mind. From Mr. Hazlitt's opinion of my poetry I do not appeal, but I request that gentleman not to insult me by imputing the basest of crimes,—viz. 'praising publicly the same man whom I wished to depreciate in his adversity;'—the first lines I ever wrote on Buonaparte were in his dispraise, in 1814,—the last, though not at all in his favour, were more impartial and discriminative, in 1818. Has he become more fortunate since 1814?—Byron, Venice, 1819."
- 12 [Barnave, one of the most active promoters of the French Revolution, was in 1791 appointed President of the Constituent Assembly. On the flight of the royal family, he was sent to conduct them to Paris. He was guillotined, Nov. 1793.]
- ¹³ [Brissot de Warville, at the age of twenty, published several tracts, for one of which he was, in 1784, thrown into the Bastile. He was one of the principal instigators of the revolt of the Champ de Mars, in July, 1789. He was led to the guillotine, Oct. 1793.]
- 14 [Condorcet was, in 1792, appointed President of the Legislative Assembly. Having, in 1793, attacked the new constitution, he was denounced. Being thrown into prison, he was on the following morning found dead, apparently from poison. His works are collected in twenty-one volumes.]

- .5 [Mirabeau, so well known as one of the chief promoters of, and actors in, the French revolution, died in 1791.]
- 16 [Pétion, Mayor of Paris in 1791, took an active part in the imprisonment of the king. Becoming, in 1793, an object of suspicion to Robespierie, he took refuge in the department of the Calvados: where his body was found in a field, half-devoured by wolves.]
- ¹⁷ [John Baptiste (better known under the appellation of Anacharsis) Clootz. In 1790, at the bar of the National Convention, he describes himself as "the orator of the human race." Being suspected by Robespierie, he was, in 1794, condemned to death. On the scaffold he begred to be decapitated the last, as he wished to make some observations essential to the establishment of certain principles, while the heads of the others were falling, a request obligingly complied with.]
- ¹⁸ [Danton played a very important part during the first years of the French revolution. After the fall of the king, he was made Minister of Justice. His violent measures led to the bloody scenes of September, 1792. Being denounced to the Committee of Safety, he ended his career on the guillotine, in 1794.]
- ¹⁹ [This wretch figured among the actors of the 10th August, and in the assassinations of September, 1792. In May, 1793, he was denounced, and delivered over to the revolutionary tribunal, which acquitted him; but his bloody career was arrested by the knife of an assassin, in the person of Charlotte Cordé.]
- 20 [Of all these "famous people," the General was the last survivor. He died in 1834 \mid
- ²¹ [Joubert distinguished himself at the engagements of Laono, Montenotte, Millesimo, Cava, Montebello, Rivoli, and especially in the Tyrol. He was afterwards opposed to Suwarrow, and was killed in 1799, at Novi.]
- ²² [In 1796, Hoche was appointed to the command of the expedition against Ireland, and sailed in December from Brest, but, a storm dispersing the fleet, the plan failed. After his return, he received the command of the army of the Sambre and Meuse; but died suddenly, in Sept 1797, it was supposed of poison.]
- ²³ [General Marceau first distinguished himself in La Vendée. He was killed by a rifle-ball at Alterkerchen.]
- ²⁴ Lannes, Duke of Montebello, distinguished himself at Millesimo, Lodi, Aboukir, Acre, Montebello, Austerlitz, Jena, Pultusk, Preuss, Eylau, Friedland, Tudela, Saragossa, Echmuhl, and lastly, at Esling; where, in May, 1809, he was killed by a cannon-shot.]
- ²⁵ [At the taking of Malta, and at the battles of Chebreiss and of the Pyramids, Desaix displayed the greatest bravery. He was mortally wounded by a cannon-ball at Marengo, just as victory declared for the French.]
- ²⁶ [One of the most distinguished of the republican generals. In 1813, on hearing of the reverses of Napoleon in Russia, he joined the allied armies. He was struck by a cannon-ball at the battle of Dresden, in 1813.]
 - 27 [" Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona, &c."—Hor.
 - "Before great Agamemnon reign'd,
 Reign'd kings as great as he, and brave,
 Whose huge ambition's now contain'd
 In the small compass of a grave;
 In endless night they sleep, unwept, unknown,
 No bard had they to make all time their own."—Francis.]

- ["Semper ad eventum festinat, et in medias res, Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit."
- "But to the grand event he speeds his course,
 And bears his readers, with impetuous force,
 Into the midst of things, while every line
 Opens, by just degrees, his whole design."—Faancis.]
- ⁸⁹ I"The women of Scville are, in general, very handsome, with large black eyes, and forms more graceful in motion than can be conceived by an Englishman—added to the most becoming dress, and, at the same time, the most decent in the world. Certainly, they are fascinating! but their minds have only one idea, and the business of their lives is intrigue."—Byron Letters, 1809.]
- ³⁰ [Professor Feingale, of Baden, who in 1812, under the especial patronage of the "Blues," delivered a course of lectures at the Royal Institution, on Mnemonics.]
 - ["Little she spoke—but what she spoke was Attic all, With words and deeds in perfect unanimity"—MS]
- ³² ["Lady Byron had good ideas, but could never express them; wrote poetry also, but it was only good by accident. Her letters were always enigmatical, often unintelligible. She was governed by what she called fixed rules and principles squared mathematically,"—Byron Letters |
- Si [Sir Samuel Romilly lost his lady on the 29th of October, and committed suicide on the 2nd of November, 1818.—"There will come a day of reckoning, even if I should not live to see it. I have at least seen Romilly shivered, who was one of my assassins. When that man was doing his worst to uproot my whole family, tree, branch, and blossoms—when, after taking my retainer, he went over to them—when he was bringing desolation on my household gods—did he think that, in less than three years, a natural event—a severe domestic, but an expected and common calamity—would lay his carcass in a cross-road, or stamp his name in a verdict of lunacy! Did he (who in his sexagenary ** *) reflect or consider what my feelings must have been, when wife, and child, and sister, and name, and fame, and country, were to be my sacrifice on his legal altar,—and this at a moment when my health was declining, my fortune embarrassed, and my mind had been shaken by many kinds of disappointment—while I was yet young, and might have reformed what might be wrong in my conduct, and retrieved what was perplexing in my affairs!"—Byron Letters, June, 1819.]
- 34 ["Comparative View of the New Plan of Education," "Teacher's Assistant," &c. &c.]
- ⁸⁵ [Hannah More's "Colebs in search of a Wife," &c., a sermon-like novel, which had great success at the time, and is now forgotten.]
- ³⁶ "Description des *vertus incomparables* de l'Huile de Macassar."—Sue the Advertisement.
 - 37 ["Where all was innocence and quiet bliss."—MS.]
 - ⁸⁸ ["And so she seem'd, in all outside formalities."—MS.]
- ³⁹ ["By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan."—SHAKSPEARE.]
 - "Wishing each other damn'd, divorced, or dead."—MS.]
- ⁴¹ ["I was surprised one day by a Doctor (Dr. Baillie) and a Lawyer (Dr. Lushington) almost forcing themselves at the same time into my room. I did not know till afterwards the real object of their visit. I thought their questions singular, frivolous,

and somewhat importunate, if not impertinent; but what should I have thought, it I had known that they were sent to provide proofs of my insanity. I have no doubt that my answers to these emissaries were not very rational or consistent, for my imagination was heated with other things. But Dr. Baillie could not conscientiously make me out a certificate for Bedlam; and perhaps the Lawyer gave a more favourable report to his employers. I do not, however, tax Lady Byron with this transaction, probably she was not privy to it. She was the tool of others. Her mother always detested me, and had not even the decency to conceal it in her house."—Lord B.—"My mother," asserts Lady Byron, "always treated Lord B. with an affectionate consideration and indulgence, which extended to every little peculiarity of his feelings. Never did an irritating word escape her lips in her whole intercourse with him." Though it was Lady Byron herself who consulted Dr Baillie, she says she did it with the concurrence of her husband's family, and that it was from his nearest relatives and personal attendant that she derived the idea of his being insane.

⁴² [Mr. Rogers, Mr. Hobhouse, &c. &c.]

["First their friends tried at reconciliation."—MS.]

44 [The Right Honourable R. Wilmot Horton, &c. The following is from a fragment of a novel written by Lord Byron in 1817 :-- "A few hours afterwards we were very good friends and a few days after she set out for Aiagon, with my son, on a visit to her father and mother—I did not accompany her immediately, having been in Aragon before, but was to join the family in their Moorish château within a few weeks. During her journey I received a very affectionate letter from Donna Josepha, apprising me of the welfare of herself and my son. On her arrival at the chatcau, I received another, still more affectionate, pressing me, in very fond, and rather foolish terms, to join her immediately. As I was preparing to set out from Seville I received a third —this was from her father, Don José di Cardozo, who requested me, in the politest manner, to dissolve my marriage. I answered him with equal politeness that I would do no such thing. A fourth letter arrived—it was from Donna Josepha, in which she informed me that her father's letter was written by her particular desire. I requested the reason by return of post she replied, by express, that as reason had nothing to do with the matter, it was unnecessary to give any-but that she was an injured and excellent woman. I then inquired why she had written to me the two preceding affectionate letters, requesting me to come to Aragon. She answered, that was because she believed me out of my senses—that, being unfit to take care of myself, I had only to set out on this journey alone, and, making my way without difficulty to Don José di Cardozo's, I should there have found the tenderest of wives and -a strait waistcoat. I had nothing to reply to this piece of affection, but a reiteration of my request for some lights upon the subject. I was answered, that they would only be related to the Inquisition. In the mean time, our domestic discrepancy had become a public topic of discussion; and the world, which always decides justly, not only in Aragon, but in Andalusia, determined that I was not only to blame, but that all Spain could produce nobody so blameable. My case was supposed to comprise all the crimes which could, and several which could not, be committed; and little less than an auto-da-fé was anticipated as the result. But let no man say that we are abandoned by our friends in adversity—it was just the reverse. Mine thronged around me to condemn, advise, and console me with their disapprobation. They told me all that was, would, or could be said on the subject. They shook their headsthey exhorted me—deplored me, with tears in their eyes, and—went to dinner."]

["The lawyers recommended a divorce."—MS.]

["And we may own—since he is $\begin{cases} now \text{ but } \\ laid \text{ in} \end{cases}$ earth."—MS.]

60

48 ["I could have forgiven the dagger or the bowl, anything but the deliberate desolation piled upon me, when I stood alone upon my hearth, with my household gods shivered around me. Do you suppose I have forgotten or forgiven it? It has, comparatively, swallowed up in me every other feeling, and I am only a spectator upon earth till a tenfold opportunity offers."-Byron Letters, Sept. 10, 1818.

> "I had one only fount of quiet left, And that they poison'd! My pure household gods Were shivered on my hearth, and o'er their shrine Sate grinning ribaldry and sneering scorn."

Marino Faliero.

["Defending still their Iliads and Odysseys,"-MS.]

51 See Longinus, Section 10., "Ίνα μὴ ἕν τι περὶ αὐτὴν πάθος φαίνηται, παθών δὲ σύνοδος." [The Ode is the famous φαινεται μοι κηνος ίσος θεοισι, κ. τ. λ.

> "Blest as th' immortal gods is he, The youth that fondly sits by thee, And hears and sees thee all the while Softly speak and sweetly smile," &c]

- 53 Fact ! There is, or was, such an edition, with all the obnoxious epigrams of Martial placed by themselves at the end.
- 51 See his Confessions, l. i c 1x. By the representation which Saint Augustine gives of himself in his youth, it is easy to see that he was what we should call a rake. He avoided the school as the plague; he loved nothing but gaming and public shows; he robbed his father of everything he could find; he invented a thousand lies to escape the rod, which they were obliged to make use of to punish his irregularities.
- 55 [When Boabdil, the last king of Granada, was driven from his capital by Ferdinand, in 1491, he ascended an eminence, and looking back upon the conquered city, burst into tears. "You do right," said his mother, "to weep like a woman for the throne you could not defend like a man."]

Are most admired by women of strict virtue."- MS.1 58 For the particulars of St. Anthony's recipe for hot blood in cold weather, see Mr. Alban Butler's "Lives of the Saints."

> f" Conscienza l' assicura. La buona compagna che l' uom francheggia Sotto l' usbergo del esser puro."-DANTE.]

60 ["Deem'd that her thoughts no more required control."—MS.]

See Ovid. de Art. Amand. l. ii.

62 Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming—(I think)—the opening of Canto Second - but quote from memory.

63

66

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["I say this by the way—so don't look stern,
But if you're angly, reader, pass it by."—MS.]
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- ⁶⁴ [Juan Boscan Almogavà, of Barcelona, died about the year 1543. In concert with his friend Garcilasso, he introduced the Italian style into Castilian poetry, and commenced his labours by writing sonnets in the manner of Petrarch.]
- 65 [Garcilasso de la Vega, of a noble family at Toledo, was a warrior as well as a poet. After serving with distinction in Germany, Africa, and Provence, he was killed, in 1536, by a stone thrown from a tower, which fell upon his head as he was leading on his battalion.]

("A real wittol always is suspicious,

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But always also hunts in the wrong place."--MS.1
  67
              ["Change horses every hour from night till noon."-MS.]
                  ["Except the promises of true theology."-MS.1
                 ["Oh, Susan ! I've said in the moments of mirth,
                      What's devotion to thee or to me?
                   I devoutly believe there's a heaven on earth,
                     And believe that that heaven's in thce."-Moore.]
  70
                ["She stood on guilt's steep brink, in all the sense,
                  And full security of innocence."-MS ]
            ["To leave these two young people then and there."—MS.1
              ["Our coming, nor look brightly till we come."-MS.1
  78
            ["Sweet is a lawsuit to the attorney—sweet," &c -MS.]
  74
              ["Who've made us wait—God knows how long already.
              For an entail'd estate, or country-seat,
                Wishing them not exactly damn'd, but dead-he
              Knows nought of grief, who has not so been worried-
              'Tis strange old people don't like to be buried."-MS.]
  75 [The "Safety Lamp," was invented by Sir Humphry Davy, in 1815.]
  76 [Jackson's Account of Tombuctoo, the great Emporium of Central Africa.
Edward Parry's three Polar expeditions. ]
  77
              ["Not only pleasure's sin, but sin's a pleasure."—MS.]
  70
              ["And lose in shining snow their summits blue."—MS.]
          ["Twas midnight—dark and sombre was the night," &c.—MS.]
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Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear!' &c. &c.

It appears to me that this stanza of Lady Mary W. Montagu contains the purée of the whole philosophy of Epicurus."—Lord Byron.]

["And supper, punch, ghost-stories, and such chat."—MS.
"And when the long hours of the public are past,
And we meet, with champagne and a chicken, at last,
May every fond pleasure that moment endear!

81 ["To-night, as Countess Guiccioli observed me poring over Don Juan, she stumbled by mere chance on the 137th stanza of the First Canto, and asked me what yor. v. it meant. I told her, 'Nothing—but your husband is coming.' As I said this in Italian with some emphasis, she started up in a fright, and said, 'Oh, my God, is he coming?' thinking it was her own You may suppose we laughted when she found out the mistake."—Buron Letters. Nov. 8, 1819.1

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["Ere I the wife of such a man had been!"—MS ]

My but while this search was making, Julia's tongue,"—MS.
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- 84 The Spanish "Cortejo" is much the same as the Italian "Cavaher Servente."
- 85 Donna Julia here made a mistake. Count O'Reilly did not take Algiers—but Algiers very nearly took him he and his army and fleet retreated with great hoss, and not much credit, from before that city, in the year 1775.

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5n ["The chimney—fit retreat for any lover |"—MS.]
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- ["And reckon up our balance with the devil."—MS]
- " ["With base suspicion now no longer haunted "-MS]
- " Found—heaven knows how—his solitary way," &c —MS.]
- 91 [William Brodic Gurney, Esq , the eminent short-hand writer to the Houses of Parliament.]
 - 92 ["Since Roderick's Goths, or older Genseric's Vandals."-MS.]
- "
 ["Que les hommes sont heureux d'aller à la guerre, d'exposer leur vie, de se livrer à l'enthousiasme de l'honneur et du danger! Mais il n'y a rien au dehors qui soulage les femmes."—Corinne.]

100

Or, 'To lift our fatal love to God from man.'

Take that which, of these three, seems the best prescription."-B.]

- "I struggle, but can not collect my mind."—MS.]
- "7 ["As turns the needle trembling to the pole It ne'er can reach—so turns to you my soul."—MS.]
- " ["With a neat crow-quill, rather hard, but new."-MS.]
- " [Lord Byron had himself a seal bearing this motto.]

["And there are other incidents remaining Which shall be specified in fitting time, With good discretion and in current rhyme."—MS.]

("To newspapers, to sermons, which the zeal Of pious men have published on his acts."—MS.]

["I'll call the work 'Reflections o'er a Bottle." -- MS.]

"Such treatment Horace would not bear,
When warm with youth—when Tullus fill'd the chair."—Francts.]

"It fought of dyeing it the other day."—MS.]

"Me nec femina, nec puer
Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero;
Nec vincire novis tempora floribus "—Hor.

["For me, alas! these joys are o'er,
For me the vernal garland blooms no more;
No more the feats of wine I prove,

106 [His constant recurrence to the praise of avarice in Don Juan, and the humorous zest with which he delights to dwell on it, show how new-fangled, as well as how far from serious, was his adoption of the "good old-gentlemanly vice." That his parsimony, however, was very far from being of that kind which Bacon condemns as "withholding men from works of liberality," is apparent from all that is known of his munificence at this very period —Moore.

Nor the delusive hopes of mutual love."-Francis]

"Charity—purchased a shilling's worth of salvation. If that was to be bought, I have given more to my fellow-creatures in this life—sometimes for vice, but, if not more often, at least more considerably, for virtue—than I now possess I never in my life gave a mistress so much as I have sometimes given a poor man in honest distress. But, no matter! The scoundrels who have all along persecuted me will triumph—and when justice is done to me, it will be when this hand that writes is as cold as the hearts which have stung it "—Baron Davy, 1821.]

107 [The old legend of Friar Bacon says, that the brazen head which he formed capable of speech, after uttering successively, "Time is,"—"Time was,"—and "Time is past," the opportunity of catechising it having been neglected, tumbled itself from the stand, and was shattered into a thousand pieces]

168 [This stanza appears to have peen suggested by the following passage in the "Quarterly Review," vol. xix. p. 203 — "It was the opinion of the Egyptians, that the soul never deserted the body while the latter continued in a perfect state. To secure this opinion, King Cheops is said, by Horodotus, to have employed three hundred and sixty thousand of his subjects for twenty years in raising over the 'augusta domus' destined to hold his remains, a pile of stone equal in weight to six millions of tons, which is just three times that of the vast Breakwater thrown across Plymouth Sound, and, to render this precious dust still more secure, the narrow chamber was made accessible only by small, intricate passages, obstructed by stones of an enormous weight, and so carefully closed externally as not to be perceptible. Yet, how vain are all the precautions of man! Not a bone was left of Cheops, either in the stone coffin, or in the vault, when Shaw entered the gloomy chamber."]

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109 ["Must bid you both farewell in accents bland."—MS.]
110 [Southey's Pilgrimage to Waterloo.]
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NOTES TO CANTO THE SECOND.

- ["Lost that most precious stone of stones—his modesty."—MS.]
- ² Fazzioli-literally the little handkerchiefs-the veils most availing of St. Mark.
- ("Their manners mending, and their morals curing, She taught them to suppress their vice,—and urine."—MS.]
- 4 [A hearty meal is an alleviation to some stomachs, but an aggravation to others.]
- * ["Night came on worse than the day had been; and a sudden shift of wind, about midnight, threw the ship into the trough of the sea, which struck her aft, tore away the rudder, started the stern-post, and shattered the whole of her stern frame. The pumps were immediately sounded, and in the course of a few minutes the water had increased to four feet."—Loss of the Hercules.]
- ⁶ ["One gang was instantly put on them, and the remainder of the people employed in getting up rice from the run of the ship, and heaving it over to come at the leak, if possible. After three or four hundred bags were shrown into the sea, we did get at it, and found the water rushing into the ship with astonishing rapidity; therefore we thrust sheets, shirts, jackets, balls of muslin, and every thing of the like description that could be got, into the opening."—Ibid.]
- 7 ["Notwithstanding the pumps discharged fifty tons of water an hour, the ship certainly must have gone down, had not our expedients been attended with some success. The pumps, to the excellent construction of which I owe the preservation of my life, were made by Mr. Mann, of London."—Ibid]
 - ["Three guns broke loose on the main deck."—Loss of the Centaur]
- ⁹ ["As the next day advanced, the weather appeared to moderate, the men continued incessantly at the pumps, and every exertion was made to keep the ship afloat. Scarce was this done, when a gust exceeding in violence every thing of the kind I had ever seen, or could conceive, laid the ship on her beam ends."—Ibid.]
- 10 ["The ship lay motionless, and to all appearance irrevocably overset. The water forsook the hold, and appeared between decks."—Ibid.]
- 11 ["Immediate directions were given to cut away the main and mizen-masts, trusting, when the ship righted, to be able to wear her. On cutting one or two lanyards, the mizen-mast went first over, but without producing the smallest effect on the ship, and, on cutting the lanyard of one shroud, the main-mast followed. I had the mortification to see the fore-mast and bowsprit also go over. On this, the ship immediately righted with great violence."—Ibid.

- 12 [Lord Byron himself was nearly lost in a Turkish ship of war, owing to the ignorance of the captain, and he was then an eye-wit icss of not a little which he has here described. "Fletcher," he says, "yelled, the Greeks called on all the saints; the Mussulmen on Alla, while the captain burst into tears and ran below deck." So cool was Lord Byron in the midst of the danger, that he laughed at his valet; and finding himself useless in consequence of his lameness, he lay down upon the deck and fell fast asleep.]
 - 13 ["Perhaps the whole would have got drunk, but for."—MS.]
- 14 ["A midshipman was appointed to guard the spirit-100m, to repress that unhappy desire of a devoted crew to die in a state of intocication. The sailors, though in other respects orderly in conduct, here pressed eagerly upon him."--Loss of the Abergavenny.]
- 15 ["Give us some grog," they exclaimed, "it will be all one an hour hence."—"I know we must due," replied the gallant officer, coolly, "but let us die like men!"—arm d with a brace of pistols he kept his post, even while the ship was sinking."—Ibid.]
- 16 ["However, by great exertion of the chain-pump we held our own. All who were not seamen by profession, had been employed in thrumming a sail."—Loss of the Centaur]
- 17 [-- "which was passed under the ship's bottom, and I thought had some effect "-Ibid]
 - 18 ["'Tis ugly dying in the Gulf of Loons"—MS.]
- 19 ["The ship labourd so much, that I could scarce hope she would swim till morning. our sufferings were very great for want of water."—Loss of the Centaur.]
- ²⁰ ["The weather again threatened, and by noon it blew a storm. The ship laboured greatly, the water appeared in the fore and after hold. The leathers were nearly consumed, and the chains of the pumps, by constant exertion and the friction of the coals, were rendered almost useless."—Ibid.]
- 21 ["At length, the curpenter came up from below, and told the crew, who were working at the pumps, he could do no more for them."—Loss of the Abergavenny.]
 - 22 ["I perceived the ship settling by the head."—Loss of the Centuur.]
- 23 [The following extract from the delightful colloquy, entitled 'Naufragium,' in the Dialogues of Erasmus, is taken from Lord Byron's own copy, where the pencil-marks show how carefully he had perused it.—'' Unum audivi, non sine risu, qui clara voce, ne non exaudiretur, pollicerctur Christophoro, qui est Lutetim in summo templo, mons verius quam statua, eercum tantum quan'us esset ijise. Hee cum vociferans quantum i otei at identidem inculcaret, qui forte proximus assistebat illi notus, cubito illum tetigit, as submonuit. Vide quid pollicearis. ctiamsi rerum omnium tuarum auctionem facias, non fueris solvendo. Tum ille, voce jam prossore, ne videlicet exaudiret Christoplorus. Tace, inquit, fatue! An credis mo ex animo loqui? Si semel contigero to ram, non daturus sum illi candelam sebaceam!"
- "I heard one, not without laughter, who, with a clear voice, lest he should not be he id, promised Christopher, who is at Paris, on the top of a church,—a mountain mure truly than a statue,—a wax candle as big as he was himself. When, bawling out as hard as he could, the man reterated this offer; an acquaintance that by change stood next, known to him, touched him with his elbow, and said—'Have a care what you promise, though you make an auction of all your goods, you'll not be able to pay.' Then he says, with a voice still lower, to wit, lest Christopher should hear,—'Hold your tongue, you fool! do you think I speak from my heart? If once I touch land, Pll not give him a tailow candle.'"—CLARKE's Translation.]

- 21 ["You cannot imagine," says Cardinal de Retz (who narrowly escaped shipwreck in the Gulf of Lyons)—"the horror of a great storm "you can as little imagine the ridicule of it. Everybody were at their prayers, or were confessing themselves. The private captain of the galley caused, in the greatest height of the danger, his embroidered coat and his red sear to be brought to him, saying, that a true Spaniard ought to due bearing his king's marks of distinction. He sat himself down in his great elbow-chair, and with his foot struck a poor Neapolitan in the chops, who, not being able to stand, was crawling along, crying out aloud, 'Senhor Don Fernando, por l'amor de Dios, confession.' The capitain, when he struck him, said to him. 'Inimigo de Dios piedes confession!' "]
- ²⁵ ["Some appeared perfectly resigned, went to their hammocks, and desired their messmates to lash them in; others were for securing themselves to gratings and small rafts; but the most predominant idea was that of puttiny on their best and cleanest clothes. The boats were got over the side."—Loss of the Centuur.
 - 26 ["Men will prove hungry, even when next perdition."—MS.]
- ²⁷ ["Eight bags of rice, six flusks of wine, and a small quantity of salted beef and pork, were put into the long boat, as provisions for the whole"—Wrick of the Sydney.
 - 28 | "The yawl was store alongside and sunk."—Loss of the Centaur.]
- ²⁹ ["One oar was erected for a main-mast, and the other bent to the breadth of the blankets for a sail."—Loss of the Wellington Transport.
 - ""Which being withdrawn, discloses but the frown
 Of one who bates us, so the night was shown," &c.—MS.]
- ³¹ ["As rafts had been mentioned by the curpenter, I thought it right to make the attempt. It was impossible for any man to deceive himself with the hopes of being saved on a raft in such a sea as this "—Loss of the Centaur.]
- ³² ["Spars, booms, hencoops, and crery thing buoyant, were therefore cast loose, that the men might have some chance to save themselves."—Loss of the Pandora.]
- ³³ ["We had scarcely quitted the ship, when she gave a heavy luich to port, and then went down, head for emost."—Loss of the Lady Hobert.]
- ³⁴ ["At this instant one of the officers told the captain she was going down, and bidding him farewell, leapt overboard the crew had just time to leap overboard, which they did, uttering a most dreadful yell."—Loss of the Pandora.]
- 25 ["The boat, being fastened to the rigging, was no sooner cleared of the greatest part of the water, than a dog of mine came to me running along the gunwale. I took him in."—Shipwreck of the Betsey.]
- 38 ["It blew a violent storm, so that between the seas the sail was becalmed; and when on the top of the vave, it was too much to be set, but we could not venture to take it in, for we were in very imminent danger and distress; the sea curling over the stern of the boat, which obliged us to bale with all our might."—Bush's Open Boat Navigation.]
- ³⁷ ["Before it was dark, a blanket was discovered in the boat. This was immediately bent to one of the stretchers, and under it, as a sail, we scudded all night, in expectation of being swallowed by every wave."—Loss of the Centaur.]
- ³⁸ ["The sun rose red and fiery, a sure indication of a severe gale of wind. We could do nothing more than run before the sea,—I served a teaspoonful of rum to every person. The bread we found was damaged and rotten."—Blun.]
- 39 ["As our lodging was very wretched and confined for want of room, I endeavoured to remedy this defect, by putting ourselves at watch and watch, so that one half

always sat up, while the other half lay down in the bottom of the boat, with nothing to cover us but the heavens."—BLIGH.]

- 40 ["The fourth day came, and not a breath of air, &c."—Ibid.]
- 41 ["The fourth day we began to suffer exceedingly from hunger and thirst. I then seized my dog, and plunged my knife into its throat. We caught his blood in the hat, receiving in our hands and drinking what ran over; we afterwards drank in turn out of the hat, and felt ourselves refreshed."—Shipwreck of the Betsey]
- ⁴² ["Now, however, when Mr. Byron was at home with his dog, a party came to tell him their necessities were such, that they must eat the dog, or starve. In spite of Mr. B.'s desire to preserve the fathful animal, they took him by force and killed him. Thinking he was entitled to a share, he partook of their repast. Three weeks afterwards, recollecting the spot where the dog was killed, he went to it, and was glad to make a meal of the paws and skin."—Commoders Byron's Narrative.]
- ⁴³ ["The fact of men in extreme cases, destroying each other for the sake of appearing hunger, is but too well established—and to a great extent, on the rait of the French frigate Méduse, when wrecked on the coast of Africa, and also on the rock in the Mediterianean, when the Nautilus frigate was lost."—Sir John Barrow.]
- ⁴⁴ ["Being driven to distress for want of food, they soaked their shoes and two hairy caps, which were among them, in the water, which being rendered soft, each partook of them. But day after day having past, and the cravings of hunger pressing hard upon them, they fell upon the horrible and dreadful expedient of eating each other; and in order to prevent any contention about who should become the food of the others, they cast lots to determine the sufferer "—Sufferings of the Crew of the Thomas.]
- ⁴⁵ ["The lots were drawn. the captain, summoning all his strength, wrote upon slips of paper the name of each man, tolded them up, put them into a hat, and shook them together. The crew, meanwhile, preserved an auful silence. each eye was fixed and each mouth open, while terror was strongly impressed upon every countenance. The unhappy person, with manly fortitude, resigned himself to his miserable associates."—Famine in the American Ship Pegyy]
- 46 ["He requested to be bled to death, the surgeon being with them, and having his case of instruments in his pocket when he quitted the ship."—Loss of the Thomas.
- ⁴⁷ ["No sooner had the fatal instrument touched the vein, than the operator applied his parched hips, and drank the blood as it flowed, while the rest anxiously watched the victim's departing breath, that they might proceed to satisfy the hunger which preved upon them to so frightful a degree."—Ibid.
- 48 ["Those who glutted themselves with human fiesh and gore, and whose stomachs retained the unnatural tood, soon perished with raying insanty," &c.—Ibid.]
- ⁴⁹ ["Another expedient we had frequent recourse to, finding it supplied our mouths with temporary moisture, was chewing any substance we could find, generally a bit of canvass, or even lead."—Loss of the Juno.]
- 50 ["On the 25th, at noon, we caught a noddy. I divided it into eighteen portions. In the evening we caught two boobies."—Blight.]
 - "Quandò ebbe detto ciò, con gli occhi torti Riprese il teschio misero co' denti, Che furo all' osso, come d'un can forti."
 - ["This said—aside his vengeful eyes were thrown,
 And with his teeth again the skull he tore,
 Fierce as a dog to graw the very hone."—
 Inferno, C. XXX. V. 60.--WRIGHT.]

- ⁵² ["We must have perished had we not caught six quarts of rain-water, and this we should not have been blessed with, had we not found a pair of sheets in the boad. These when thoroughly wet, were wrung into the kidd with which we baled the boat."—Loss of the Centaur.]
- ⁵³ [''Mr. Wade's boy, a stout healthy lad, died early, and almost without a groan; while another, of the same age, but of a less promising appearance, held out much longer. Their fathers were both in the foretop, when the boys were taken ill. Wade, hearing of his son's illne-s, answered, with indifference, that 'he could do nothing for him,' and left him to his fate."—Loss of the Juno.]
- ⁵¹ ["The other father hurried down. By that time only three or four planks of the quarter-deck remained, just over the weather-quarter gallery. To this spot the unhappy man led his son, making him fast to the rail, to prevent his being washed away."—Ited.]
- 55 ["Whenever the boy was seized with a fit of retching, the father lifted him up and wiped away the foam from his lips; and if a shower came, he made him open his mouth to receive the drops, or gently squeezed them into it from a ray."—1bid.]
- black four or five days, till the bon expired. The unfortunate parent, as if unwilling to believe the fact, raised the body, looked wistfully at it, and when he could no longer entertain any doubt, watched it is sleene until it was carried off by a sea: then wrapping himself in a piece of canvass, sunk down, and rose no more; though he must have lived two days longer, as we judged from the quivering of the limbs, when a wave broke over him."—Ibid.]
- ⁵⁷ [An instrument, invented by Sir David Brewster, which exhibits an ever-varying succession of splendid tints and symmetrical forms, and has been of great service in suggesting patterns to our manufacturers]
- 55 ['About this time a beautiful white bird, web-footed, and not unlike a dove in size and plumage, hovered over the must-head of the cutter, and, notwithstanding the pitching of the boat, frequently attempted to perch on it, and continued to flutter there till dark. Trifling as this circumstance may appear, it was considered by us all as a proportious omen."—Loss of the Lady Hobart.]
- ⁵⁹ ["I found it necessary to caution the people against being deceived by the appearance of land, or calling out till they were convinced of the reality, more especially as fon-banks are often mistaken for land: several of the poor fellows nevertheless repeatedly exclaimed they heard breakers, and some the firing of guns."—Ibid.]
- ⁶⁰ ["At length one of them broke into a most immoderate swearing fit of joy, which I could not restrain, and declared, that he had never seen land in his life, if what he now saw was not land."—Loss of the Centaur.]
- ⁶¹ ["The joy at a speedy relief affected us all in a most remarkable way. Many burst into tears; some looked at each other with a stupid stare, as if doubtful of the reality of what they saw; while several were in such a lethargic condition, that no animating words could rouse them to exertion. At this affecting period I proposed offering up our solemn thanks to Heaven for the miraculous deliverance."—Loss of the Lady Hobart.]
- ⁶² ["After having suffered the horrors of hunger and thirst for many days, they providentially took a small turtle whilst floating asleep on the surface of the water."

 —Ioss of the Thomas.]
- 63 ["Our bodies were nothing but skin and bones, our limbs were full of sores, and we were clothed in rags. An indifferent spectator would have been at a loss which most to admire, the eyes of famine sparkling at immediate relief, or the horror

of their preservers at the sight of so many spectres, whose ghastly countenances, if the cause had been unknown, would rather have excited terror than pity."—Bligh.]

for it. There being a very heavy surf, they endeavened to turn the boat's head to it, which, from weakness, they were unable to complete, and soon afterwards the boat upset."—Escape of Deserters from St. Helena.]

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And come like opening hell upon the mind,
No 'baseless fabric,' but 'a wreck behind.'"—MS.]
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["Had e'er escaped more dangers on the deep;—
And those who are not drown'd, at least may sleep."—MS.]

⁶⁷ [Entitled "A Narrative of the Honourable John Byron (Commodore in a late expedition round the world), containing an account of the great distresses suffered by himself and his companions on the coast of Patagonia, from the year 1740, till their arrival in England, 1740 written by Himself." This narrative, one of the most interesting that ever appeared, was published in 1768.]

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["Wore for a husband—or some such like brute."—MS.]

["Wore for a husband—or some such like brute."—MS.]

["Wore for a husband—or some such like brute."—MS.]

["Wore for a husband—or some such like brute."—MS.]
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70 ["My opinion is, that it is from the large trees or plants of coral, spread everywhere over the bottom of the Red Sea, that it has obtained this name."—BRUCE.]

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71 [ —— "just the same
As at this moment I should like to do;—
But I have done with kisses—having kiss'd
All those that would—regietting those I miss'd."—MS.]
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["Fair as the rose just pluck'd to crown the wreath, Soft as the unfledged birdling while at icst."—MS.]

78 ["That finer melody was never heard,
The kind of sound whose echo is a tear,
Whose accents are the steps of music s throne"—MS.]

74 [When at Seville in 1809, Lord Byron lodged in the house of two unmarried ladies; and in his diary he describes himself as having made earnest love to the younger of them with the help of a dictionary.]

75 ["In 1813, I formed, in the fashionable world of London, an item, a fraction, the segment of a circle, the unit of a million, the nothing of something. I had been the lion of 1812."—Byron Diary, 1821.]

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76 ["Foes, friends, sex, kind, are nothing more to me
Than a mere dream of something o'er the sea."—MS.]
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77

["For without heart love is not quite so good;
Ceres is commissary to our bellies,
And love, which also much depends on food,
While Bacchus will provide with wine and jellies,
Oysters and eggs are also loving food."—MS.]

"He was her own, her ocean-lover, cast
To be her soul's first idol, and its last."—MS]

81

- 79 ["A pleasure nought but drunkenness can bring; For not the blest sherbet all chill'd with snow, Nor the full sparkle of the desert-spring, Nor wine in all the purple of its glow."—MS.]
 - [—— "I'm sure they never reckon'd;
 And being join'd—like swarming bees they clung,
 And mix'd until the very pleasure stung."—MS.
 - Or, "And one was innocent, but both too young, Then heart the flowers," &c.—MS.]
 - ["Pillow'd upon her beating heart—which panted With the sweet memory of all it granted."—MS.]
- ⁸² [There are not a few women who may profit from seeing in what a style of contemptuous coldness, the sufferings to which licentious love exposes them are talked of by such people as the author of Don Juan. The many fine eyes that have wept dangerous teans over the descriptions of the Gulnares and Medoras, cannot be the worse for seeing the true side of the picture—Blackwood.]
- 83 [Lady Caroline Lamb was supposed by Lord Byron to have alluded to him in her novel of "Glenaryon," published in 1816—"Madame de Stael once asked me," said Lord Byron, "if my real character was well drawn in that novel. She was only singular in putting the question in the dry way she did. There are many who pin their faith on that insincere production. I am made out a very amiable person in that work! The only thing belonging to me in it is part of a letter."—Medwix.]

["In then sweet feelings holdy united, By Solutude (soft parson) they were wed."—M8.1

NOTES TO CANTO THE THIRD.

- ¹ [This, we must allow, is pictty enough, and not at all objectionable in a moral point of view. We tear, however, that we cannot say as much for what follows: marrying is no joke, and therefore not a fit subject to joke about, besides, for a matried man to be merry on that score, is very like trying to overcome the toothache by a laugh—Houg.]
 - ² [These two lines are a versification of a saying of Montaigne.]
 - ["Had Petrarch's passion led to Petrarch's wedding,
 How many sonnets had ensued the bedding?"—MS.]
 - 4 [The old ballad of "Death and the Lady" is alluded to in Shakspeare.]
 - b Dante calls his wife, in the "Inferno," "la fiera moglie"
- 6 Milton's first wife ran away from him within the first month. If she had not, what would John Milton have done? [From whatever causes it may have arisen, the coincidence is no less striking than saddening, that, on the list of married poets who have been unhappy in their homes, there should already be found four such illustrious names, as Dante, Milton, Shakspeare, and Dryden, and that we should now have to add, as a partner in their destiny, a name worthy of being placed beside the greatest of them Moone.]
- 7 ["Lady B. would have made an excellent wrangler at Cambridge."—By on Diary.
 - ["Display'd much more of nerve, perhaps of wit, Than any of the parodies of Pitt."—MS.]
 - ["Yet for all that don't stay away too long,
 A sofa, like a bed, may come by wrong."—MS.]
- 10 ["This dance is still performed by young men armed cap-à-pie, who execute, to the sound of instruments, all the proper movements of attack and defence."—CLARKE.]
- 11 ["Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is sung to have danced on the banks of Eurotas.— The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young grils, who imitate her steps, and if she sings make up the chorus. The times are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances."—Lady M. W. Montacu.]

- 12 ["That would have set Tom Moore, though married, raving." -MS.]
- ["All had been open heart and open house, Ever since Juan served her for a spouse."—MS.]
- 14 [The portrait of this man is one of the best, if not the very best, of all Loid Byron's gloomy portraits. It may be the Corsair grown into an elderly character and a father; but it is equal to the finest heads that ever Michael Angelo or Caravaggio painted with black and umber.—BLACKWOOD.]
 - "Rispone allor' Margutte, a dir tel tosto,
 Io non credo piu al neto ch' all' azzurro:
 Ma nel cappone, o lesso, o vuogli atrosto,
 E credo alcuna volta anco nel butro;
 Nella cervigia, e quando io n' ho nel mosto,
 E molta più nell' espio che il mangurro;
 Ma sopia tutto nel buon vino ho fede,
 E credo che sia saivo chi gli crede."—
 Pulci, Morgante Maggiore, ca. 18. st. 151.
 - 16 ["And make him Samson-like--more fierce with blindness."—MS.]
 - "

 "Not so the single, deep, and wordless ire,
 Of a strong human heart," &c —MS]
- 18 ["I said I disliked the custom which some people had of bringing their children into company, because it in a manner forced us to pay foolish compliments to please their parents".-Johnson. "You are right, sir; we may be excuse tor not caring much about other people's children, for there are many who care very little about their own."—Bos well, vol vi. p. 47. ed 1835.]
- 19 ["Much of the description of the furndure in canto third, is taken from Tully's Tripoli (pray note this), and the rest from my own observation. Rein index, I never meant to conceal this at all, and have only not stated it, because 'Don Juan' had no preface, nor name to it."—Lord Byron to Mr. Murray, Aug. 23, 1821.]
- ²⁰ ["A small table is brought in when refreshments are served it is of ebony inlaid with mother of pearl, tortoiseshell, ivory, gold, and silver."—Tully's *Tripoti*, 4to, 1816, p. 133.]
- ²¹ ["The beverage was various sherbets, composed of the juice of biled raisins, oranges, and pomegranates, squeezed through the rind."—Ibid p. 137.]
- ²² ["Coffee was served in small china cups; gold filigree cups were put under them They introduced cloves, cinnamon, and saffron into the coffee"—Ibid. p. 1.12.
- 2' ["The hangings of the room were of tapestry, made in panels of different coloured velvet, thickly inlaid with flowers of silk damask—a yellow border funshed the tapestry at top and bottom, the upper border bung embroidered with Moorish sentences out of the Koran in hilac letters."—Ibid. 133.]
 - ²⁴ [The allusion is to the religious dissenting review.]
 - 25 ["For that's the name they like to cant beneath."—MS.]
- ²⁶ ["The carpet was of crimson satin with a deep border of pale blue. The cushions that lay around were of crimson velvet; the centre ones were embroidered with a sun in gold."—Tully.]
 - "The upholsterer's 'fiat lux' had bade to issue."—MS.]

- 28 ["Her chemise was covered a gold and silver tissue jelick, w lown the front. The baracan transparent gauzes, between itcl
- ²⁹ This dress is Moorish, and described. The reader will perceive Fez, her daughter wore the gaib of the c
- 30 The bar of gold above the instep is a ma families of the deys, and is worn as such by then
- 31 This is no exaggeration: there were four wome, who possessed their hair in this profusion; of these, was a Levantine. Their hair was of that length and quit almost entirely shaded the person, so as nearly to rende these, only one had dark hair, the Oriental had, perhaps, the h

[— "But Psyche owns no loid— She walks a goddess from above; All saw, all praised her, all adored, But no one ever dared to love"—

Cupid and Psyche, from Apulcius, by Mr. Hudson Gurner, .

- ³³ ["It was, and still is, the custom to tinge the eyes of the women impalpable powder, prepared chiefly from crude antimony. This pigment, applied to the inner surface of the lids, communicates to the eye a tender fascinating languar."—HABESCI
 - 64 ["Believed like Southey, and perused like Crashaw."—MS.
- "Crashaw, the friend of Cowley, was honoured," says Warton, "with the praise of Pope; who both read his poems and borrowed from them. Being ejected from his followship at Peterhouse for denying the covenant, he turned Roman Catholic, and died canon of the church at Loretto."]
 - 35 [The poets of the fourteenth century-Dante, &c.]
 - 36 [Homer.]

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- 87 [Anacreon.]
- 39 The νησοι μακαρων of the Greek poets were supposed to have been the Cape de Verd islands or the Canaries.

["Eubea looks on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea," &c —MS.]

- "Deep were the groans of Xerxes, when he saw This havoe; for his seat, a lofty mound Commanding the wide sea, o'erlook'd the hosts. With rucful cries he rent his royal robes, And through his troops embattled on the shore Gave signal of retreat; then started wild And fled disorder'd."—ÆSONYLUS.
- ["Which Hercules might deem his own."—MS.]
 - . . . Γενοιμαν iν' ύλαεν έπεστι ποντου προβλημ' άλικλυστον, άκραν ύπο πλακα Σουνιου. κ. τ. λ.— $Soph\ Ajaa$, v. 1217.

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["That would have set Tom Moore, though neece after Liberty is instantly
  12
                  ["All had been open heart and open d we are brought back to the
  13
                     All had been open heart and open
Ever since Juan served her for a surfues, or of cultivating them
  14 [The portrait of this man is one of the best, if th so much wit and cleverness,
Byron's gloomy portraits. It may be the Corsan g, istibly pleasant and plausible—a father; but it is equal to the finest heads the everything that might have operated
painted with black and umber.—BLACKWOOD red already in as strong and engaging a
                    "Rispone allor' Ma-
                       Io non credo r
                      Ma nel cappo
                        E credes pedlar poems to democracy."-MS 1
                        E "graphia Literaria," 1817.]
                      R rish'd its sophistry for aristocracy."-MS.1
                      . this fanatic are said to have amounted, at one time, to a hundred
          ["And - dounced when she was sixty-five that she should give birth in the
  16
                  to a second Shiloh, and a regal cradle was prepared for the expected
  17
              Dr. Reece attested that she was really pregnant, deceived by dropsy, of
           died shortly afterwards, in 1814.7
  18 [*
         ere follows in the original MS.—
into
              "Time has approved Ennui to be the best
                  Of friends, and opiate draughts vour love and wine.
                Which shake so much the human brain and breast.
                  Must end in languor; men must sleep like swine:
                The happy lover and the welcome guest
                  Both sink at last into a swoon divine ;
               Full of deep raptures and of bumpers, they
               Are somewhat sick and sorry the next day."
   Wordsworth's "Benjamin the Waggoner" appeared in 1819.]
   51
                 ["There's something in a flying horse,
                     There's something in a huge balloon;
                     But through the clouds I'll never float
                     Until I have a little boat," &c. - Wordsworth's Peter Bell.
   52 "The verses of Dryden, once highly celebrated, are forgotten"-M1. W.
 Wordsworth's Preface.
         ["While swung the signal from the sacred tower."—MS.]
   5.0
   41
                 ["Are not these pretty stanzas?—some folks say-
                   Downright in print."—MS.
                  ["By her example warn'd, the rest beware;
                     More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
                     And that one hunting, which the devil design'd
                     For one fair female, lost him half the kind."-
                                                  Danie's Theodore and Honoria.]
                                'Εσπερε, παντά φερεις,
                            Φερεις οινον-φερεις αιγα,
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Φενεις ματερι παιδα."—Fragment of Sappho.